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THE

MOTHER'S REQUEST:

OR,

BALLYSHAN CASTLE.

BY SHEELAH.

By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter.—HEB. xi. 24.

NEW YORK:
N. TIBBALS & SON, 145 NASSAU STREET, AND
37 PARK ROW,
1871.

PREFACE.

In submitting this book to the public we have only one favor to ask, and that is, that it may be read. *Read it*, and then you may approve, criticise, scold, laugh, or cry, just as you please. Read it, and then lend it, give it to a friend, throw it out of doors or into the fire, or snugly lay it away among your gems and rubbish. Only read it, and you will give us just as good a chance of success as you have given others who once were candidates for public favor, and if we fail, then we must give it up or try again. Fail! Now, did you ever know an Authoress to fail? If you did, we are perfectly certain it was not this writer. For very good reasons—which, however, we do not choose to introduce here—we have the proud satisfaction of knowing that we have never failed; and that is more than many of our predecessors and competitors will dare to say.

As for the book, it is truth, and nothing but truth. The hero of the tale lives, and we know he will not bring the charge of exaggeration against us. The various scenes and

marvelous incidents of the story are literal facts; and, if we are any judge—and sure *we are*, or, with our fresh, warm, true, old-Irish heart, we could never have written this book —it is truth to nature, and we believe that to be the highest style of truth.

You may, perhaps, just now, be inclined to join with all the curious Yankees, and ask, who is "Sheelah?" To this we have only to reply, you shall know, if ever, when it will be of more importance to you and to her.

BALLYSHAN CASTLE.

CHAPTER I.

Can two walk together, except they be agreed?—*Amos* 3 : 3.

That ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind, and in the same judgment.—1 *Cor.* 1 : 10.

Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?—2 *Cor.* 6 : 14.

The sun had long passed his meridian, and was moving in stately splendor towards the western horizon; while his mellow light descended in slanting beams upon a large meadow, where a number of peasants of both sexes were gayly occupied in making hay. The long grass the scythe had leveled was spread over the field, which numberless forks and rakes were busily engaged in shaking up, and drawing together into little heaps.

Upon one of those small mounds of fresh and perfumed hay were seated two young ladies, who, from being dressed alike, as well as the resemblance that existed between them, were evidently sisters. They appeared to be engaged in conversation of a serious nature, from the gravity that was observable on their countenances; even tears sprung to the eyes of the elder as she continued, in tones of emotion:

"Oh, Ellen! how can you call me unkind? how can you say I don't love you, when you well know that I never sought my own pleasure before yours, and that I have ever felt for you the strongest affection with which Christian sisters are required to regard each other? You have always been a favorite with those who knew you, and few have ever seen you without loving you; but no heart ever beat with a fonder or truer affection for you than hers to whom your present conduct is a sore and heavy trial."

"I did not mean to charge you with unkindness, dear Kate, nor with want of affection either," was the soft reply; "I only had reference to the present case, where, instead of trying to promote my happiness, you are lending your influence to oppose it. Of course it would be better if he were a Protestant; but, whatever the faults and errors of the Catholic Church may be, you cannot but admit that he is

amiable and good-hearted. What, then, have I to apprehend?"

Kate sighed, and shook her head. Then, looking fondly in her sister's face, solemnly repeated the inquiry of the prophet:

"'Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good that are taught to do evil.'"

"'That are *accustomed* to do evil,' are the Scripture words," observed Ellen, "and must apply to the wicked."

"I have quoted the passage according to the marginal reading," said Kate, "which is, perhaps, the best translation. I think the Lord is addressing his own people, who have been led astray by idolatrous rulers; for, if you recollect a few verses preceding, he demands of the king and queen, 'Where is the flock that was given thee, thy beautiful flock?' and, in the after-part of the chapter, we find the Lord threatening his people with punishment, 'because they have forgotten Him, and trusted in falsehood.' And O, Ellen, love!" she continued, while tears flooded her pensive eyes, "are you sure that he, on whom your heart is fixed, though neither wicked nor unamiable, has not 'forgotten God, and trusted in falsehood?' And how can you expect that he will 'do good, who

has been taught to do evil, when the Bible declares that as soon may 'the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots.'"

The conversation closed here, neither seeming disposed to continue it. The present subject was the first on which the sisters had ever disagreed; and the circumstance was equally painful to each.

After a long silence, during which both seemed deeply absorbed in thought, they were startled by a cheerful voice at their side, exclaiming,

"Why, girls, I expected to find you walking about, instead of lounging in the hay!"

The young ladies immediately rose, and, endeavoring to conceal the traces of recent emotion, gayly inquired of the new-comer—whom they addressed as Mr. Harman, and whose garb declared his clerical calling—if he had come in search of them. He replied in the negative, but added that he had seen them walk in that direction, and had bent his steps thither to inhale the perfume of the meadow, and to speak to some of the laborers; "and now come," he said, presenting an arm to each of the girls, "let us take one turn round the field, and then hasten home to tea."

Kate and Ellen Martin were the daughters of a worthy and respectable farmer, who occupied a handsome tract of land in one of the midland

counties of Ireland. Their mother had died in their early childhood, leaving them and their brother, who was a few years their senior, to the care of their widowed grandmother; who again resumed the charge of the house, which she had resigned on her son's marriage. Mr. Martin never took another wife, though the neighbors often canvassed the subject, and several young ladies were at different times marked out as the future mistress of Spring-farm; yet time rolled on, and the most confident predictions were unfulfilled, the old lady continuing, until her death, in undisturbed possession of the domestic authority.

The children were trained with exceeding care; not that there was any severity exercised towards them, or stiff rules laid down, by which their little lives should be modeled; but the utmost particularity was observed respecting the society they mixed with, the habits they formed, and the sentiments they imbibed. Equal caution was also deemed necessary respecting the education they received, which was duly watched over by their father. During their childhood, he was himself their only teacher. Grouped round his knees on the summer evenings, or by the winter's fire, with their little faces raised towards his, they listened with eager pleasure, while he narrated Scripture

stories, sketches of history, or anecdotes of good and amiable children. Thus, even before they could read, their infant minds were stored with much that was valuable; and a love of learning acquired, that assisted them materially in their after-studies. Nor were they idle while their father was absent, engaged in the superintendence of his farm; for their little primers were conned over, and their slates covered with all sorts of large round letters and figures, and wonderful copies of houses, and trees, and horses, which filled grandmamma's heart with delight. Next came large spelling-books with reading lessons in, and juvenile geography, grammar, arithmetic, and history books, with paper, pens and pencils, until grandmamma became astonished at the marvelous progress of the little dears; and entertained Mrs. Knox, the rector's lady, upon all occasions, with detailed accounts of their rare talents.

But the time came, when it was found necessary to procure more instruction for them than their father was competent to impart; and how to obtain this, was now the object of consideration. Mr. Knox suggested boarding-schools; but neither Mr. Martin nor his kind-hearted mother could bear the thought of the children being separated from them. Mrs. Martin wished for a governess, as a pleasant

addition to their little circle; but this was objected to on the part of the farmer: he was a single man, and the neighbors had already entertained themselves at his expense—how, then, would it be if an accomplished woman became a resident in his house? He could not treat her disrespectfully, and, if he showed her the commonest attention, remarks would be inevitable. The matter was, therefore, allowed to rest for the present, until something should be thought of more satisfactory to all parties.

It was not long, however, before an eligible opportunity was discovered. Mr. Cosgreve, who for seven years had resided in the parish as curate, received the presentation of a very comfortable living in an adjoining county, by which Mr. Knox was under the necessity of procuring another assistant; and a young gentleman was introduced to his notice, who, it was thought, would prove a worthy successor to the much-esteemed Mr. Cosgreve.

William Harman was the son of a parochial schoolmaster in the town of Athlone, and had been educated by his father with the unambitious expectation of one day holding a similar occupation. But the boy soon showed talents that fitted him for a higher sphere of usefulness; his mind was of a decidedly serious turn; and his heart was early impressed with the importance of religion; his love of

learning, also, was intense; and the hours, that were spent by other youths in pleasure, were, by him, devoted to diligent and arduous study. He soon devoured all the learning that was within his reach; and his father, seeing what his inclinations led to, determined, if possible, to forward him. He accordingly made interest to have him received as junior usher in a large gentleman's academy in the neighborhood, where, by teaching all he was master of, he, in his turn, received instructions in higher branches. His progress here was rapid, while his conduct and deportment were so amiable and exemplary, that he won universal esteem, and filled his father's heart with proud delight. He afterwards entered Trinity College as a sizar, where, by the most indefatigable efforts, and with but little assistance, he worked his way upwards, until he became a candidate for holy orders.

It was without any doubt of the genuineness of his call to preach the Gospel to perishing sinners, that William Harman prepared to enter the Church. From a child he had known the Holy Scriptures, and the power of God to forgive sins had been early revealed to his own soul. Since then he had devoted himself to his Master's service—had preached, by his spotless example, a living sermon in his Saviour's cause—and when

the venerable Bishop of Meath ordained him to the curacy of Ballyshan, the solemn ceremony seemed to him more like the ratification of a previous command to labor in his Lord's vineyard, than the receiving of a new commission to that effect. When Mr. Martin understood the arrangement that had been entered into, and that the gentleman who was engaged to fill Mr. Cosgreve's place was a young man of humble origin, who possessed no fortune beyond the small salary he should receive from Mr. Knox, his benevolent heart suggested that, as the stranger would have to procure lodgings in the neighborhood, he might do him a kindness by offering him a home at Springfarm, for as long as it should suit his convenience to avail himself of it; and, immediately acting upon the thought, he mentioned the subject to Mr. Knox, who was highly pleased with the good farmer's kind hospitality, and engaged to mention his invitation to Mr. Harman on his arrival, and recommend it to his acceptance.

The entrance of the new curate into the parish of Ballyshan was an event of some importance to the Protestant part of the community, who, having been strongly attached to the excellent Mr. Cosgreve, were under the jealous apprehension, that his successor, a young man just emancipated from college, must, of necessity, be greatly inferior. Of all this the

rector informed Mr. Harman, on the first day of his arrival; to which the latter simply replied, that he would endeavor to do his duty, and leave the rest to Providence.

The subject of Mr. Martin's proposal was next introduced, Mr. Knox being careful to impress upon his listener the respectability and moral worth of the farmer, the good rector seeming to take pleasure in enumerating his amiable qualities, and praising the consistent piety of his Christian walk—he concluded by saying, that if Mr. Harman wished, he would walk over to Springfarm with him in the evening, and introduce him, and he had no doubt but he would find the "prophet's chamber" already prepared for his reception. The young curate heard with pleasure the generous offer that was thus pressed upon him; and, though he declined establishing himself permanently upon another's bounty, yet, for the present, until his arrangements should be more fully made, he frankly accepted Mr. Martin's hospitality, in the spirit in which it was offered.

We now come to that part of our story when a change of ministers in Ballyshan church affected the educational interests of the little Martins. Mr. Harman was not many days at Springfarm until he observed the disadvantages under which they suffer-

ed. Thomas was now in his thirteenth year, and his sisters of the ages of ten and nine; and, though their education was already quite as good as that of most children of their class, yet their desire for learning was far from being satisfied; and grandmamma, who fondly believed that they were endowed with more than ordinary talents, continually deplored their lack of instruction—he, therefore, felt happy in being able to oblige the family, to whom he considered himself indebted, by proffering to teach Thomas Latin. The offer was received with joyful gratitude; the boy fairly danced with delight, while his father hastened over to the rectory, to inform Mr. Knox of the happy chance.

The good pastor had always interested himself in the temporal as well as spiritual interests of his parishioners; and, during the twenty years that he had resided among them, there was scarcely a circumstance of either joy or sorrow that occurred to any Protestant in Ballyshan with which the rector was not immediately acquainted, and was ready with congratulation, condolence, or advice, as the case might require. But for the family at Springfarm, he entertained more than common regard; for though in that age of bigotry and party feeling, when hatred to "Pope and Popery" was the ruling spirit among the church-going community, there

were, doubtless, many as *staunch Protestants* as John Martin, yet there were few as good *Bible Christians*, and none—be they high or be they low—with whom Mr. Knox and his family sustained a more affectionate intimacy. It was, therefore, with no small pleasure that he entered into the subject of Thomas's advancement, and expressed the warmest approbation of Mr. Harman's readiness to contribute towards it.

"But he shall not lose by it!" exclaimed the farmer; "and now, Mr. Knox, one part of my business with you is, to consult as to how I can remunerate him without appearing to do so. I was thinking of making him a present of a handsome riding horse, which he will have occasion for in his pastoral visitations. What say you, sir?"

The minister cast a glance of admiration at his generous parishioner; and, after a short pause, suggested that they should adjourn to the drawing-room and talk the matter over with Mrs. Knox, who was always most happy to take a part in anything which concerned the juvenile portion of society, whom she affectionately spoke of as the lambs of Christ's flock. It was, therefore, soon arranged, with that lady's concurrence, that instead of Thomas merely learning Latin, and Mr. Harman receiving a present in return for his trouble, proposals should be made

to that gentleman to take *all* the children for a small portion of each day—as much as he could conveniently spare from his clerical duties—and instruct them in such branches as he should find suitable to their tastes and capacities, Mr. Martin agreeing to pay him a sufficient remunerative salary; thus each party would be benefiting the other without either being laid under obligations. As soon as this conclusion was arrived at, a messenger was dispatched to Springfarm, requesting Mr. Harman's company to tea—Mr. Knox being impatient to have the matter settled at once.

The young curate was much pleased with the arrangement; teaching was a favorite employment of his, much of his time having been necessarily occupied in that way during his own educational course; besides that he had become attached to the Martin family, and felt that it would be difficult to find happier quarters than those which their capacious and hospitable homestead afforded. An agreement was, therefore, entered into, to the entire satisfaction of all parties; and, after doing full justice to Mrs. Knox's tea and hot cakes, and conversing a while upon topics of general interest, Mr. Martin and his young friend took their leave, and returned to Springfarm together, to inform grandmamma and the children of the turn

affairs had taken. This weighty business being now disposed of, it is not necessary that we should follow the studies of our young friends—suffice it to say, that they learned apace, and that each day but added to the mutual affection and confidence that subsisted between pupils and preceptor.

In the mean time, the prosperity of the Church was Mr. Harman's chief concern. He had accompanied Mr. Knox in his pastoral visits, until he became personally acquainted with every family under his clerical supervision. He next established weekly lectures at some of the outposts of the parish, so that those who pleaded distance from the church, as an excuse for not attending divine service, might not be altogether without the "bread of life." He also regularly visited the parochial schools, one of which was in each village, examining the children, from time to time, as to their general progress. He also formed catechetical classes for the religious instruction of youths of both sexes. Nor was he absent from the bedsides of the sick and the afflicted—this part of his duty was faithfully and punctually attended to; and many dying sinners, who had spent life's best days in the service of "the world, the flesh, and the devil," in their last extremity were urgently directed to a crucified Redeemer, and sought and obtained mercy at the eleventh hour.

The pulpit also excited his youthful zeal. When first Mr. Knox entered the parish, twenty years before, he had found plenty of Protestantism, but very little true Christianity; for though Anti-popery clubs and Orange factions were numerous enough through the country, the religion of the meek and lowly Jesus was little known and little cared for. Mr. Knox was a good man, and, as far as was known in his day, a pious and devoted man, and had striven, with the energy of an apostle, to improve the morals of the people, and to establish religion after the Scripture plan. He was also particular as to the gentlemen whom he engaged as curates, anxious that the seed which he planted should be duly watered. Thus, much good was effected through his means, until Ballyshan became popular for the upright and respectable character of its inhabitants.

But a deeper work was still necessary. Great changes had occurred in the religious world since Mr. Knox had been a divinity student. The doctrine of the "New Birth" had been promulgated in the different Protestant countries of Europe, and had also found its way to Ireland. The brothers Wesley had preached it there, and their followers were now spreading it throughout the land. Still the "new light" did not shine everywhere, and startling was the effect, when Mr. Harman read for

his text, a few Sundays after his arrival in Ballyshan, that dimly understood declaration, "ye must be born again."

His sermon was simple, eloquent, and earnest; and amongst the most absorbed and deeply interested of his listeners was the rector himself. The subject was not new to him, though it was the first time he had had the privilege of hearing it discussed and explained by a living witness; and he was determined to profit by the occasion. He had been aware that Mr. Harman was a believer in the doctrine of regeneration, and it was not without a view to his own enlightenment in the matter, as well as the general weal of the parish, that he secured the services of that gentleman. He now showed his flock an example of "hearing the word with meekness," as he sat in the communion recess in an attitude of dignified and respectful attention, while the young disciple expounded his Saviour's words, and gently, but clearly and impressively, set forth the long line of arguments which his text suggested. His voice was manly, sweet, and full of pathos; his action was graceful and impulsive; his address fervent, affectionate, and heart-felt: every eye was fixed upon him, every ear was set to catch each syllable that fell from his lips; and when, after a short pause, he glanced round upon his audience, and,

stretching his hands towards them, exclaimed, while his face beamed with solemn rapture, "Brethren, 'we speak that we do know!'" there was not a heart present which refused the fullest credence to that grand assertion; and again, when he added his own experience to the list of testimony he had already produced respecting the work of the Holy Spirit upon the human heart, and wound up his concluding remarks with that declaration of St. Paul: "not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour," there were few in that assembly who did not feel that his words had been accompanied with a divine unction, and that their own souls had been refreshed and watered from on high.

At the close of the service, when the two clergymen entered the vestry to unrobe, Mr. Knox grasped the young man's hand and shook it warmly, though he seemed too full to speak, and from that hour a bond of brotherhood was sealed between them; so that, like Christian and Hopeful, they trod the remainder of their ministerial pilgrimage together, and by their sweet intercourse assisting, cherishing, and edifying each other, until, in spite

of the difference of age, and of previous habits and feelings, they seemed actuated by one spirit, one soul, one sentiment—thus fulfilling to the utmost extent of requirement, the Gospel law of love.

Now it was that the seed, Mr. Knox had been so long patiently sowing, began to shoot forth, "and herein is that saying true, one soweth, and another reapeth." But they are all fellow-laborers in the work of the Lord, and it matters not who soweth or who reapeth, who planteth or who watereth, so the harvest be properly attended to and the fruit all gathered into the Lord's garner. The old church of Ballyshan was now regularly filled, not with respectable formalists or self-righteous pharisees, but for the most part with an humble and prayerful people, many of whom were inquiring their way to Zion with their faces thitherward. The outward services of religion, too, soon became endued with life; and, instead of the beautiful prayers of the liturgy being read alone by the minister, and assented to by the feeble response of the old clerk, a full choir of earnest voices now joined in each answering appeal, until the petitions of priest and people simultaneously rose, before the throne of grace. There had also been, previous to this, a reluctance on the part of the congregation to comply with the formal invitation to "sing to the glory and praise of God," and that part of the ex-

ercise was also left to the clerk, assisted by a few of the school-children who had good voices; but now, the curate sung in loud clear tones in the reading-desk, and soft, sweet strains issued from juvenile lips in Mr. Martin's pew, other voices soon joined the chorus, until at length all remains of timidity or affectation had disappeared, and rich and poor, rising together, united in one loud peal of sweet and solemn harmony.

Nor did the matter rest here—the spirit of respectful interest, that had been aroused for the services of God's house, was soon manifested towards the sacred edifice itself; and many were the little renovations and adornments that were effected, by private contribution, in the church and its precincts. A higher ambition was also developed, when some of the gentry of the parish consulted Mr. Knox as to the feasibility of having an organ erected on the gallery, which, they thought, would be a material assistance to the musical part of their devotions. The good rector was pleased with anything that tended to fan the fire of religion, and a subscription was immediately set on foot, by which a sufficient sum was collected to procure a small and suitable instrument, and a yearly fund established for the payment of the organist—a gentleman having been induced to come from Dublin to fill

that office, with the hope of making a handsome livelihood by teaching music in families of wealth and respectability throughout the country.

We shall now return to our friends at Springfarm, for whose sakes we have thus wandered round Ballyshan, and made ourselves acquainted with the religious history of the parish. With them, life continued gliding like a clear and tranquil stream. Thomas was growing a tall and graceful youth, of gentlemanly bearing, and mild and prepossessing manners. His sisters, too, were beginning to attract general attention. Kate, the eldest, was a fair and elegant girl, of fine form and noble features, whose countenance exhibited more than common intelligence; while the thoughtful expression of her deep-blue eyes, added to the suavity of her tone and stability of her manners, gained for her the reputation of possessing more sense and discretion than usually fall to the share of young and inexperienced maidens.

But Ellen, from her extreme beauty, and the winning sweetness of her disposition, became the belle of the whole country round. She had ever been the pet and idol of the family—and what family is there that has not a pet? Though parents may endeavor to conceal the partiality, and other members of the circle may kindly portray the high qualities of the less favored ones, yet there are few households

that do not contain one—whether boy or girl, whether first-born or last—who maintains a stronger hold on the affections, and enjoys certain immunities that the others do not think of aspiring to. Such was the case with our "little Ellen," as she was fondly called—her being the youngest entitled her to the indulgence and forbearance of the elder children, while her strong resemblance to his lost wife endeared her in a peculiar manner to her father's heart; and her utter helplessness at the time of her mother's death—being scarcely three years of age—recommended her so effectually to grandmamma's consideration, that no one stood before her there. Thus it was that she usurped her sister and brother's playthings, and received no reprimand; or climbed her father's knee and kissed away the cloud that sometimes rested on his widowed brow; and, with less prudence still, clung to grandmamma's skirts when the old lady was engaged in her domestic affairs, interrupting the busiest moments with her childish prattle.

Nor did time reduce her privileges, or the progress of years, in stealing away her infantile charms, abate her influence; on the contrary, her winning ways and lovely nature so wound themselves around every heart in the household, that the little beauty reigned sole empress over the

whole region of Springfarm. Even the conscientious tutor, who so often determined to resist her witcheries, was generally overcome in the struggle—for who could withstand the pleading look and silvery voice that petitioned "dear, good Mr. Harman" to acquiescence? It was no use putting on a serious face, and even trying to get up a frown. The little suppliant knew better. The curate was not a stoic, after all, and eventually found himself coaxed out of an indulgence that the other children would not have presumed to seek.

We shall now pass over a few years, during which no important change occurred among our friends. The young people continued their studies under Mr. Harman, and that gentleman still distributed the "bread of life" with his accustomed zeal and energy. Mr. Robinson, the organist, had married the daughter of a wealthy farmer, and settled in a pretty house in the town of Ballyshan, whence sweet sounds were constantly issuing, produced, no doubt, by the aspirants to musical fame who daily flocked to him for instruction in that science. Nor had Mr. Martin neglected to seize the opportunity thus afforded of adding another branch to his children's education, and a handsome piano-forte was soon procured, on which the girls made rapid proficiency. Thomas, also, at his father's desire, took lessons on the vio-

lin; but after rasping and scraping for three months, vainly endeavoring to execute "God save the King," and "The Boyne Water," he threw it aside in disgust, to the great relief of Ellen, who declared that whatever talent he might have for Homer or Euclid, he would never make even a mediocre musician.

The time was now approaching when Spring-farm would have to mourn its old and honored mistress, and society be deprived of one of its most valuable and beloved members. Mrs. Martin had been blessed with an excellent constitution, which had never been impaired by indolence or intemperance, nor injured by storms of passion. The only real grief which she had ever suffered had been occasioned by the death of her kind and amiable husband; but, even under this blow, her wounded spirit did not sink—she felt it was the Lord's doing, and, bowing her head to the Divine decree, set herself to the training and educating of her son, and conducting the business of the farm, until he should be of age. Since then her life had passed in peace and contentment, and she retained her health and vigor to an advanced season. It was, therefore, a shock of no common nature when her affectionate family were called upon to give her up, and it was many months before the household recovered its

usual tone—for the good old lady was so identified with every fond association, that it seemed as if her memory was embalmed forever; and long after the tall grass had again grown around the family tomb, beneath which her kind heart slept, "dear grandmamma" was sighed for in the parlor, and "poor old mistress" was recalled in the kitchen, with a tenacity of affection that could find no equal substitute.

The next circumstance of any note that occurred amongst our friends was the marriage of Thomas. The old lady's death had left a vacancy that was sensibly felt, not only in the house but all through the neighborhood; not that the young persons, upon whom the domestic cares now devolved, were deficient in the art of housekeeping, or that they were less amiable towards those around them than their honored predecessor had been, but Springfarm had never before been without a *matron* mistress; and the fact of young maidens, however competent, holding the reins of government in that ancient homestead, appeared so great an incongruity, that Thomas received more than one hint from his father, of the part that he was expected to act towards supplying the defect.

The young man had no objection to this arrangement, especially as, for some time past, his eye had

rested admiringly on Miss Margaret McNeil, the daughter of a neighboring farmer. The subject was, therefore, duly considered, and, with the concurrence of Mr. Knox and Mr. Harman, it was decided to be a wise and suitable match. Proposals were accordingly made, which were cheerfully accepted; and, after a reasonable time had been devoted to necessary preparations, the marriage was joyously celebrated—so that, in little more than a year after *old* Mrs. Martin was carried from the portal with tears and wailing, *young* Mrs. Martin was led in thither with smiling welcome.

But who shall tell the tender memories that rent the good farmer's heart at the sight of that happy train. The last wedding that was held within those walls had been his own. Twenty-five years had rolled their rapid rounds since he, too, in the strength of youthful manhood, had led a beauteous bride across that threshold; and he, too —his generous arm supporting a form more precious to him than the world's wide boundaries— had bent to receive a parent's blessing. A few bright years had shed their sunshine on his heart, and "the desire of his eyes was taken from him with a stroke." How great must have been the self-command with which he now maintained a calm exterior, as his mind wandered back upon those

elysian fields. No wonder that there was so much of sad solemnity in his manner, as, raising his eyes and hands to heaven, he uttered, in a deep, low voice, "May the God of thy fathers bless thee, Thomas and Margaret; may you live long and happy; may you *together* see your children and your children's children surrounding your knees; and at last, when done with the scenes of earth, may you have a happy reunion in the eternal world."

The wedding festivities did not last long. A few days saw the old farm restored to its usual tranquillity, and the fair bride installed at the head of the domestic affairs, the keys having been gracefully delivered to her by Miss Martin. The family now again indulged in social visiting, which had been suspended during the long and dreary months of mourning. Parties were given, in honor of the bridal, in almost every house around—each vying who should show most respectful attention to this justly-esteemed family.

At the same time, rejoicings of another nature were carried on in the neighborhood; so that it was a season of more than usual gayety. Denis O'Dougherty, Esq., the young proprietor of the Ballyshan estates, had just attained his majority, and returned in triumph to take possession of his paternal acres. He had been an orphan from his birth. The estates

had, therefore, been placed in Chancery, and a receiver appointed over them—the infant owner being committed to the care of suitable guardians, whose duty it was to have him instructed not only in the usual routine of a polite education, but also in the strict faith of the Romish Church, as a future representative of the Catholic aristocracy of the country, in view of which the most assiduous attention was paid to his training by the priests who were appointed his religious directors. At a proper time he entered college, where he continued during the remainder of his minority; and at the expiration of which he flew, on the wings of hope and desire, to the possession of that wealth and freedom which he had so long fondly anticipated.

He was received by his tenantry with the wildest demonstrations of welcome. His father had been a kind and encouraging landlord, whose religion and whose politics were the same as theirs; and, what is most highly appreciated by an Irish tenantry, suffering from all the impoverishing results of absenteeism, had lived among them, spending his time and his money on the soil they tilled. It is not, then, to be wondered at that the announcement of the young proprietor's expected arrival should be received by them with exuberant joy, and

that every preparation should be made, which a grateful and warm-hearted people could devise, to give "his honor" a cordial and enthusiastic reception. Accordingly, triumphal arches were raised in various places along the road by which he was to travel, and every village, through which he was to pass, was adorned for the occasion—the cabins being neatly whitewashed and dressed with boughs and bouquets, imparting a cheerful gayety to the scene, which, together with the shouts of welcome that filled the air, could not fail to please the eye and gladden the heart of the young stranger who was coming to find his home amongst them.

As Mr. O'Dougherty entered upon his own territory, he was met by large crowds in their holiday attire, on horse and foot, with banners, mottoes, and bands of music. A party of bold peasantry hastily detached the horses from his carriage, and, seizing the traces in their hands, drew him with speed and alacrity along, while the very children, as he passed, flourished their little hats in the air, and poured their hearty "cead mille falthaghs" on his ear. In this way he was conducted for miles of the road, while hundreds contended for the pleasure of helping "to bring his honor home to th' ould place."

A similar welcome awaited him at the castle, on the part of the domestics, who ranged themselves

round the old hall, which was tastefully hung with garlands of flowers, and testified their devotional attachment to the ancient house of O'Dougherty with the mixture of deference and affection with which they greeted its new representative.

The young man entered, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Maguire, P. P., and a few friends. His first act was to accost the old butler, who had dwelt in the castle forty years, and bowed his silver head as he bad him welcome to the home of his ancestors. He shook the aged servant warmly by the hand, expressing a wish that, while by every one else he was regarded as master, by him he should be considered in the light of a friend. He then kindly and condescendingly noticed the other servants, hoping that they and he might be mutually pleased with each other. The remainder of the day was devoted to feasting and merriment—orders having been transmitted beforehand that entertainments should be prepared upon a bountiful and magnificent scale, so that high and low, rich and poor, old and young, might once more enjoy the generous hospitality of Ballyshan Castle.

Mr. O'Dougherty soon became popular on his own account, as well as that of the lofty family to which he belonged. With birth, education, and wealth, which placed him on a footing with the peers of his

country, he yet mingled freely with the people, identifying himself with their interests, and taking a personal insight of their affairs, with the hope of ameliorating their condition, soon gaining for himself the reputation of a good landlord, a good neighbor, and a good Catholic.

With the family at Springfarm the young gentleman soon became intimate. There was a degree of intelligence and refinement there that was not everywhere to be met with, and, before he had been many months a resident in the country, he frequently found himself forsaking the saloons of the great, for a seat at the farmer's fireside. At first this occasioned no surprise, for the Martin family had always been treated by the neighboring gentry with so much respect that they had become accustomed to it; but it soon appeared evident that the young man's frequent visits had a stronger motive than mere friendly interest. The fact was, his fastidious eye, which had seen unmoved the proud daughters of the aristocracy, had found, in the inimitable grace and loveliness of our little Ellen, all that his warm and ardent heart could centre in; while she, poor child, flattered by the courtly attentions of one so much above her, and dazzled by the brilliant prospect of the splendor and happiness that awaited her as his wife, closed her ears against the earnest

warnings of her alarmed friends, trusting, with the simplicity of inexperience, that the love which she read in each tender glance, and heard in every thrilling tone, was strong enough to protect her against any evil that their opposite faiths might produce. Such was the state of affairs when the conversation occurred with which our story commences.

CHAPTER II.

The Lord is righteous; for I have rebelled against his commandment.—*Lam.* 1 : 18.

Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept thy word.—*Psalm* 119 : 67.

A CLOUD now rested over the social happiness of Springfarm. Music could not dispel it; conversation was resorted to in vain. An air of anxiety rested upon every brow, and every heart seemed heavy. Mr. O'Dougherty had formally proposed for the hand of Ellen, and had urged his suit with a fervor and energy that would take no denial; and though the disparity in their ranks was an impediment between them, and the difference in their creeds a still stronger barrier, yet, so intense was the passion that filled all the avenues of his bosom, that he determined neither of these obstacles should prevent his union with the object of his affections; while Mr. Martin, who could not, in the face of his conscience and his religion, grant his consent, also

found himself unable to look upon his weeping child, and sternly forbid what he saw was necessary to her happiness.

Thomas, with less patience, in the proud strength of early manhood, who knew not, as yet, a father's feelings, denounced his young sister as an enthusiast, bidding her cast the Popish idol from her heart, and, humbling herself before the altar, implore forgiveness for having admitted it there.

But the old farmer did not expect this stoical self-denial from "little Ellen," she who had never heard an angry word, never suffered a disappointment. She, whose young life had been all sunshine, whose tender spirit had been nurtured upon kind looks and loving words, could not have strength to conquer this first attachment; nor could her fond father command her to do so. His parental heart yearned in affectionate sympathy towards her, and keen was the anguish that wrung his bosom, and the emotion that shook his voice, as he exclaimed, in answer to her gentle pleading, "Child of my heart, I cannot! Ask of me any other boon, even to the half of my property; but to deliver you a victim into the hands of Popery, 'whose tender mercies are cruel,' O, Ellen, darling, your poor father cannot—dare not do it!"

But who shall limit a father's relenting love? Who

shall measure a parent's tenderness? Not you, who have never watched, with anxious concern, the budding and blossoming scion growing beside you; not you, who have never traced the sacred lineaments of a dead spouse in the living features before you; not you, whose neck has never been entwined by velvet arms, and who has never received that purest of all caresses—the kiss of infant innocence; not you—you may stand in frigid dignity, and declare, with firm brow, and determined tone, that it shall not be, and your sentence may be like the laws of the Medes and Persians, that altereth not; but nature is a pliant, yielding dame, and you would be convinced of this if you had read the following announcement in the county papers: "Married, on the —— ult., in Ballyshan church, by the Rev. Charles Knox, and afterwards in Denistown chapel, by the Rev. Lawrence Maguire, Denis O'Dougherty, Esq., of Ballyshan Castle, to Ellen, youngest daughter of Mr. John Martin, of Springfarm."

The conquest was won—the barriers were surmounted; and "little Ellen" was borne in triumph, a bright and smiling bride, to Ballyshan Castle.

Mr. O'Dougherty had pledged himself to Mr. Martin and his son, in presence of Mr. Knox and Mr. Harman, that Ellen's religious principles should not be interfered with, and that she should always have

the privilege of attending her parish church on the Sabbath. He also positively refused to accept her fortune of one thousand pounds, begging that it might be added to that of Kate; but this the father and brother would not hear of—the family of the Martins should not be enriched by an alliance with the O'Dougherty; the only favor *he* could confer on *them* was, that of tenderly cherishing the gem he took from their crown. At length it was decided, at the suggestion of Mr. Knox, that the money should be invested in the lady's name, and placed at her own disposal.

Her trousseau was such as it would have been if she had married a man of her own rank. Her wedding-dress was plain, white tabinet, and her varying cheek and trembling form were shaded by a simple veil of Limerick lace. No jewels glanced upon the farmer's daughter. Until her father resigned his right to her at the altar, she was his, and occupied the same position with him; the marriage ceremony over, she was her husband's, and shared his rank, his fortune, and his name. It was not, therefore, until the wedding-guests were assembled in the proud halls of the Castle, that Mrs. O'Dougherty appeared flashing in a rich suit of diamonds, the bridal gift of her lordly husband, upon whose manly arm she softly leaned.

A few short weeks were spent in a course of happiness that Ellen's sanguine spirit expected to last forever, and then the happy couple left for the continent. Circumstances had heretofore prevented Mr. O'Dougherty from making the grand tour; he now thought he should enjoy it the more accompanied by his young wife, and both, with the unsophisticated buoyancy of youth, looked forward to the world of pleasures to be found in the exciting scenes and classic regions of old Europe.

Nor was the young man without the hope of impressing the ductile mind of Ellen with the superiority of "Mother Church," when she should see her in her regal magnificence abroad. But he was mistaken; she, who had been favored with the tuition of the divine Harman, had drank from too pure a fountain, ever to sip of muddy waters, though presented in tankards of gold and silver. She knew too much about true Gospel religion, to regard the splendid fopperies of Romanism as other than superstition and imposture. Had Ellen been practiced in diplomacy, she would have concealed her feelings from her husband, and passed through the proud cathedrals to which he conducted her, without expressing any other sentiment, than that of admiration for the beauty and grandeur of the buildings; but the innocent girl had never learned concealment. Always surrounded by

those to whom she was an object of intense affection, every thought of her heart had been openly revealed; and now, in the society of one who had professed to love her better than all these, how was she to practice deceit? Besides, she had no idea that her enlightened and high-minded husband approved of the nonsensical absurdities that were practiced around him; she, therefore, fearlessly exhibited the effect they had upon her mind; sometimes laughing at, and mocking, their grotesque caricatures, and anon expressing her warm indignation, that they should thus blasphemously sport with holy things.

But she was not long in perceiving that Mr. O'Dougherty took no part in her mockery or indignation, and it became clearly evident, that whatever his private feelings might be respecting the indecencies of his Church, he could not bear to hear them ridiculed or condemned. She now saw, with real concern, that her beloved husband was offended and displeased—gloom was gathering on his brow, and coldness creeping into his manner. The fact was—the young man was disappointed. He knew his wife had received a *Protestant* education, but he was not aware that she had been blest with a thoroughly Christian one; and, that as well might he think to divert the needle from the pole, as to draw

her rational and well-directed mind into the labyrinths of error and falsehood. He was, therefore, vexed and mortified, and resented the insults which Ellen had thoughtlessly offered to his beloved Popery, with inveterate anger.

Six months had now been occupied by our travelers in viewing the various scenes of interest abroad, and in observing the different characteristics of foreign nations; and yet the mind of neither dwelt upon these charming novelties. Circumstances had developed themselves, during that short period, of sufficient importance to occupy all their thoughts. They now understood each other, and both saw, with unerring certainty, that however similar the tastes and feelings that had attracted them to each other, and however strong the love that had bound them, there was one sentiment in which they were diametrically opposed, which must cast a shade of bitterness over every portion of their lives.

O'Dougherty, with a jealousy which his previous character had not displayed, encouraged the unworthy suspicion that his wife had not truly loved him, or she could not stand so firmly locked in her own faith as not even to yield the slightest concession to that which he professed; he, therefore, suffered his feelings to become cold and ungentle towards her, and his conduct to assume that ungracious tone most

wounding to the tender heart of woman. She, on the other hand, becoming suddenly aware that the God-like intelligences with which her girlish heart had invested him, were not in reality his, and that, with all his shining and amiable qualities, he "trusted in falsehood," and "followed a cunningly-devised fable," felt sad and disheartened; and, conscious of the power which her adored husband had ever influenced over her heart, she trembled, lest, in an unguarded hour, he should tempt her to swerve from the allegiance of the Gospel.

Thus, agitated by conflicting doubts, and regarding each other with distrustful coldness, our travelers prepared for their homeward return—each calculating the probable results to be anticipated from a remingling with the scenes and associations of their former happiness; and, perhaps, encouraging the sanguine hope that, under those mild and favorable circumstances, their peace and unity might be again restored.

It was a bright and balmy evening in the blooming month of May, when the O'Dougherty traveling equipage passed rapidly through the town of Ballyshan, on its way to the Castle. The return was sudden and unexpected, and the carriage being closed, prevented the occupants from being seen, nevertheless, the vehicle itself was recognized, and many a

loud cheer and joyous shout greeted it as it sped along.

Upon arriving at the Castle, the young couple were received with due respect by the domestics, who, having been only apprised on the preceding evening of their intended arrival, had but short time to make the necessary preparations for their reception. But they were not in spirits to enjoy much ceremony. Ellen was fatigued, and requested to be conducted to her dressing-room, and Denis entered the study, accompanied by Father Maguire, who had hastened to be the first to welcome him home.

Not many minutes had elapsed when a gig was heard swiftly approaching, and the heavy door again swung upon its hinges. Mr. O'Dougherty, surmising who the visitor was, opened the study door, just in time to catch Kate Martin in his arms and kiss her blooming cheek. She then hurried on, her light foot scarcely touching the carpet as she flew up the winding stairs—another moment, and Ellen, with a bound and cry of joy, sunk in a gush of happy tears upon her sister's bosom. The poor, wandering dove was nestled once more—pressed to a heart that loved her still—whose affection had guarded her infancy, and counseled her wayward girlhood. Others might change, but she was still

the same—the same sweet, gentle Kate; and soon every trial and sorrow was poured into her sympathizing ear, and words of soft and tender soothing, intermingled with purest kisses, issued from her lips.

The sisters had regularly corresponded during their separation, and though Ellen had not complained of being unhappy, yet the eye of affection had long since discovered, from the tone of her epistles, that her spirits were clouded, and her heart oppressed. Kate was, therefore, not quite unprepared for the revealings that were now made to her of blighted hope, and altered confidence. She had partly dreaded all this from the first, and faithfully warned her sister beforehand; but no ungentle remark now escaped her: her tender heart was filled with concern for the weak and tempted creature beside her, and tearfully and lovingly she directed her to apply to the Strong for strength—comforting her with the assurance, that if she faithfully served her Heavenly Father, all things would work together for her good.

The two sisters continued in conversation until a late hour, refreshments being served to them in the room where they sat, they suffered no interruption. All the news of which each had to inform the other was duly detailed, with mutual affection and confidence. It was not without regret that

they at length discovered it was time to retire for the night. Ellen then rung for her maid, and Kate, having folded her beloved sister again to her heart, withdrew to the room that had been prepared for her; and there, lowly bowed before the Throne of Grace, she humbly and earnestly sought for this dear one, that Divine help that would enable her to bear the trials, by which she was surrounded, with Christian fortitude, and so to act the part that was allotted to her as to bring glory to her Saviour's name.

For some time matters went on tolerably well at the Castle. O'Dougherty's old love for his wife returned with all its force as he saw the universal admiration she excited by the sweet yet dignified grace with which she filled her seat at the head of his princely table, and entertained the great and noble of the land: at the same time that her kind and affable manners towards the humbler classes, brought showers of blessings on her head.

But Ellen's troubles were not yet ended. Father Maguire, who, from her extreme innocence and simplicity of manner, had supposed that she was weak and impressible, and had rather encouraged Mr. O'Dougherty in the belief that she would be an easy convert to "the true Church," was surprised when that gentleman told him of the tenacity with which she had clung to her own religion when

abroad, and the contempt and disapprobation she had manifested for such of their Church's usages as Bible-taught minds were most averse to, so as to repel all hope of proselyting her. The priest was disappointed—his truly popish heart was grieved, that the ancient house of O'Dougherty, which for ages had assisted to uphold the Catholic consequence of the country, should be tainted with the stain of heresy. Yet he was not discouraged. He knew the young man was bound in honor to put no force upon the inclinations of his wife, and he was too fond a husband to subject her to persecution: but a little stratagem might be attended with some success; and, as the former part of her life had been spent entirely in Protestant society, it would not be unwise to try the influence of Catholic intercourse. His reverence, therefore, recommended that Mr. O'Dougherty should immediately fill the Castle with guests of his own persuasion, and lose no time in engaging a chaplain to conduct the devotional exercises of his family.

All this was, therefore, done, and still Mrs. O'Dougherty was as good a Protestant as ever. She smiled as sweetly on her husband's friends as she did upon her own, and bowed her head as reverently while the chaplain repeated his long Latin grace, as she had ever done during the simple English one of Mr. Harman;

but she declined entering the Castle chapel during the invocations to saints and angels, and preferred the reading of the Bible to the discussions of the learned fraternity. Thus she was obliged to act on the defensive in the midst of her own family, until she felt, with the persecuted king of old, that the enemies of her soul were those of her own household.

Yet she could enjoy the ministry of her old pastors, and, Sabbath after Sabbath, her soul was watered with fresh supplies of grace, which strengthened her for the conflicts of the coming week. She also could visit dear Springfarm and the Rectory, and, in the society of those whose conversation was not of this world, she learnt sweet lessons of piety and resignation—for Ellen was growing in grace. Father Maguire's policy defeated its own object, and, instead of inducing her to enter the ranks of error, it drove her for refuge to the foot of the Cross, where she knew she would receive wisdom and strength, so that she might endure to the end.

Thus, the glad summer-tide passed along, and harvest approached with its mellow fruits. Father Maguire had almost despaired of ever seeing Mrs. O'Dougherty's splendid equipage driving up to Denistown chapel. Every means had been employed without

success, to draw her heart from Protestantism: her friends were treated with studied coldness, and trifling pretexts were used to prevent her calling upon them, until, one after another, they ceased visiting the Castle. At length, as we before intimated, the number of her anti-Catholic associates was limited to her father's family and Mr. and Mrs. Knox.

But even this circle was too extensive to please those who were so earnestly concerned for her salvation; and one day as she returned from the Glebe, where she had spent a happy hour with her old friend and godmother, Mr. O'Dougherty entered her dressing-room and inquired where she had been: he received her answer with a dark brow, immediately observing that he did not like her being so much with "those Knoxes:" if they were plain, old-fashioned Protestants, he would not mind; but they were tainted with Puritanism, or Methodism, or some other new-fangled cant; besides he did not think he derived any honor from the fact of his wife's carriage being continually seen at the Parsonage—it was bad enough that the O'Dougherty arms should stand before the church.

"But, you know, Denis, dear," Ellen gently pleaded, "I have told you that a coach-and-four is not necessary to my happiness; I would as soon take a

phaeton, or even a gig, when going to church or the Glebe—if you will allow me."

"Nonsense, Ellen," sharply retorted her husband; "how would it look for the mistress of Ballyshan to drive to church in a gig by the side of a servant? It is necessary to put some restraint on your fanatical whims, or there is no guessing what inconsistencies they may lead you into. I have only to say that I do not approve of your intimacy with Mrs. Knox, and I wish you to discontinue it;" and, without trusting himself to look at his lovely wife, the young man turned and left the room.

Poor Ellen! even Mrs. Knox must be given up. "This was the severest cut of all." Every other trial was insignificant when compared with it. She, with whom she had so often "taken sweet counsel"—who had loved her with almost maternal fondness; who had presented her, an unconscious babe, at the baptismal font, and held her in her gentle arms while her devoted husband prayed that her infant spirit might be "washed and sanctified, and received into the ark of Christ's Church; and being steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in charity, she might so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that, finally, she might come to the land of everlasting life." And this

sacred friendship must be relinquished: it seemed almost too hard, and the heart of the young girl sunk at the prospect of lonely grandeur that her future life presented; every congenial spirit banished from her path—even Kate, whose superiority of mind and character had rendered her quite a favorite with her brother-in-law, had almost forsaken the Castle, and her sister seldom saw her except when they met at Springfarm: her father and brother had never entered her door, and she had no hope that they ever would. "All these things are against me," she exclaimed; nor was it until after she had bowed her tear-stained face in her hands, and bent her trembling knees low at her Saviour's footstool, presenting her case before him who "was tempted in all things like as we are," that she felt able to bear this last stroke without repining.

Long did the sad suppliant continue at her Master's feet, and rich streams of heavenly consolation, and promises of future comfort and support, were poured into her fainting bosom, until the weak and fragile woman, endued with faith and fortitude from on high, arose from her knees, ready to bear her cross, and follow in her Saviour's footsteps, even to the last.

That evening Mrs. O'Dougherty took her place

at the dinner-table with a more than usually bright and serene expression over her beautiful countenance. She was dressed, in accordance with her husband's taste, in the richest and most fashionable attire — rubies and emeralds flashed upon her snowy neck and arms, while her magnificent chestnut hair was arranged in its most becoming style; and O'Dougherty, as he glanced at his lovely wife, and his heart swelled with pride at the thought of her queen-like beauty, upbraided himself for the harsh part he had that day acted towards her, and felt that the religion could not be so bad which taught her to treat unkindness with such angelic forbearance.

From that time, Mrs. O'Dougherty's leisure was chiefly devoted to charitable employments, and, with the assistance of Father Nolan, the chaplain, who was an amiable young man, and willing to take part in a labor of love, she sought out all the poor on the estate, and formed plans to ameliorate their condition; and the lady herself felt a peace that she had not enjoyed since the first month of her marriage.

But now a new era appeared; for an event of the utmost importance occurred at the Castle. An heir was born to the proud estates of Ballyshan. Rich and poor joined in congratulations and rejoicings on the

occasion: there seemed to be no drawback to the general happiness—"all went merry as a marriage-bell." The christening, which was celebrated in the Castle chapel, and at which the titular bishop of the diocese officiated in person, was an occasion of extraordinary pomp, and the festivities that followed were the greatest that had been witnessed in the country for years.

The baby's name had been selected by his mother, at her husband's desire. "What shall we call our boy, Ellen, love," inquired the proud father as he fondly leaned over his wife's couch; "he shall bear whatever name you give him, dearest."

A smile lit up the pale face of the mother, and a tear of tender affection glistened in her azure eye as she sweetly murmured, "then call him Denis—let him bear the name that has been most dear to his poor mother's erring heart."

The young man tenderly kissed the trembling lips that conveyed to him this fresh assurance of affection, and never was Ellen more sincerely or intensely beloved than at this moment.

And Denis, the child was called, and greater than Alexander the new-made father felt when, in presence of the highest and noblest of the Catholic community, his son received the sacrament of baptism at the hands of the mitred prelate, and, by the

sprinkling of water and anointing of oil, was consecrated a child of God and a member of the "Holy Roman Catholic Church."

But it was not long that the young gentleman, whose coming had created so much sensation, continued to engross the general attention. The waning health of his fair and fragile mother now excited the deepest solicitude; and the tenderest concern was manifested by all parties respecting the result. The old family physician was exerting his utmost skill in her behalf, and one of the most eminent members of the faculty was summoned from Dublin to advise upon her case. Still she was sinking. Kate, the indefatigable friend and sister, was now in constant attendance around the couch of the sufferer—to no hireling nurse was committed the entire charge of one so precious. There were a hundred little offices to be performed, that the hand of love alone could execute; and there were the consolations of religion to be administered which none but a heart overflowing with piety and zeal could dictate. Who then so fit for such a post as the gentle, devoted, and affectionate sister? During this time Mrs. O'Dougherty seemed to take but little interest in what was passing around her. She seldom spoke, although she always smiled upon her husband and sister, and appeared pleased when

the latter read to her from the Bible, or conversed, in her own sweet and happy strain, upon the beauties of holiness.

One day, after they had been so engaged, Ellen inquired of her sister if she thought her father knew how very ill she was. Kate replied in the negative, adding, that the doctor had still hopes of her complaint ending favorably. The invalid shook her head, and presently exclaimed with some energy:

"Kate, I must see my father, send for him, tell him that, though he never visited me during the season of my health and prosperity, yet now I am prostrated by sickness and may never rise again, he must come to me!"

Kate immediately complied, and soon a messenger was flying along the shortest route to Spring-farm.

Mr. Martin received the summons with sur prise and terror; he had not been aware of his beloved daughter's danger, and the sudden announcement shook his soul to the very centre; he clasped his hands, and exclaimed with chok ing emotion: "If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved!" But it did not last long; for, remembering the patience of him who lost ten children in one day, he raised his eyes to heaven and

repeated with touching submission: "The Lord gave, and if he will, he shall take away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

The gig was now ready, and the old gentleman hastened to the Castle.

When he entered his daughter's room he was pale and agitated, and, for some moments, was unable to speak. Ellen, who had partly arisen on her father's approach, extended her feeble arms toward him, and, clasping him around the neck, thanked him warmly for his visit.

"I wanted to tell you, dear father," she said, "how bitterly I have repented of my undutiful conduct, in having forced your tender heart to consent to that which your reason disapproved; for this I have suffered, God has rewarded me, and now, my father, do you forgive your little Ellen?"

"Forgive you, darling!" ejaculated the old man, "I never blamed you."

"But, father," she persisted, "say that you forgive me."

The father's voice shook, and his eyes filled with tears, as, clasping his child to his bosom, he exclaimed, "O, Ellen! light of my life! may God forgive me in the same measure as I forgive you!"

A pause ensued, during which Kate was uneasy

for the effect of so much emotion ; but Ellen aroused herself and again addressed her father.

"I want you," she said, "to come and see me every day while I remain, and talk to me, and pray with me, and make Thomas and Margaret come, and I want you to kiss my child and give him your blessing."

Kate now advanced with the baby and laid him in his grandfather's arms ; the good man tenderly kissed the smiling innocent, and uttered a fervent benediction on his head.

The doctor now entering, Mr. Martin took his leave, promising to visit his daughter frequently, and that her brother and sister-in-law should do the same. Upon descending from the chamber he was met by Mr. O'Dougherty, who expressed the utmost pleasure at seeing him in the Castle, and insisted upon his remaining to dinner: to this the worthy farmer consented, thinking that the intelligence of his doing so, might be gratifying to poor Ellen. The guests were limited to a few of the neighboring gentlemen, as there were no visitors now in the Castle—alas! the abode of sickness and mourning has no charms for the gay and worldly, of which class the Castle company had been chiefly composed.

From that day the interesting invalid rapidly

declined; and though the kind physician and affectionate family tried to hope, yet it was painfully evident that the frail structure was decaying, and all further efforts to detain its lovely inhabitant were vain.

CHAPTER III.

The righteous is taken away from the evil to come.—*Isaiah* 57 : 1.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.—*Psalm* 23 : 4.

It was towards the close of a bleak, dreary evening, when nature, clad in the brown robe of autumn, assumes a sober and subdued appearance, and the wind, which had been from the north all day, whistled mournfully among the decayed and fallen leaves, when a fair and interesting young lady, of saddened countenance and red and swollen eyes, arose from the window recess of a luxuriously furnished apartment, behind the folds of whose damask drapery she had for some time been silently weeping, and softly approached a richly canopied bed, on which a pale and lovely woman was languidly reclining, her transparent hand lightly resting across a small bundle of cambric and lace, amongst

which a tiny waxen face was discernable, whereon her fading gaze was fondly fixed. She now raised her eyes to those that were tearfully fixed upon her, and, smiling faintly, murmured the endearing name of "sister."

A short pause ensued, while she, who was addressed by that loving title, turned half around, and once more wiped her eyes, and choked down a rising sigh, then, leaning tenderly over the invalid, whispered in low and trembling tones,

"Ellen, dearest, we are now alone. As you said you wished particularly to speak to me, I insisted upon the nurse lying down for a couple of hours, which she would not do until I promised to call her at twelve o'clock, when she says your medicine is to be administered."

"Medicine!" repeated Ellen, "they might let me rest from that now—surely they know it. But Kate, love, sit down, and give me your hand, and let me tell you what is lying heavy on my heart, while I am able: Kate, my child must never be a Papist!" and her attenuated fingers grasped more tightly her sister's plump hand, as, with more impressive energy than her weak state was sufficient for, she emphatically continued, "no, no—it must not be. For months before his birth this was my determination; and now since I have been aware that

I must leave him, I have devoted my thoughts to the arrangement of plans by which a Protestant education could be secured to my baby.

Had I lived, I know I should have exercised such influence over his ductile mind, that, in spite of all their efforts to the contrary, he should have been in heart a believer in his mother's faith; and, though during his pliant youth they might lead him to the mass-house and confessional, yet I should have seized every opportunity of teaching him the pure doctrines of the Gospel, so that, when arrived at years of maturity, he should boldly and conscientiously protest against the errors of Popery. But since a Supreme Power has said I must not stay to train my boy, my mind has been directed to a plan by which he still shall be blessed with Bible teaching. I know that, in a worldly sense, my son must be a loser by this; but Kate, I am competent to judge for him, having been taught by experience that the O'Dougherty estates confer not happiness."

She stopped, gasped for breath; her head sunk inanimate on the pillow, and her hand relaxed its hold.

Her sister uttered a low, wailing cry, and dropped on her knees beside the bed; then, springing to her feet again, hastened to apply the usual

restoratives in cases of exhaustion. Half an hour of intense anxiety followed, after which the sufferer again appeared to revive. Her lips moved, but no sound issued from them, and Kate, bending over her, kissed her pure temple, and whispered fondly, and soothingly,

"Ellen, love, do not say any more at present; you have over-exerted yourself; rest, dearest, rest to-night, and another time you can tell me what is on your mind."

"Another time!" feebly echoed the dying mother. "Kate, time with me will soon be over. Oh! let me speak while any strength remains to me." And again she clasped her sister's hand, while Kate shuddered to perceive her fingers colder and damper than before. "Kate, my own and only sister, will you make your dying Ellen a promise that will soothe and comfort her last hours?"

"Oh! what is there that I would not do for my beloved Ellen?" fervently responded the affectionate girl.

"Then listen, Kate: when I am gone, my baby must be carried secretly to Dublin, and placed in the Foundling Hospital there; and you are the only person whom I can trust with the commission, and no one else must know it; nay, do not start, nor attempt to oppose my wishes. I know

all the arguments that can be urged against this proceeding. I am aware of the sacrifice I am making of my son; the degredation to which I am submitting him; the poverty, and humiliation, and toil which I am forcing upon him, in exchange for an ancient name and proud inheritance. All this I have anxiously and prayerfully considered; calmly revolved it over and over in my mind; looked at it in every light, and can arrive at no other conclusion than that it is the will of God concerning him; else, why should my mind be so strongly led to it? Why does my deep love for him suffer me to yield the sacrifice? Kate, sister Kate, my child must be a Protestant, and there is no other way of effecting it. Look at him—look at my innocent babe, and say, is he, for the sake of filthy lucre, to be deprived of a Gospel education? O, no! you have the Bible yourself, and you cannot deny it to my son; then promise me, promise your dying sister, Kate Martin, that you will snatch her child from the arms of Popery, and place him within the reach of truth."

The young lady, who at first had heard this strange request with astonishment, and shrunk from complying with it, was now convinced of its expediency, and affectionately assented to its fulfillment. She pressed her lips to her sister's pal-

lid cheek, and fondly assured her that her wish should be faithfully executed, promising to take upon herself the responsibility of it, and to conceal the secret within her own breast. She then besought the lovely sufferer to compose herself, and try to take a little sleep, as the night was advanced, and she had overtaxed her feelings and her strength, so that she was again quite exhausted; but she cheerfully replied that it was not so; her mind was now at rest, and she felt more comfortable than she had done for a month past. Yet, though evidently relieved of a burden, she seemed weary and languid; her eyes were dull and heavy, and her breathing was short and difficult. Her sister, therefore, gently insisted on her remaining perfectly quiet for the remainder of the night.

At twelve o'clock, the nurse was again in attendance, but Kate could not be prevailed upon to retire. Seated at the bedside, with the hand of the invalid softly clasped in hers, she prepared to spend the lone hours of the night, hoping, by her presence and those many little nameless attentions that the loving heart alone can bestow, to soothe and cheer the last hours of her beloved sister.

The following morning brought no sunshine to the ancient stronghold of the O'Dougher-

ty's. The young life in whom all hearts were interested, was, evidently, ebbing away. The old family physician shook his head in answer to inquiries, and the nurse was observed to raise the corner of her white linen apron frequently to her eyes. Even Mr. O'Dougherty, who never would hear a single doubt expressed as to her ultimate recovery, now seemed truly alarmed; he hung over her bed, ever and anon kissing her hands, her lips, and her brow, called her his "darling Ellen," his "sweet little wife"—told her he "could not think of parting with her"—he "never had thought of anything so painful;" asked her "how she could leave him, the husband who idolized her?" Demanded if he "deserved to be deserted;" and implored to be forgiven wherein he had ever offended her.

The dying wife was considerably moved by her husband's distress. Two or three times she attempted to speak to him, but the words were inaudible. Denis O'Dougherty was never to hear his Ellen's sweet voice again.

Kate now suggested that, perhaps, her sister would like to see Mr. Knox; and her brother-in-law, delighted to catch at anything that would be gratifying to her whom he was about to lose, gladly assented. A servant was accordingly dispatched in haste

to the Glebe, to request the attendance of the worthy clergyman.

Mr. Knox was fortunately at home when the messenger arrived, and lost no time in obeying the summons. He was received at the castle door by Mr. Martin, who had arrived a short time previous.

"Well, my friend," said the minister, as he grasped the old man's hand with affectionate warmth, "my dear friend, you and I have met under almost every circumstance of life, and been a mutual comfort and assistance to each other. This is a heavy trial that we are now called to pass through, but, 'shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?'"

"O, yes! O, yes!" said the afflicted father, catching the spirit of pious resignation from his esteemed pastor; "He doeth all things well."

They were now joined by Mr. O'Dougherty, who welcomed his reverend visitor with easy courtesy, apologized for not having sent for him in an earlier stage of his wife's illness, and politely proposed to conduct him immediately to her apartment. Mr. Knox bowed, and followed up the stately dome-lit staircase, crossed, with easy tread, a lofty corridor, and paused as he entered the dim and silent chamber of sorrow. Kate was seated by the pillow, the attenuated hand of the invalid clasped in hers, and the handkerchief, in which her face was buried,

saturated with tears, while her bosom heaved and vibrated with internal anguish.

Ellen, who had been made aware of the approach of the gentlemen, opened her eyes, and a smile illumined her wan features as she recognized the well-known form of her old pastor.

"My dear Ellen," said Mr. Knox, laying his hand softly upon hers, and bending with paternal kindness over her, "I am sorry to find you thus; it was our earnest desire and prayer to our Heavenly Father, that he would spare you to us a little longer; but, as it seems to be his holy and righteous will to remove you from us, I hope he has prepared your soul for the solemn change. Tell me how you feel under a prospect of eternity, my dear child? Is Jesus with you?"

A brighter smile glowed around the pallid lips of the dying woman, and an expression of serene joy kindled her dim eyes, as she feebly but distinctly whispered, "He *is* with me—his rod and his staff —they comfort me."

"Thank God! thank God!" fervently ejaculated the minister.

"Glory be to his holy name!" exclaimed Mr. Martin, who, standing at the opposite side of the bed, had been a deeply-interested listener; while Mr. O'Dougherty, having seated himself beside Kate,

and drawn her with brotherly affection towards him, seemed to feel that her sorrow, which "would not be comforted," was more akin to his own.

Mr. Martin had anxiously wished that his daughter could receive the holy sacrament previous to her death; and the present appearing to be a favorable opportunity for the observance of the ceremony he urged the subject upon his son-in-law, who, receiving an appealing glance from his wife—his heart already melted by grief—offered no objection. It was now suggested that they should retire for a couple of hours, and allow Mrs. O'Dougherty to rest before the excitement of the solemn ordinance. But Mr. Martin, who feared that in the mean time some impediment might interpose, would not consent to its postponement; and his son and daughter-in-law just then arriving, he rejoiced that the whole family could partake of the sacred elements once more together. Poor Kate was also glad to see her sister-in-law, who she knew would cheerfully undertake the arrangement of the sacrament-table, she herself feeling so prostrated as to be almost incapable of the least exertion. When the necessary preparations were completed, Mr. O'Dougherty arose to retire, courtesy not requiring that he should witness a ceremony which his conscience regarded as heretical. Glancing towards his wife, he perceived the

slumbering babe by her side; and suddenly recollecting that his son ought not to be left under the noxious influence, he motioned to the nurse to remove the child, who gladly obeyed, pleased to be herself permitted to escape from contamination. An expression of spasmodic pain crossed the features of the pious mother as she saw her babe borne from the room; she turned an imploring look upon her sister, who understood the mute appeal, and answered it with a slight pressure of the hand she still held.

The administration of the Lord's supper, according to the ritual of the Episcopal Church, is one of the most solemn services of religion; and, on the present occasion, when one of the communicants stood at the threshold of eternity, a feeling of holy awe pervaded the little company, of which the erring children of earth have no experience. It was a scene that an artist would have loved to look upon. Mrs. O'Dougherty, raised and supported by pillows, her soft, blue eyes sometimes drooping beneath their long lashes, and anon raised to heaven with child-like faith; while her pure spiritual face gleamed with a radiant loveliness, which even surpassed the beauty of her healthful bloom. The world, with its vanities, its cares, and even its sorrows, was forgotten, as the gray-haired patriarch and his interesting

family knelt around the man of God to commemorate their Saviour's dying love. A more than ordinary pathos lent itself to the voice of Mr. Knox, and a peculiar glow of devotion overspread his countenance: he *felt* the words he read, and found new beauty in every petition he offered up; while the responses were repeated in low but fervent tones by the young man at his side. A holy influence communicated itself to each heart, and a consciousness of the Divine presence was vividly felt by all, as their voices spontaneously joined in the triumphant laudatum. "Therefore, with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious Name; evermore praising thee, and saying, holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of thy glory: glory be to thee, O Lord most high. Amen."

But who shall describe the angelic transport that illuminated the countenance of the dying saint as she received the emblems of that broken body and spilt blood that purchased the remission of her sins, and procured for her an entrance into eternal life. Surely it was a blessed hour—a refreshing, spirit-stirring season. The windows of heaven seemed to be open, and streams of grace and glory to descend upon the heads of the happy worshipers; while humility, gratitude, peace, love, and joy filled their glowing

hearts. Nor was the gracious influence destroyed at the close of the solemn rite; for long after the Lord's servant had spread forth his hands, and, raising his eyes to heaven, pronounced, with trembling fervor, the concluding benediction, the halo continued upon the little assembly, and He, in whose name they were gathered together, remained in their midst. And are these divine visitations rare and isolated? Not so. The minister of the cross often meets his risen Master and legions of angels around the death-beds of God's lowly children; and the poet was familiar with this fact when he declared—

> The chamber, where the good man meets his fate,
> Is privileged beyond the common walk
> Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.

The close of another evening arrived, and found Ballyshan Castle shrouded in deeper gloom than ever—for its once gay and brilliant mistress slept "the sleep that knows no waking."

Immediately upon the departure of Mr. Knox, O'Dougherty returned to his wife's apartment, and the babe was laid again at her side, but she heeded them not; her soul was engaged in higher communings; her heart was entirely emptied of human love, and filled with ecstatic visions of immortal glory, her mental eye was fixed upon the Canaan she was about

to enter, and she saw the shining ones who stood upon the celestial shore waiting to receive her. No wonder that the fond objects of her earthly affection were no longer regarded: they could go to her, but she could never return to them.

A feeling of intense awe was experienced by the little group; not a sigh was heard—not a tear was shed—not even a loud breath disturbed the sweet and solemn stillness of the scene, as they stood around the bed gazing upon the beatified expression of that lovely countenance. No pain, no struggling, no vain attempts to speak disturbed the serenity of her beautiful face; but she appeared like a bride in her wedding garments, waiting for the coming of her Lord. Once, her lips moved, and Mrs. Martin, being the most self-possessed of the party, bent down to catch, if possible, the half-articulated whisper. Faint and low the name of "Jesus" was breathed, and no more—in that sweet name alone her hope of heaven was centred. A few minutes, and a gentle motion was observed upon her features; her eyes turned up under their transparent lids; the corners of her small mouth slightly drooped, and the soul of Ellen O'Dougherty had passed from the world forever.

For some days after the event above described, the young heir of Ballyshan remained almost un-

noticed. Immediately after his birth, that wing of the Castle, which had formerly been appropriated to the nursery, was reopened, and newly fitted up for his reception. Thither he was now conveyed by the servant into whose care he was for the present intrusted, until a person could be found suitable to undertake the responsible duties of foster-mother; and the attention of the household was entirely directed to the solemn and mournful subject of their general bereavement. As for his father, he was so completely prostrated by the overwhelming woe that had so unexpectedly come upon him, that he scarcely thought of the infant; and poor Kate, usually so calm and rational, seemed to have undergone a shock which benumbed her faculties, and rendered her insensible to all surrounding objects At such a time the kindly-proffered superintendence of Mrs. Martin was invaluable, as the forms to be observed respecting the arrangement of the beautiful dead were such as the inhabitants of the Castle were unacquainted with—a Protestant wake having never occurred within those old embattled walls. Instead, therefore, of the deceased being extended in religious pomp before the altar of the Castle chapel, a cross on her unconscious bosom, and an uneven number of tall wax-lights gleaming above her, while priests knelt around chaunting the re-

quiem of the dead, the lady of Ballyshan lay in simple state in her bridal chamber, on the couch where she had breathed her last. Her lovely form was enveloped in white, and a neat cap of purest cambric covered her silken hair. The room was sadly but tastefully draped with black, and large bows of black ribbon tied the white festooning of the bed. No sound disturbed the awful stillness of the apartment. Softly the mourning friends entered to gaze on the serene and heavenly face of the dead, and retreated before they gave vent to their suppressed feelings.

For three long days the church-bell continued to toll its slow and doleful knell, and, on the morning of the fourth day, large crowds collected from every part of the country, to convey the beautiful clay to its kindred earth. On that morning the old Castle was a scene of unusual bustle; the low sounds of preparation, mingling with the half-smothered wail of sorrow, arose on every side. In the centre of the large pillared hall, a stand had been erected, covered with black cloth, on which was placed the richly-adorned coffin, within whose leaden bosom the fairest flower of Ballyshan was taking her last repose. A handsome dejeuner was spread in the large breakfast-room, for the refreshment of the gentry and upper farmers, who had come from a distance—the

servants' hall containing a similar meal, to which the humbler classes were welcomed. But the hour appointed for the obsequies arrived, and the dark-plumed hearse, with its sable steeds, stood at the the Castle door. And now the final trial must be gone through—the last duty must be performed for the dead, although reluctant love still deferred the evil moment. Since the terrible blow had fallen upon him that had almost riven his soul in twain, O'Dougherty had stood apart. He mourned as one without hope—for alas! he belonged to a church that told him the lovely heretic was lost, forever, lost; and he, a son of the true faith, could see her no more through all eternity. Agonizing doctrine, and implicitly believed. O, Popery, Popery! by what means dost thou so blind and delude thy unhappy followers? but

> "Faith, fanatic faith, when wedded fast
> To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last."

According to an ancient custom, however, friends might render their kindly assistance on these mournful occasions; yet a corpse could not be removed without the personal sanction of the nearest of kin. Several times had Mr. Maguire—who alone dared to approach the stricken chief—softly hinted that the preparations for the funeral were complete.

At length the study door opened, and the young widower came forth. Every lip was closed, and every head bent, as he slowly tottered towards the coffin, and laid his hand upon it. It was enough. A dozen stout yeomen immediately advanced, and, silently raising it upon their stalwart shoulders, bore it through the lofty portal, down the marble steps, and laid it in the hearse.

Mr. O'Dougherty took his seat alone in the chief mourner's coach, and the father and brother of the dead occupied the second; next came the lady's own carriage, dressed with crape, the horses wearing large rosettes of the same; then followed the carriages of the neighboring gentry; and after them, a countless number of cars, gigs, and horsemen; the procession ending with crowds of peasantry on foot.

Upon arriving at the church-yard gate, they were met by Mr. Knox and Mr. Harman, in their sacred vestments, who preceded the coffin into the church. The Protestant part of the assembly followed, until the venerable building was quite full; but all good Catholics remained outside, not even the husband of the dead daring to enter the denounced edifice.

The last sad service was read over the inanimate clay, and a short address delivered by Mr. Knox; and then the massive coffin, still borne on the stout

shoulders of the sons of Ballyshan—hireling hands not having been permitted to touch it—was carried from the church to the ancient sepulchre of the O'Doughertys, and reverentially laid in its marble niche.

Here Father Maguire entered, and, after reading some Latin prayers, produced a vial of "holy water," which he sprinkled around the vault, so that the entrance of a heretic corpse might bring no taint to the Catholic bones that had hitherto been its only tenants.

All was now over. The vault door again closed, the rusty bolts replaced by the old sexton, and each one returned to his home.

CHAPTER IV.

Ye shall command your children to observe to do, all the words of this law.—*Deut.* 32 : 46.

Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it.—*Prov.* 22 : 6.

In studying the lives of Scripture worthies, it will be found, that nothing of any importance was undertaken by them, without first seeking Divine favor and assistance. Moses says: "If thy presence go not with me, carry me not hence," and a similar feeling we find exhibited by God's servants, in both Old and New Testaments; and God approves of this entire dependence upon himself, and graciously answers every appeal that his children make to him. 'Fear not," he says to one, "for I am with thee." How encouraging!—surely the very weakest might proceed with such a guide.

It was a conviction of the necessity of this Divine aid, in the performance of the promise she had made

to the dead, that so severely exercised the mind of Kate Martin. How was she, alone and unassisted, to carry her infant nephew to Dublin, and keep the matter a secret from every one? According to human calculation it seemed impossible—and yet it must be done, or a solemn pledge violated. It, therefore, was not so much grief for the loss of a beloved sister, though the neighbors thought it was, that bowed her to the earth; for her mental eye could look through the veil and see the enfranchised saint with her angelic mother—

> "Far from a world of grief and sin
> With God eternally shut in."

But the heavy responsibility by which she was bound hung like a weight upon her spirit, and she groaned beneath the pressure. If she could only advise with Mr. Knox or Mr. Harman; but no, she had promised to keep the scheme a secret. There was, therefore, nothing for her but prayer; and, day and night, her strong and earnest petitions, accompanied by floods of tears, were poured forth, for light and direction, by which she might perform the great work that lay before her.

When the funeral procession moved from the Castle she was prostrate in her own room, bathed in tears, where she had lain, ever since she had taken

her last leave of the lovely dead, before the coffin-lid was closed forever. She now rose, and, after gazing a few minutes through the window at the raven plumes that nodded over her sister's clay, she felt a strong impulse to visit the nursery ; and, leaving her room, she wandered in that direction, without any motive, more than to see the child who was the innocent cause of so much perplexity. She found the baby alone, sleeping in his gilded cradle, his attendant having just left him to take a peep at the stately funeral. Kate stooped to kiss his downy cheek, as she raised her heart, for the thousandth time, in prayer—when the thought suddenly struck her, that she might never again have so good an opportunity of obtaining possession of the child as the present moment afforded. A joyous light accompanied the thought—the suggestion evidently came from on high—and, with all the energy of faith, she seized the sign, and hastened to act upon it.

Springing back to her room, she threw a large blue cloth cloak around her, and, placing a neat gray beaver bonnet upon her head, which she entirely covered with the capacious hood of the mantle, she snatched up a warm shawl, and flew back to the baby's apartment. She listened outside the door, but hearing no sound entered, and found the room as she had left it. Gently she raised the sleeping

child, enveloping him in the shawl, and, seeing the bottle which contained his nourishment lying on a table, she put it in her pocket, and cautiously proceeded to leave the Castle.

Listening, at every turn, she softly descended the back staircase, along the stone passage—the door of which was open—across the kitchen yard, and into the back avenue. No eye had seen her; for the few servants, who had not followed their mistress to the grave, were grouped upon the front steps, watching the receding procession, and gossiping over late events. On, therefore, Kate proceeded, unnoticed, not a laborer—not even a garden-boy—crossed her path, until she reached the gate. Here she dreaded meeting the gate-keeper; but even that functionary was absent, and she passed through the postern unseen. She was now on the high-road, for the first time in her life, alone; her body was weak and worn, after her late severe vigils, and she had three long miles to walk, before she could reach the town through which the Dublin coaches passed; but she felt a superhuman power urging her on—and who shall say that angels were not in attendance, supporting her trembling steps, and screening her from observation?—those "ministering spirits," whose delight, as well as duty, it is, to fly upon errands of mercy to the weak children of earth, and to whose

instrumentality we are so often indebted for narrow escapes and miraculous preservations.

Kate felt cheered and strengthened, and, with a full conviction that she was acting in accordance with the Divine will, she trusted in God for the remainder of the journey; and, drawing her cloak closely round her, so that the cold air might not reach the baby, she pressed lightly on. She met no one that recognized her—with the hood of her cloak drawn over her bonnet, her face could not be distinctly seen; and, as the circumstance of a plain-looking country-woman, with a child in her arms, walking the road was nothing remarkable, the few who did meet her took no further notice, than to give her the usual passing salutation. The town through which the coaches passed was at length reached, and she had scarce time to procure a little fresh milk for the baby when the daily mail arrived. She soon found herself comfortably seated in the warm, cushioned vehicle, and the baby sweetly sleeping on her knee; but she was many miles on her way to Dublin, ere her heart had ceased to beat, and her usual calm was again restored.

The excitement of the last few hours had been too much for her already overtaxed spirits; and were it not for the wonderful support that had been afforded her, she must have sunk under it. Now, her heart

was filled with thankful adoration, and tears of gratitude sprang to her eyes; and, but for the fear of arousing the suspicions of her fellow-travelers, she would gladly have relieved her feelings by a hearty fit of weeping.

Nothing worthy of note occurred during the journey. The coach jogged on at its usual pace, made its usual stoppages, and, at its usual hour, arrived at the metropolis.

"Want a car, sir?" "Want a car, ma'am?" was vociferated by a dozen Jarveys, as the coach drew up to the office.

"I want a car," said Kate, and in a few moments she and her precious charge were seated upon one.

"Where to, ma'am?"

"James's street;" and the young woman's head bent low over the smiling babe, and earnestly prayed that the support, which had brought her through the fatigues of the day, would still be continued while she finished her painful task.

The gay streets of the city were passed through, but the mourner heeded them not; nor did she raise her head until the car stopped, and the driver announced—

"James's street, ma'am."

"Yes," she replied, and proceeded to pay the fare.

The man gently assisted her to alight, raised his hat respectfully, and again mounted his seat.

She then walked up the street, until she found the building of which she was in search. She passed it, and entering a small house of entertainment, asked to be shown into a private room, and pen and paper to be brought to her. She then adjusted the baby's clothes, and having written, in large and legible characters, "Denis Martin," pinned the paper to his dress. This was the name she wished him to bear, not only in remembrance of his sainted mother, but also as a protection against discovery.

And now all was ready—nothing remained but to make the last sad sacrifice. She held the infant awhile upon her lap, her tearful eyes fixed upon his innocent features. He was a beautiful boy—no symptom of bad temper had he ever exibited—and gladly would the affectionate girl have taken him to her heart, and acted a mother's part by him; but this was denied her. A coarser fate awaited him. And O! she thought, what must have been the pangs that lacerated his poor mother's bosom, before she consented to yield him to such a doom; but faith triumphed, and the dying saint devoted her child to poverty and Bible truth—"Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt

for she had respect unto the recompense of the reward."

"And why should not I give you up, sweet darling," said Kate, "when *she* was enabled to do it?" Then, kneeling, and raising the infant in her arms, with upturned face and earnest tone, she commended him to Jesus, saying: "Lover of little ones, to thee I resign this babe; thou, who hast commanded that children be brought unto thee, into thy hands I deliver him, with a sure and certain trust, that that which is committed unto thee, thou wilt keep unto the end."

Evening was now closing in, and once more tenderly kissing the child, she folded the shawl around him, and sought the street. A few minutes, and the Foundling Hospital received another tenant—another was added to the number of helpless innocents, who were taken up and nursed in the bosom of Protestantism.

Poor Kate's severe task was now accomplished, and her heart was lighter than it had been for many days; even joy—the "joy of faith"—entered her soul, as she pressed her last kiss upon her nephew's lips, fondly murmuring—"Farewell, sweet baby—no longer heir of Ballyshan, but 'heir of God, and joint heir with our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'"

Kate returned to Ballyshan on the night mail, and at seven o'clock in the morning she alighted from the coach at the cross-roads, about three miles from Springfarm; having performed her journey in less than twenty-four hours. As on the previous day, she walked along unrecognized, until she approached her home, when she threw the hood back from her bonnet—concealment being no longer necessary.

Mrs. Martin, believing her sister-in-law came direct from the Castle, was surprised to see her come home walking and unattended; but, attributing the act to the eccentricity of grief, she suffered her to enter her own room unquestioned.

The fatigue and mental exertion that Kate Martin had endured for the last week, now developed their effects upon her frame. Languor and sickness ensued, and it took many days of rest, peace, and careful nursing to restore her to her usual health again.

Let us now go back to the Castle, and see what transpired after the flight of the aunt and nephew.

The child's maid, as we have before seen, had left the baby asleep, and ran down to look at the funeral procession; in about half-an-hour she returned to see if he had awoke; she opened the door and listened, but, hearing no sound, supposed him to be still sleeping; and, gently closing the door, went down to the servants' hall to enjoy a little gossip

there. Again and again, she returned to listen, but hearing no noise from the cradle, went away satisfied.

"How soundly that dear child sleeps," she said, as, for the third time, she took her seat in the servants' hall.

"O, he's a sweet infant, God bless him," responded one of the old servants. "I never saw a child give so little trouble—he takes after his poor mother in that; for she was the sweetest, kindest creature that ever set foot in this Castle. I hope it's no harm to say, the Lord have mercy on her soul."

"Amen," was the willing rejoinder, and the conversation again continued.

At length the servants, having chatted long enough, began to busy themselves about their several duties, and the nurse returned to the apartments of her little charge. Then it was she discovered, with terror and alarm, that the infant's crib was empty. A nervous and hurried search followed—again and again, were the embroidered bed-clothes shaken, and the silken curtains drawn—and then the frightened girl ran crying through the Castle, demanding of her associates if they knew aught of the child—but no intelligence could be gained of him, nor could the astonished servants believe it possible he was really gone.

When those who had been at the funeral returned, and the news became generally known to the inhabitants of the Castle, the trouble and consternation that prevailed knew no bounds. Who could have ventured to enter the Castle, and steal away the infant heir?—what daring spirit could have conceived the plot? or, what was the object to be attained by it? The matter was inexplicable, and all their reasoning upon it only led to greater mystery. That Miss Martin had any hand in the transaction never entered any of their heads; they were under the impression that she had left the Castle with her sister-in-law; whereas, that lady, knowing that she had shut herself in her chamber to weep and pray alone, had not thought of disturbing her, believing that, when the severity of her grief had somewhat subsided, she would, of her own accord, return to Springfarm. Thus, the young lady's absence, on that eventful day, was unknown to either party; and her being concerned in the disappearance of the child, was never suspected by any one.

O'Dougherty's horror and distraction at the loss of his son was fearful to witness, and it took all the influence that Father Maguire could exert, to keep him within the bounds of reason.

The surrounding country soon became convulsed, and horsemen, amongst whom Mr. Harman and

Thomas Martin were not the least active, were seen flying hither and thither, searching every corner, and questioning every peasant whom they met. Even Mr. Knox showed the utmost concern, and lent all his energies to the unraveling of the mystery; so that the suspicion that Mr. Maguire had first entertained of the Protestant clergy, and the Martin family being implicated in the abduction, was now considerably removed.

The next day, placards were posted in all the towns and villages round, and on each of the cross-roads, offering large rewards for the least information relative to the child; and advertisements appeared in the county papers to the same effect; but, though many came forward, with pretended or imaginary light upon the absorbing subject, yet no clue was ever gained by which the child's real destiny could be discovered.

Little dreamed the humble woman, who was appointed by the Foundling Institution to nurse the child registered as "Denis Martin," that a sum of money, which, to her, would have been an immense fortune, could, at that hour, have been obtained for possession of the same child.

Time rolled on, and the excitement gradually subsided, and tranquillity returned to the sympathetic breasts of the inhabitants of Ballyshan;

nevertheless, the mysterious disappearance of the high-born babe never ceased to be the subject of conversation throughout the country.

Meanwhile, the winter months moved gloomily over the old turrets of the Castle; for its bereaved master, whose religion was not able to sustain him through sorrow and misfortune, had sunk into a state of melancholy, which banished all cheerfulness from the household. At length, fears were entertained for his mental and bodily health, and his friends and medical advisers suggested that he should leave the seclusion of the Castle, and recruit his broken spirits by change of scene and intercourse with the world. At first, this advice appeared so very distasteful to him, that there was scarcely any hope of his acceding to it; but Mr. Maguire's assistance was brought in, and the influence of the wily priest proved successful. Accordingly, in the fresh spring-tide, the O'Dougherty traveling-carriage again emerged from beneath the lofty oaks by which the Castle was surrounded. Every head was silently uncovered as it passed along, and many a heart-felt benediction followed it. O! there is a depth of reverence claimed by sorrow, that joy, in its proudest moments, cannot command!

Three years were spent abroad. During the

summer months, were visited every place of interest in Ireland and the British Isles, and the sunny regions of Southern Europe were resorted to for the winter season. The luxurious East next claimed attention; the classic fields of Greece were traversed o'er, and every portion of the Holy Land was explored with superstitious veneration. Thus the young man's mind was gradually diverted from his great grief, until life again appeared a blessing, and our beautiful world a region of enjoyment. Society was no longer shunned; even pleasure became pleasing, and, by the time he reached Paris on his return, his cheerfulness was so far restored that he lingered some time in that gay city, mingling in those brilliant scenes that he had before avoided with ascetic contempt.

Nor did he return to Ireland alone. A wealthy and independent landed proprietor was too substantial a prize for the intriguing belles that haunted the saloons of fashion, not to contend for; and he soon fell a prey to the subtle fascinations of Mademoiselle D'Orville, the daughter of a poor but proud and bigoted count. This time, his wife was an aristocrat and a Catholic; and, if the void which the lovely Ellen had left in his heart was not quite filled, yet O'Dougherty felt a proud satisfaction in the thought that his second choice would

be sure to meet the entire approbation of his friends and the Church.

The tenantry of Ballyshan again rejoiced over the return of their beloved landlord, and hailed with hearty welcome his foreign bride; while many a warm prayer was poured forth that his domestic sun might never again be clouded, nor misfortune suffered to cast her hateful shadow on his hearth. The Castle once more became the scene of life and gayety; music and festivity resounded through its ancient halls; and, if "the Madam," as she was called, was not as fondly beloved as her gentle predecessor had been, yet the splendor of her entertainments, and the sparkling vivacity of her manners, made her an immense favorite amongst the votaries of fashion. The lost heir was also replaced, and the merry laugh of childhood rung through the gayly adorned nurseries.

Nor was Father Maguire amongst the least gratified at the present state of affairs; for, while the accession of the O'Dougherty family and their visitors to his congregation augmented his pride and importance, their sumptuous table, at which he was a frequent guest, and the number of jovial sporting characters assembled there, considerably added to his enjoyment.

Changes have also taken place at Springfarm

since we last visited there. Mr. Martin's health and spirits never recovered the shock he received at his daughter's death: he could not forgive himself for having yielded a tardy and reluctant consent to her marriage. It was in vain that his amiable family surrounded him with the most assiduous attentions, and his remaining daughter exerted her affectionate skill to soothe his grief, still his bowed form and heavy sigh, as he wandered up and down, told that his heart was broken; and even when Thomas, with a young father's pride, placed another grandson in his arms, he tenderly kissed the babe, offered up a fervent prayer for it, blessed them all, but smiled not.

One day, as he sat with his large, old Bible before him, Kate, who was occupied with her needle in the same room, perceived that he was much affected by what he was reading; for his eyes filled with tears, and he was obliged to remove his spectacles to wipe the moisture from them. Presently he rose and left the room. Kate approached the table to see what he had been reading. She found the book open at the twelfth chapter of Second Samuel, and supposed that his emotion was occasioned by the account of David's sorrow for Bathsheba's child. It immediately struck her that, without making him acquainted with the particu-

lars of little Denis's fate, she might comfort her poor father's mind by letting him know the baby was safe. She, therefore, hastily turned to the fourth chapter of Second Kings, and drew her pencil heavily round the passage—"Is it well with the child? and she answered, 'it is well.'"

When the old gentleman returned to the room and sat down, he saw that his book was not open as he had left it, and, looking over the page, he perceived the dark line, and read the passage it designated. A sudden light broke upon him; he cast an inquiring glance at his daughter, and was answered by an intelligent smile. It was enough: his heart swelled with pious gratitude, and tears of joy bedewed his cheeks, as, clasping his trembling hands and raising his dim eyes, he fervently exclaimed: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name!" After this his mind seemed easier, though he asked no questions. His confidence in his eldest daughter's veracity was unbounded, and his respect for her judgment and discretion so great, that what she said was *well*, he firmly and implicitly believed to be so. But the old man's time was come, and he knew it. He had finished his warfare—he had drank his cup of sorrow, and there was no more for him to do—no more for him to suffer.

Every day Mr. Knox came to see his old friend, whom he esteemed as a brother; and their Christian fellowship had never been sweeter than now when they were about to be separated.

Each evening, also, Mr. Harman's chair was drawn close to his; and the mild and musical voice, that loved to dwell upon heaven and heavenly things, was ever welcome to the good man's ear. The sacred penman says: "The righteous hath hope in his death;" and, if ever one of the fallen sons of Adam deserved to be called righteous, surely the pious and exemplary John Martin was the man. His end was peace. Gradually, as the fading twilight disappears from the summer sky, his sanctified spirit passed away; so that, instead of saying "he died," the more appropriate description of his departure would be, "He was not, for God took him."

At length the time came when our affectionate and self-sacrificing Kate should think of her own happiness. She had long been engaged to a worthy and truly religious young man, the son of an opulent and respectable farmer, with whom she had promised to leave her native land and seek a home in the western hemisphere; but the sickness and death of her sister prevented its fulfillment, and it was arranged that her lover should cross the Atlan-

tic alone, select and purchase a suitable tract of land, and, after spending a year or more building and improving, return to Ireland for his bride.

It was not many months after the death of Mr. Martin, when Samuel Graham again appeared in Ballyshan. Kate would fain have postponed her marriage until the year of mourning had expired; but Mr. Graham would not consent to defer his happiness any longer; neither would the friends sanction it. She was, therefore, prevailed on to put off the weeds of sorrow, and suffer herself to be robed in bridal costume. Her marriage was a solemn more than a joyful one; for there was a parting in the background which cast a shade upon every heart.

Kate accompanied her husband to the wilds of Canada, and the day she turned her back on Ballyshan, she left not her like behind her.

CHAPTER V.

For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord.—*Genesis* 18 : 19.

Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven.—*Colossians* 4 : 1.

"WELCOME home, Philip," said Mrs. Cunningham, as she threw open the door at which her husband's gig had just stopped.

"And glad to get home, my dear," was the good-humored reply, accompanied by a hearty kiss.

"Welcome home, sir," said a frizzly-headed youth, as he took the reins out of his master's hand.

"Thank you, Tim, thank you; give him a comfortable feed, Tim," he added, as the boy led the horse away, "and a good rubbing down, and then come in and the mistress will give you a cup of tea before you go to bed. Come in, honey," he continued, addressing a little boy who stood like a

stranger on the step of the door, "come in, and don't be shy; this is the mistress."

"O, you brought home a boy, Philip," said that lady, now for the first time noticing the new-comer; then advancing, she took his hand warmly in hers, and drew him into the parlor, and, seating herself by the fire, still holding his hand, she proceeded to take a survey of him—soon appearing, by the look of pleased approbation she bestowed on him, perfectly satisfied with the inspection.

"And what is your name, my little man?" she inquired, with a merry twinkle of her blue eyes.

"Denis Martin, ma'am," replied the child, charmed out of his timidity by the kind familiarity of the lady's manner.

"Denis Martin," she repeated; "a good old name. And are you a good boy, Denis?"

"I try to be, ma'am," was the artless reply.

"You try to be," and she laid her hand encouragingly on his open brow. "Well, my dear boy, God always helps those who *try* to be good. We have a little boy about your age; you shall see him to-morrow, and help him to weed the garden for me. Now, sit on that little stool and warm yourself. You shall have some supper presently;" and she turned to the table to prepare her husband's tea.

Mr. Cunningham, who had been disencumbering himself of his great-coat and woolen comforter, and divesting his feet of a pair of strong, thick-soled shoes, and snugly ensconsing them in a pair of soft slippers that lay on the hearth-rug waiting for him, now took his seat at the table, and, devoutly raising his hands, asked a blessing upon the food prepared for him; and, while he sipped his fragrant tea, and partook of the smoking hot comforts set in array before him, he gave his wife a disjointed account of his journey to and from Dublin, and of his market business there—how corn sold, and what price he got for his butter, etc., all of which was listened to with pleased attention; for Mrs. Cunningham had ever been a deeply-interested partner in all her husband's concerns—every particular of which she was not only made acquainted with, but her advice frequently sought, and her opinion appealed to.

Nor was the little stranger neglected; for Stacey was called from the kitchen and given him in charge, together with a plentiful supply of tea and other extras, so that they might have a comfortable little supper together when Tim should come in from his attendance on the horse. Stacey was also requested to give Tim directions respecting Denis's bed, Mrs. Cunningham kindly hinting that, as the new-comer

might be a little shy, they should try and make him feel at home.

When Denis had left the room, Mr. Cunningham proceeded to tell his wife that he had taken him as an apprentice out of the Foundling Hospital, and that, from the excellent character he had received with him, he hoped that they would find him of no small value.

On the following morning, Denis was awoke early by the chattering of his companions. "Good-morrow, youngster," said a couple of voices, as soon as he opened his eyes. "And so you're come from Dublin, little fellow," said a good-natured-looking young man, who was dressing himself near the bed.

"Yes, sir," said Denis.

"O, now, you needn't sir me," was the laughing rebuke; "don't be comin' your city politeness over us that way."

"An' it'd be a good job if he'd tache some of us politeness," observed Tim, who was trying to make his rough hair lie down by drawing a coarse comb through it.

"Thrue for you, Tim," was the reply; "but why don't you oil your hair, an' have it dhrest in the fashion—it's yourself id have a purty head, if you'd only take pains wud it."

This speech was followed by a loud laugh,

in which Tim himself joined, presently observing:

"Well, and sure my hair's as good as the rest o' me; it'd be a pity to have one part of a fella laughin' at another," and, chuckling with admiration at his own wit, he swung out of the door.

Denis waited till they were all gone, to say his prayers, and then hastened out, anxious to be appointed to his new duties. He was soon met by Mr. Cunningham, who greeted him with his usual good-natured smile.

"Well, honey, how do you like the place?"

"Very much, sir, indeed; it's a nice place."

"And plenty to do to keep it nice," was the laughing rejoinder.

"Well, sir, what can I be doing?" inquired the boy, gaining confidence from the friendly tone of his master.

"O, you'll soon have enough to do," said the farmer, "when you get used; but didn't the mistress say last night that she'd take you into the garden to-day. Well, run along, my lad, and see if you can find anything to do there."

"Thank you, sir," was the happy answer; and away the boy bounded across the bawn to a small wicket-gate, overarched with evergreens, which admitted him inside the inclosure.

"O, how nice!" exclaimed the boy; "won't I like to work here. And he rambled down one walk, and up another, longing to be made useful in that beautiful place, and yet afraid to touch anything lest he should do wrong.

Presently he heard the pattering of feet, and, looking round, saw a lad about his own size coming running towards him, whom he at once supposed to be his master's son. The young gentleman had the farmer's athletic form and off-hand manner, while the mistress's happy smile shone upon his handsome face.

"You're the new boy, arn't you?" was his first inquiry, as he approached.

"Yes, sir," said Denis, "the master gave me leave to come here to look for something to do."

"O, never mind *doing* just yet, the very first morning; mamma says, after breakfast she'll show you. What's your name?" he inquired, in the same abrupt tone.

"Denis Martin, sir."

"Denis. Well, Denis, my name's James."

After this brief introduction the two boys were perfectly acquainted, and walked round and round the garden together—James playing the host to admiration, while Denis decided that he was the most good-natured boy in the world. When break-

fast-hour arrived, they hastened to the house, Denis entering by the back-door. He found a large table set in the kitchen, down the centre of which were several dishes of smoking-hot stirabout, while the work-people sat round, each with a noggin of fresh milk before him, and a bright spoon in his hand with which he attacked the dish opposite him. Stacey showed Denis to a seat beside Tim, and, having brought a good appetite in from the garden, he did full justice to the wholesome meal, and thought it was the sweetest breakfast he had ever eaten. The conversation, if not the most intellectual, was lively, witty, and playful, and Denis thought, as he laughed at some of their sallies, that a country life must be very free from care.

After breakfast, Denis again repaired to the garden, where he soon had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Cunningham enter. The good lady came smiling towards him, her bright, happy face shaded by a gingham hood, a little plaid shawl pinned cozily over her bosom, and her hands cased in a pair of thick gloves.

"Good morning, Denis," was her cheerful salutation. "Well, how do you think you'll like helping me in the garden?"

"I know I'll like it well, ma'am."

"They tell me you're very anxious to begin."

"O, yes, ma'am, if you please."

"Well, then, my boy, I'll set you to weed these beds for me, and, when I see how you can work, I'll give you something else to do."

Mrs. Cunningham soon found that she had a very efficient workman, and laughingly said, that she believed she'd keep him altogether in the garden. Now, said garden was the lady's own particular province; and if ever a piece of ground was carefully and lovingly tended, it was that; almost all her leisure time was spent in it, and all her thoughts, that were not devoted to her house and her children, were expended on it, until she had brought it to a state of perfection that very few farmers' gardens attain to. It was both flower-garden, kitchen-garden, and orchard, besides accommodating ten or a dozen bee-hives. These last were settled in an angle, in a bed of sweet herbs, surrounded by monthly roses; while the opposite angle was occupied by a large and beautiful arbor, constructed of evergreens, amongst which the most luxurious creepers interlaced themselves. Along the bottom flowed a tiny rivulet, sparkling and bubbling over its pebbly bed, until, entering the farm-yard, it fell into a pond where the cattle drank, and the water-fowl performed their ablutions.

In this lovely retreat, surrounded by the flowers

of every clime and every season, little Denis soon felt quite at home, and gaily prattled to his kind mistress, who, with her wonted benevolence, had sought to dissipate the feeling of shyness that he at first evinced, by drawing him into conversation; and was soon made acquainted with all the particulars of his life in the Institution—how he had spent his time; what he had learnt, and which of the officers he liked best—particularly mentioning the schoolmaster, with whom he had been a prime favorite, and who had presented him with a beautiful book, as a keepsake, when leaving.

"And how many books have you, Denis?" inquired the lady, glad to find that he was fond of reading.

"Only my Bible and prayer-book, ma'am, that I got from the House, and that one that the schoolmaster gave me."

"And what's the name of *that one?*"

"'Young's Night Thoughts,' ma'am—a beautiful book—all poetry."

"Are you fond of poetry?" asked the lady, regarding the boy with a prolonged smile.

"O yes, ma'am, I dote on it."

"And you love flowers?"

"Yes, ma'am, indeed I do!" And from that hour the Foundling had a firm and attached friend.

All day Denis worked in the garden, sometimes alone, sometimes overseen by his mistress, and after school-hours surrounded by the children, all eager to see and talk to the "new boy." At night, when the orphan lay on his bed, and his thoughts ran back over the occurrences of the day, he congratulated himself upon having got into a "nice place," amongst "nice people;" and his last thoughts, before sleep overcame him, was, that he should be perfectly happy.

Life jogged on smoothly in the townland of Friarsford—that obscure spot of earth where Mr. Cunningham's carefully cultivated farm was situated. Here, we have no stirring scenes to recount—no strange adventures to narrate. To the simple inhabitants of that remote region, the big world, with its cares, and commotions, and crimes, was an unread book. Sometimes, Dame Report put in her head, and gave them a startling account of wonderful doings abroad, at which the unsophisticated rustic stared, and inquired, "Can such things be?" then returned to his plow and harrow, and forgot that the world extended beyond the Dublin market. Yet was not the neighborhood free from its full portion of the general curse. The sons of the soil eat their bread "in the sweat of their face." Labor, arduous and unremitting, was their lot; nor

did they shrink from it; for, from the most independent farmer down to the humblest boy upon his land, all were up and stirring with the lark, expanding their lungs with the fresh morning breeze, and invigorating their limbs with wholesome exercise.

Neither was this constant activity without its benefits; for the inhabitants were a strong and healthy race, being, in a great measure, free from those diseases of mind and body, to which the children of idleness and luxury are liable. There was but one physician in the whole parish, and he was by no means rich; for his services were seldom required, except in cases of extremity: and as for a lawyer, such an individual would have starved in those parts; for constant employment kept the people without time for quarreling, and if a dispute should arise, it would be easily discussed with the *fists*, and a shaking of hands and a glass of "the native" together, paid the costs at the end. As for the lawless and contentious—some of whom are to be found in every district upon earth—a couple of magistrates and a small corps of police were sufficient to keep them in order. Indeed, altogether, it was as peaceable and happy a neighborhood as you could meet, and prosperous, too, as far as rural prosperity is concerned; for the lands of Friarsfo-

were rich and well tilled, and the people so unconscious of the importance of superfluities, that all their means were devoted to procuring the comforts and necessaries of life. Substantial and unpretending abundance was, therefore, enjoyed by every class—even the gentry entertaining a laudable contempt for display, and in their tables, equipages, and pleasures, consulted their own tastes in preference to the extravagant whims of fashion. O! a quiet, primitive, matter-of-fact sort of place was Friarsford, and dearly loved by its happy-hearted natives, many of whom spent their whole lives without ever having been ten miles from home.

And this was the place to which our young friend Denis Martin, his birth and lineage unknown, was bound for seven years of his young life, amongst the lowest society, and at the coarsest employments; but, having been educated with no higher expectations, while his mind had been stored with solid rather than showy truths, he regarded nothing as low and coarse that was not mean and wicked, and set himself to the performance of the duties assigned to him with cheerfulness and alacrity. He was not long in discovering that his master and mistress were not merely *Protestants*, but faithful servants of the most high God, whose lives and

principles were in conformity with the Gospel plan, and who prayerfully and earnestly endeavored to "command their children and their household, that they should keep the way of the Lord." God was worshiped at home, as well as in the sanctuary, and a spirit of piety and devotion was entertained not only on the Sabbath, but carried through the duties of the week.

Denis, whom they regarded as an important trust committed to their keeping, was carefully guarded and instructed, sharing with their own children in all their religious advantages, and suffered to mingle as little as possible with the careless and ungodly. The young servant, therefore, while saved from the evils of temptation and bad example, also enjoyed every opportunity and facility of obtaining a perfect knowledge of religious truth. And well did the humble orphan repay their solicitude; for his intelligence and desire for improvement attracted general admiration, while his exemplary conduct and respectable bearing won for him universal esteem. Mrs. O'Dougherty's dying prayer was answered—her son received a Bible education, and richly profited by it. His life, too, was a singularly happy one; for, providentially placed in a home, where he was kindly sheltered from the many evils and sorrows that the unparented poor are subject-

ed to, his time passed swiftly and joyously along. Added to this, his tastes were decidedly rural; so that the duties of his station, instead of being a cause of discontent, were performed with cheerful alacrity, his only ambition appearing to be, a desire to excel in field employments, as well as to gain a proficiency in agricultural lore.

With a view to the latter attainment, his attention was keenly alive to his master's instructions; and when, at Christmas, Mr. Cunningham presented him, as a reward gift, with a copy of "The Practical Farmer," his boyish delight was unbounded, and, ever after, the study of its pages was a source of so much pleasure to him, as to be second only to the Bible. Thus the young apprentice became one of the most essential auxiliaries on the farm; so that the prediction of Mr. Cunningham on the first night of the boy's arrival, that he would prove a valuable servant, was amply verified.

With his humble associates Denis also became quite a favorite; and when it is considered that the name of foundling, from being synonymous with illegitimacy and obscurity, amongst a people who regard blameless birth and honest parentage as of the highest importance, necessarily exposes its unhappy possessor to unmitigated contempt, it must appear as no small compliment to the good

qualities and amiable character of our hero, that his degraded origin was overlooked, and himself received on an equal footing, by a lowly and illiterate but virtuous and right-minded peasantry.

The boy's superiority of mind, too, gained him additional respect. Not that his intellect was brighter, nor his capacity more extended than many of those around him; but, while they, alas! were suffering under the blighting miasma of ignorance and superstition which blinded their eyes and clouded their reasons, he was walking in the blessed light of the Gospel—"hearing, reading, marking, learning, and inwardly digesting" those elevating truths, by the knowledge and practice of which fallen man is reinstated in the image of God, made "a little lower than the angels, and crowned with honor and glory." That in this alone he had the advantage of them, his rude and untutored companions were unaware; who regarded his correct language and gentle manners as tokens of more than common education, and his ability to converse upon subjects of which they had no comprehension as sure indications of scholarship and genius.

It was in vain that he told them his learning was of no higher order than their own, and that any of them who could read might easily attain to as much knowledge as he possessed—endeavoring to

convince them that, if he confined his attention, as they did, to the perusal of vulgar ballads, and coarse delineations of low life, his mind would be no better instructed than theirs.

Sometimes, when seated round the kitchen fire at the close of the day's work, he would try to draw them to the consideration of some useful subject; but their wayward dispositions were not to be kept long in check, and some chance observation, perhaps, by eliciting a witty or humorous reply, would cause a laugh, and lead the conversation back to its usual channel.

Nor was this always the effect of mere accident. Amongst the laborers in Mr. Cunningham's employ were two brothers of the name of Murphy, who, from being distantly related to the parish priest, obtained no small degree of consideration from their fellows; and the eldest of whom, possessing a strong mind, and a bold, confident manner, together with a large amount of animal beauty, maintained a pre-eminence, not only in the farmer's kitchen, but through the whole neighborhood.

The youngest, though also a handsome, well-formed youth, lacked much of the spirit and dash that rendered his brother so popular. He was rather of a thoughtful and contemplative turn, and, from the first, had shown a strong preference for Denis—

always seemed glad of an opportunity of hearing him read and asking him questions, which the other took equal pleasure in replying to.

Larry Murphy, with his habitual acuteness, soon observed the influence the Protestant boy was gaining over his young brother, and, without apprehending any very serious consequences, slyly determined to counteract it; accordingly, every attempt to introduce conversation of a sober nature, whether in the field or in the kitchen, was adroitly frustrated; yet, with such careless good humor were the interruptions effected, that the real object was not suspected.

Who, that has ever looked into a farmer's kitchen of a winter's night, but has been gratified with the degree of comfort and simple enjoyment apparent there; and that portion of Mr. Cunningham's substantial homestead could compare favorably with any other in that respect. The huge turf fire, that blazed upon the hearth, and reflected its dazzling light upon the rows of polished pewter on the dresser opposite, had such a warm and joyous look, while the well-rubbed furniture and clean-swept hearth appeared so inviting, that Stacey and Molly were seldom left alone over their carding and spinning; and right pleasantly the light-hearted group that, night after night, assembled there, beguiled the dull, inclement season.

"God help the houseless and homeless this blake weather," murmured Stacey one evening, as the wind howled, and the rain beat violently against the doors and windows.

"And how thankful ought we to be for the comforts we enjoy," observed Denis, raising his eyes from the book he had been conning.

"Thrue for you, alanna," rejoined the girl, "an' it's yourself that always has the good, pious word."

"But the piety commenced with *yourself* this time, Stacey," said Denis with a smile.

"Yis, indeed," chimed in Tim, "an it ed be well if every one was as good as Stacey, or knew as much aither."

"Arrah, howld yer tongue, Tim," was the bashful reply; "yer always spakin that way. Sure it's very little good there's in me; an, as for knowin' anything—what would I know? that never read a line in my life, barrin my prayers or an ould song."

"Well, you know, Stacey," interposed Denis, "any one, who can read a prayer-book, can read other books, if they like and I know very little myself, but what I have acquired by reading."

"Now whisht, Dinny, agra. As if a boy, idicated in a big school in Dublin, could help havin' more larnin nor a poor, simple counthry girl."

"That's thrue," said Pat Murphy, who had been drawing figures on the hearth with a short stick while he listened to the conversation. "That's thrue, Stacey; but Dinny keeps sayin' so much about the good to be got by readin' that I've a mind to thry it myself."

"Suppose we all thry it," exclaimed Larry, with a start of mock earnestness, and drawing a short pipe, that he had been lustily whiffing, from his mouth; "eh, Tim! what do you say? Suppose you git thim brains of yours polished up, who knows but you might turn out a rale ganious? an' thin, if you'd spruce yourself up a thrifle, an' brush thim locks o' yours, the misthress might mistake you for a gintleman, an' ax you up to the parlor to take tay."

"An' if she did," replied Tim, who was accustomed to the good-humored railery of his workmate, "If she did, maybe I wouldn't be the first o' my name that took tay in a parlor. Jim Nowlan says that, in the histhory of the ould castle, there beyant, the O'Flanagans are mintioned among the biggest people in the counthry."

"Sorra doubt of it," was the grave rejoinder, while a roguish smile played around the handsome mouth of Larry. "Didn't I always say there was something above the common about you—if you'd only git some oil for your hair."

"By yer lave, till I see if the supper's done," here interposed Stacey, pushing her way towards a large pot that was suspended over the fire. "An' maybe," she remarked, with an air of some consequence, "Tim's not the only one that's come of a daisant stock. If the ould castle could spake it might tell many a good story of the O'Reilly's of Killough, that fought so famously for King Shamus, when Orange Billy was dhrivin' him off o' the throne; but what's the use in talkin' about thim," she added, perceiving that Denis's head was bowed low upon his hands, while his book lay neglected beside him; "the're all pass'd away now, and left their descindants nothin' but poverty an' hard work. A good characther an' the grace of God," she continued, with a kind glance towards the Foundling, "is bether nor the best blood in the world."

"Thrue for you, Miss Reilly!" exclaimed Larry, springing to his feet; "but gi' me that pot out o' your hand. Sure it isn't goin' to lift it y'are, an' a set o' sthrappin' young fellas like us sittin' round;" and, swinging out the rack from which the steaming vessel hung, he seized it in his powerful hands, and in a moment its contents were overturned into a coarse basket, that, resting on a tub, stood ready to receive them; a few minutes, and the company were seated round a clean-spread table, with large dishes

of laughing, flowery potatoes, smoking before them, and shining vessels of sweet, fresh milk beside each.

"Come, boys, let us have a toast," said Larry, as he raised his noggin of milk. "Here's to the O'Flanagans and the O'Reillys; to be dhrunk stannin', wud all the honors."

"Will anybody stop that fella's mouth wud a big potaty?" exclaimed Stacey, with difficulty keeping back the laugh in which the others freely indulged.

"Throth, asthore," he replied, with a saucy wink, "an' it's yerself could stop my mouth 'ithout any potaty at all, if you liked."

"O, you ugly spalpeen!" screamed the girl, "if there was nobody in the whole world but yerself, I wouldn't go near you."

After supper Larry contrived to interest his companions by relating old fairy-tales, with which his memory was plentifully stored, and thus kept the attention of the group centred upon himself, until Denis was summoned to the parlor to join in family worship; and there, as the boy listened to the sublime language of Holy Writ, as read by the pious farmer, or mingled his aspirations with the simple and eloquent prayer that proceeded from the same unfeigned lips, he forgot the coarse, and the rough, and the ungenial of his daily associations; while his ductile mind yielded to the refining and elevating

influence that religion always exercises over the human heart.

It was Mr. Cunningham's custom to spend the Sunday afternoons in the midst of his family, in reading the Scriptures and conversing familiarly with them upon religious subjects—it being an object with the good man to make that sacred day pass pleasantly as well as profitably, and so to combine serious duties with social enjoyments, that his children might be able to "call the Sabbath a delight." Upon these occasions, Denis always was present; and, whether sheltered by the thick foliage of the garden-bower from the summer sun, while the perfumed air floated lazily around, or seated in the large, old-fashioned parlor, while the cheerful turf gleamed, and shone, and sparkled in the brightly-polished grate, and dispelled the damp chill from the wintry atmosphere, the feeling of home happiness, that was so largely experienced by the little party, communicated itself to the warm bosom of the young stranger; and no heart in his father's princely castle beat with sweeter emotions than his who, unportioned and unknown, was alienated from its haughty towers.

"We'll soon be through the Bible again," said Martha, one Sunday, as they closed their books, after reading the Epistle of Jude. "Dada," she in-

quired, "how many times have you read the Bible through?"

"Indeed I can't say, honey," replied the farmer; "maybe twenty time. Some parts of it I have read more than others, especially the New Testament."

"O, the New Testament!" exclaimed the child; "you have that almost by heart."

"Well, I believe I have read it over and over again, until I am pretty well acquainted with it."

"I sometimes think," observed James, who had been looking gravely into the fire, "what we should know if we never read the Bible?"

"Why, we could know nothing of religion promptly answered Martha.

"Let us see," said Eliza, preparing to entertain the question, "we might know geography, and history, and arithmetic, and all that, just as well; and we might read our story-books, and the 'Child's Magazine,' and the 'Youths' Instructor'—"

"Stop there," interrupted James. "Without the Bible there could be no 'Child's Magazine,' nor 'Youths' Instructor,' nor anything else that would be sensible."

"Nothing sensible, my son," said his mother; "what would some of the great philosophers say to that?"

"Well, mamma, you know 'the fear of the Lord

is the beginning of wisdom;' and where should we learn the fear of the Lord if we hadn't the Bible?"

"He's right!" exclaimed his father, "he's right—there's nothing truly sensible but what the Bible is the foundation of. I have often been astonished, when reading the lives of those same philosophers, at the glaring defects their characters display; why, there is more manliness of spirit, and nobleness of mind, to be found in the illiterate peasant who takes the Bible for his only teacher."

"Don't you think, dada," inquired Martha, "that it is the want of the Bible that leaves our poor Roman Catholics so ignorant?"

"Certainly, honey, it is. There is no more intelligent race in the world than the Irish, and, if they were only blessed with a Gospel education, they could compare favorably with any other people."

"I am sure," resumed the child, in a sad tone, "it's a great pity the priests deny it to them, and leave them in a state of darkness that subjects them to contempt. I was so mortified the other day, when reading an extract from some English author, where they are spoken of as 'the poor, benighted Irish.'"

"Well, you needn't be mortified at that," said James, hastily; "let the English look at home, and they'll find—"

"James, James," gently interposed his father, "you are forgetting *Him* who, 'when he was reviled, reviled not again.' I believe the English, as a people, don't feel over-kindly towards us; but we mustn't talk of it on Sunday. What were you going to say, my dear"— observing that his wife had been about to speak.

"I was thinking," replied Mrs. Cunningham, "that it's not the first time a fine and promising nation has been led astray by wicked and idolatrous rulers. I believe the degeneracy of the Jews may be altogether attributed to that cause."

"Yes, indeed," said the farmer; "in tracing the downward course of the poor children of Israel, we find their errings and strayings to have been instigated by the example and influence of ungodly leaders. From their first act of idolatry, in worshiping the golden calf that Aaron made, on, on, through all their sad history, we find the dreadful record against such of their rulers as departed from the Living God, that, in addition to their own crimes, they 'made Israel to sin;' and at the last, when the measure of their iniquities was filled up by the sacrifice of their Redeemer and King, we still find this unhappy people mere tools in the hands of the 'chief priests and elders.' Yes, indeed, there is a striking resemblance between God's ancient Church

and the Church of Rome; and, of the latter, I have often exclaimed, as the prophet did of the former. 'O, my people, they which lead thee cause thee to err, and destroy the way of thy paths.'"

"Do you think, sir," inquired Eliza, "that if none but good men had governed them, the Jews would have been better people?"

"Certainly, my love, I have every reason to think so; we see how soon they turned from worshiping the calf when Moses appeared and reproved their great sin. And so we find it all through their course—they were influenced to worship God or to follow idols, according to the good or evil inclinations of their governors. In how many parts of the Scripture are they compared to sheep, obediently guided by their shepherds? And, when they are convicted of sin, the Lord complains: 'My people hath been lost sheep: their shepherds have caused them to go astray.' You remember, when Christ was on earth, he was followed by multitudes of the people, who would have gladly received him if they had been encouraged by their teachers to do so; but all faith in his divinity was overturned by the conclusive appeal, 'Have any of the rulers, or of the pharisees believed in him?' O, no! chief priests and elders, rulers and pharisees, banded together against him, and the ignorant and misguided sheep tamely fol-

lowed. Since then the clergy of the Romish Church have appropriated a similar power; and how they have abused it, the blood of saints and martyrs can testify."

"Now, don't get upon that subject," pleaded Mrs. Cunningham, with a shudder; "you know I can't bear to read or hear of the dreadful persecutions the Reformers underwent. We never had any of it here, and I hope never shall."

"Thank God, my dear, it is so. 'The lines have fallen to us in a pleasant place,' where we can read the Bible and raise the family altar beneath our own roof-tree, no man 'making us afraid.' The Popery that surrounds us wears a softer garb than that which she assumes in the south of Europe; for the hearts she rules over are made of different stuff—warm, generous, and intelligent, they are never wanting in affectionate gratitude to those who treat them kindly, and can appreciate goodness, even in a heretic. But they have not the Gospel to teach them to love their enemies. And, when I hear of men, who, professing a better creed, ought to exhibit a better spirit, treating them with hatred and contempt, I do not wonder that acts of violence should follow, even sometimes to the loss of life."

"They never killed you, sir," said Eliza, looking up with a smile at her father, while she clasped her

little hands round his knee, as she sat on a low stool by his side.

"No, indeed, my love," he replied, fondly stroking her sunny hair with his large hand; "they never killed me, nor hurt me, nor offended me; and I have been all my life as soundly and truly attached to the Reformed Religion, and as strongly opposed to the errors of the Romish faith, as any man living; but I have learnt from my Bible, 'as much as lieth in me, to live peaceably with all men.' This I have endeavored to practice, and the consequence has been, that I have gone in and out in perfect safety. I have been traveling the Dublin road since I was a boy, and up and down the country to fairs and markets, yet never carried a weapon of any kind. Sometimes, when the country was thought to be disturbed, my friends have urged me to provide myself with pistols; but, I thank God, I never needed them. Often I have been on the road late at night, with no companion but my horse, yet never received a worse wish than 'God speed you, sir,' or 'God save you kindly.' Now, there are many men who would be afraid to do so; but they are men who have not practiced their duty towards their neighbor, and it is evident they know nothing of the love of God; for you know the inquiry: 'He that loveth not his brother whom he

hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?' O! bigotry, intolerance, and party spirit are very different from the 'zeal' which is 'according to knowledge,' and the 'charity' which 'edifieth;' and it grieves me—has grieved me all my life—to see the one set of feelings substituted for the other, and that, too, by the professed adherents of a Bible-reading Church.

"For the Catholics there is allowance to be made: they are taught to regard their Church as the only true one, and to believe that all who are outside of her pale are heretics and enemies, whose damnation is sure; but 'we have not so learned Christ,' and when we exhibit an unfriendly spirit toward those who are in error, we only provoke hostile feelings in them, and make our religion appear as unlovely as their own."

"What a pity," observed James, "that our beautiful country should be disturbed by these contending interests."

"It is so in every country," replied his father, "where Protestantism is separate from Christianity."

"Protestantism separate from Christianity, dada?" repeated Eliza in astonishment.

"Yes, honey, plenty of it—there are many, many Protestants, whose hearts are not imbued with the

spirit of Christ, which they plainly indicate by a display of wicked and uncharitable principles; but the follower of Him, who 'came not into the world to condemn the world,' endeavors to live upon terms of kindly peace with his Catholic brother, being careful to 'let his light so shine before men, that they may see his good works, and glorify his father which is in heaven;' and I believe that, if every Protestant was a true Christian, 'evil' would be so 'overcome with good,' that the enemies of the Bible would 'hide their diminished heads,' and that blessed book soon find its way into every hand and every heart in our land."

"O! that we might live to see it," fervently responded Mrs. Cunningham. "How earnestly, how unceasingly ought we to pray for our beloved country. Sometimes the spiritual welfare of my native land lies heavy on my heart; but I can say, that no day passes over my head without pleading with heaven in her behalf, and in behalf of those who are laboring for her good.

"I hope, my darlings, you never neglect this duty;" and the gentle mother's blue eyes swam in moisture as she looked round upon her children. "After your own souls," she continued, "and the souls of your family, the spiritual interests of your country should be remembered—and it

will not be without profit to yourselves; for, you know, when the Lord sends rain upon the land, our farm receives its full share of the shower: in the same manner shall our own bosoms be watered and blest when 'the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.'

"Denis, my boy, will you join us in praying for dear Ireland?"—and the good lady's glance rested softly on the youth, whose quiet face was lifted intelligently toward her—"pray that the clouds of error and bigotry may be penetrated and dispersed by the bright rays of the Gospel, and that our little land may once more deserve the title that her piety anciently gained for her, of the 'Island of Saints.' 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,' and none are so poor but they can give prayers. Then let them be poured forth generously, affectionately, unremittingly, and, as I said before, when the answers descend, our own souls shall be graciously and abundantly refreshed."

"Refreshed, indeed," echoed the farmer; "'they shall prosper that love thee.' In this, my dear, as well as everything, we heartily agree; for I have always observed, that those, who were the most affectionately concerned for the religious advancement of their country, were themselves most richly blest."

And the good man's eyes gently closed, and his

hands unclasped and raised themselves, as he devoutly uttered:

"'Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee. Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.'"

It was now time for tea, and the little circle broke up. Denis withdrew to the kitchen, where he found the boys sitting round amusing each other with idle chat while their supper was preparing.

The evening meal was scarcely concluded, when the church-bell pealed forth, and our hero again followed his master's family to the sanctuary, where, seated among the parish orphans, he was always an example of humble and undivided attention to the solemn service.

As the sacred day drew to a close, the little flock assembled once more in the old parlor, and raised their hearts and voices together around the family altar: nor was it without a sweet fortaste of the eternal Sabbath, that the young orphan's lips quivered over the glowing lines:

"One day, amidst the place
Where thou, my Lord, hast been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss."

CHAPTER VI.

The servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient;

In meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth.—2 *Timothy* 2 : 24, 25.

And now gay, cheerful spring again visited the earth, and all nature rejoiced at her approach. The little birds twittered and chirped amongst the trees and hedges, as if triumphantly counting over the soft green buds that were bursting from every spray; or, plying their nimble wings over the dainty meadows, where the happy lambkins sported around their meek-looking mothers, picked up treasures of warm wool, with which they skillfully cushioned the chambers of their self-built dwellings.

Nor was man less busy than his aerial neighbors; for the earth, that had rested under a frozen cover during the winter months, must now be upturned,

and receive the tender seed into her fostering bosom. To this end, plows and harrows were in motion, and innumerable peasants were engaged in strewing manure, planting seeds, or scattering grain and loosely covering it with the rich soil.

But nowhere was this genial season hailed with livelier welcome, than in the cherished garden of our friend, Mrs. Cunningham, who—herself moving lightly about, her soft eyes sparkling with pleasure, and chatting gaily to Denis, who had by this time become a most essential assistant, her active fingers performing numerous little offices that no other hand could be intrusted with—was the very personification of pure-hearted content.

Oh! there is health of mind and principle to be derived from a constant intercourse with the children of nature; and a heart burdened with infirmity, or a conscience stained with sin, is seldom the concomitant of one who watches, with tender interest, the unfolding of a flower, or listens, with charmed attention, to the warbling of a feathered friend.

"O, Philip!" exclaimed Mrs. Cunningham, as her husband stood beside her in the garden, whither he had come to consult her upon some little matter, "you must spare me a man for a few days this week; my old gardener, Protestant Byrne, is sick,

and I cannot let my spring work wait till he recovers."

"Why, wife!" said the farmer, in mock amaze, "you surely hav'n't the conscience to take a man from me this busy week?"

"Indeed, husband, mine, I have so," was the playful reply. "It's a busy week with me, too; and my land's of as much consequence as yours, sir."

"O, well, ma'am," was the response which followed a gay laugh, "if your land's of so much consequence, of course you must have hands to work it; so, when the men come home to dinner, just pick out a couple of smart lads, and I hope Protestant Byrne will never take sick again."

"That's like yourself!" exclaimed the lady, clapping her dimpled hands; "and you shall have fruits and vegetables all the year, as good as goes to the king's table."

"Good morning, Norah," and she turned towards a neat, modest little girl who had just entered the garden; "how is your mother?" she inquired, bending a kindly smile upon the child.

"She's finely, ma'am, thank you," was the soft reply; and then after a hesitating pause the little voice resumed:

"My mother sent me to tell you, ma'am, that she

was very much obliged to you for the nice piece of mutton you sent her on Saturday."

"Well, well!" was the hasty rejoinder, "she needn't have sent you just to tell me that; it would be queer if, with the full and plenty the Lord has kindly given me, I couldn't spare a little present now and then to a decent Protestant neighbor, especially a widow. But how does your garden come on, Norah?"

"O, nicely, ma'am," answered the child, with animation; "the primroses and violets are all in bloom, and the polyanthuses are lovely. You saw the snow-drops, ma'am, when they were out."

"Yes, Norah, your snow-drops were as good as mine; but that's a nice bit of soil, and if you take care of it, you may have a very tasty little garden. I'll tell Denis to run round sometimes and show you; and when I'm trimming my flower-beds, he can take you a little of anything you'd like to have."

"O, thank you, ma'am, thank you!" was the delighted reply; "my mother says I'd never have a garden if it wasn't for you."

"O, yes you would," said the lady encouragingly; "God made flowers for every one, and whoever loves them will manage to get them."

Here Mr. Cunningham approached, and addressed the child with his usual good nature:

"Well, Norah, were you at church, yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what was the text, honey?"

"You see, Norah," said Mrs. Cunningham, laughing, "the master is so determined not to forget the text that he asks every child he meets to repeat it."

"Yes, indeed," said the farmer, smiling, "I like to hear children repeat the text. Do you remember it, honey?"

"Yes, sir—Matthew, eleventh chapter and twenty-ninth verse: 'Learn of me.'"

"Good girl! Now can you tell me anything Mr. Bowyer said?"

The child thought a moment, and then timidly replied:

"He said, sir, how very kind it was of Christ to humble himself to teach us, and how very glad we ought to be to receive his instructions."

"Good again!" exclaimed the farmer, with pleased approbation; "why, it's worth while, preaching to you, Norah. I wish every little girl and boy would pay so much attention to what the minister says; and O, what a delightful subject of contemplation, that 'the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity' condescends to teach us, poor worms of the earth. There's Denis thinks it's very

good of Lord William to come regularly to the Sunday-school to teach a class of poor boys; but here's a greater than Lord William—'a greater than Solomon'—the King of kings, and Lord of lords—offers to impart his knowledge, and wisdom, and holiness to all who will come to him. The ignorant are, therefore, without excuse—the willfully and perversely ignorant, and those who will not now drink of the fountain of life that is within their reach, are in sad danger of having to cry in vain for a drop of water to cool their parched tongues, through all the countless ages of eternity." Here the good man became so absorbed with the solemn subject, that, forgetful of those around him, he closed his hands behind his back with an abstracted air, and walked slowly away.

Norah now took her leave, and proceeded on her way to school, whither she was bound; and after she had left, Mrs. Cunningham observed to Denis that she did not mind how much of his spare time he spent at the Widow Carroll's, for he would be sure to learn nothing objectionable there. She also told him that she would be glad if he would occasionally spend an hour with Protestant Byrne, and read a chapter in the Bible for him, as the old man's eyes were becoming dim; "and this evening," continued the good matron, "if you'll come to me after sup-

per, I'll give you a few little things to take over there; and tell him to make haste and get well, for I miss him greatly in the garden."

When dinner-hour arrived, Mrs. Cunningham did not forget the permission she had received from her husband to supply the place of her sick gardener; and when the kitchen company had assembled to that meal, she hastened to make her selection. "Come, boys, I want recruits," she exclaimed, in her usual cheerful tone; "who'll enlist in my service?"

"Bedad, we'll all 'list wud you, misthress," was the reply of one of the elder men, to which the others heartily assented.

"Good!" said the lady, with a merry smile; "but what would the poor master do if I were to take you all from him?"

"Thrue for you, ma'am," responded the man; "it'd be a shame to desart our ould colors that a way."

"Indeed it would," was the playful rejoinder, "especially in the heat of the battle; well, I think I'll leave the master all his old hands, and take a couple of the young saps, that won't be much loss to him."

After a few more cheerful remarks, interspersed with charges to Stacey and Molly, respecting the

comfort of the field-workers, she appointed Tim Flanagan and Pat Murphy to the garden, and left the kitchen, followed by the warm prayers that her kindness, good humor, and affability so constantly elicited.

The sun was just setting as Denis entered the cabin of Protestant Byrne, with a small basket on his arm.

"Good evening, neighbors," said the boy, depositing his burden on a white deal table that stood at the window.

"Good evenin', alanna, and welkim," was the ready response.

"How do you feel, Mr. Byrne?" he kindly inquired, approaching the old man, who sat in a large wicker-chair by the fire.

"Betther, darlint, thank you, but very wake," was the tremulous reply.

"The mistress bid me tell you, sir," resumed Denis, with one of his winning smiles, "to make haste and get well; for she misses you very much in the garden."

"It won't be her fault if he doesn't soon get well," exclaimed Mrs. Byrne, who had been glancing over the contents of the basket; "Lord love her considherate heart," she continued, "but it's herself that knows how to coax a donny appetite.

That she may never have sickness in her own family, I pray God."

"Amen!" fervently responded her husband; "'Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble.' Is that right, darlint?" he inquired, looking fondly in the boy's face; "your memory's betther nor mine."

"Yes, sir; and my sight's better than yours; so the mistress said maybe you'd like me to read some to you."

"See how she thinks of everything," again chimed in the old woman; "indeed an' he would like you to read to him, jewel; and so would I, for my own eyes are gettin' as wake as his; but the masther says he'll get me a pair of glasses the next time he goes to Dublin; sure, he was in here this mornin' to see him, as soon as he heered he was sick, an' talked to him, an' prayed wud him. O, dear! I wish every farmer in the counthry was like him."

Denis now opened the old worn Bible that he had taken down from the shelf, but Mrs. Byrne again interposed.

"Stay, Dinny, honey, until he sups this nice bowl of gruel—it's pipin' hot, and I know the misthress made it wud her own purty hands. See, dear," she continued, approaching her husband lovingly; 'thry an' take it all; it'll put sthrenth in you.

There's rale port wine in it, an' the best loaf sugar an' nutmeg; it smells beautiful—doesn't it, Dinny;" and the loquacious dame accompanied every spoonful that she presented to her feeble partner with such high commendations, that she prevailed on him to swallow a large portion of the aliment.

"There now, Peggy, take a little of it yourself, acushla, while it's warm;" and the old man gently put back his wife's hand.

"No, indeed, I don't want it," was the prompt reply; "but, if you won't take any more, I'll fetch it in to Kitty Mulligan; she'll be glad to get it for her child's supper. The poor little crather's gettin' his teeth, an' he can't ate the common run; but this 'ill nourish his little heart, an' the wine that's in it 'ill make him sleep all night."

"God bless you, Peggy," murmured the gardener, looking fondly after his old partner, as she left the cabin on her gentle errand; "you were always ready to think of them that was worse off nor yourself."

She soon returned, when she hastened to set a rush-light before Denis, and, resuming her knitting, seated herself beside her husband in an attitude of attention; while the Foundling, inquiring of the old man what he should like him to read, again opened the sacred volume. Clear and sweet came the words

of life from those juvenile lips; and the dim eyes of his aged auditors seemed to brighten with increased intelligence, as they listened to the noble truths so plainly revealed to them. Nor was this the only occasion upon which the humble orphan acted the part of a benefactor to his veteran friend; for, until the gardener's health was quite restored, he was frequently the happy bearer of his mistress's benevolent messages; and always making his visits more welcome by reading to the aged couple a portion of the book they loved.

Another source of much pleasure to our young hero was now derived from his visits to the Widow Carroll's. Her little garden afforded him the means of exhibiting the botanical knowledge he acquired under Mrs. Cunningham's instructions; and, as the summer advanced, and the evenings lengthened, he might often be seen hastening towards her neat cabin to perform some little act that Norah was not skilled in, or to convey some spare treasure from the superabundance of his mistress's flower-beds.

With the widow, Denis was always a welcome guest; for though but a poor woman, supporting herself and child by her own hard industry, yet Mary Carroll had good sense and intelligence; and, seeing the superiority of mind and manner that the Foundling possessed above the surrounding children,

she knew that nothing but advantage could accrue to Norah from such an association; and, disregarding the ignominy that attached to his origin, she received him upon his own merits, and heartily encouraged his intimacy with her garden and her little girl.

In the meantime, the Protestant boy did not forget his duty to his work-mates; and no opportunity was allowed to pass neglected, in which he could impress them favorably with the importance of knowledge, and especially that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation. Nor were his humble efforts entirely without avail—the example of his blameless life, alone, had a restraining influence on the careless habits of his wayward comrades, while the simple purity of his conversation affected, in no small degree, their untaught minds. They loved him for his good temper, and general amiability, at the same time observing in him a moral dignity that elevated him, in their esteem, far above his natural position. Did any work need particular care in its execution, Denis was sought to perform it. Had anything gone wrong, Denis was applied to to set it right. Was the truth required upon any subject, to Denis an appeal was made for decision.

Yet was not the orphan boy's religion unassailed. The efforts that Larry Murphy had made to banish

the subject had failed in their effects; and a spirit of curiosity, if not of anxious inquiry, was evidently on foot amongst the boys, as to the evils of that heresy that was so beautifully represented by their fellow-servant. By some of the elder workmen this was soon observed, who, firm in their allegiance to Mother Church, and dreading that the young minds around them might become tainted, earnestly set themselves to cast contempt upon that creed which must be bad, because opposed to their own. But they found that no good could result to their cause by antagonism with a lad who had read as much as Denis, and they at length gave it up, good-humoredly declaring, that they "must get somebody that had larnin' to talk to him; for, though they knew they were right, they couldn't keep up wud him at all, at all."

But Popery was not without its champion, even in quiet and secluded Friarsford; and one, who was every way worthy to compete with Denis, was soon found in the person of Hugh Gallagher, the son of the Catholic schoolmaster. To him the idea of a religious controversy—even with an opponent as inferior to himself, in point of scholarship, as our hero—was a matter of some importance; and he watched for an opportunity to enter upon the contest with an eagerness in which bigotry and intel-

lectual pride were far more conspicuous than the simple love of truth. To display his theological knowledge, and give a tangible proof of his attachment to Mother Church, was no less desirable than to triumph over heresy, in the person of the young Scripture advocate; and it was not without an ambition to establish his own reputation for zeal and learning, that the son of the pedagogue prepared to measure strength with the Foundling.

That a trial of this nature was intended for him, Denis received no intimation, or he would have hastened to decline his part in it. To make his creed a subject of disputation did not exactly agree with his notions of Gospel piety; and though he was always ready to recommend, and maintain, and uphold, his honored Bible, in every case, and under all circumstances, yet, to contend for any particular set of tenets, or to insist upon the adoption of one form of doctrine, to the uprooting of all others, was an exclusive sort of religion which he had not been taught, and which his widely-charitable mind could never endorse.

All the controversial arguments with which Hugh Gallagher was girding himself were, therefore, useless to encounter one who carried no equipment but the Bible in his hand, and the love of God in his heart. Upon the very first occasion, in which the

young pedant found an opening to attack the Protestant boy, he discovered this. The only weapon used against him was the "Sword of the Spirit;" and it alone was sufficient to cut through the proud armor of traditionary lore in which he had enveloped himself.

Here was a dilemma! Had Denis been willing to argue, his rival would have gladly met him, and a long and bitter juvenile discussion would have ensued, at the end of which, he who possessed the highest amount of tact, acuteness, and logical power would have come off victor. But the young Scripturian was not to be so entrapped. With a plain education, he had plenty of plain sense; and, knowing that the Rock he stood upon was firm to sustain him, he was satisfied to rest there, without the ambition to seek for fame or triumph by plunging into the mazy labyrinth of controversy.

Hugh was disappointed. His erudition was of no avail to him; nor were the strong evidences with which he had diligently stored his memory any more effective. It was in vain he produced high authorities and ancient usages—a simple text from the Book of books overturned them all; and, with no better success, he quoted "the Fathers," for their Mighty Master's own words were adduced in refutation. Yet he would not appear baffled, and as from

the difference of their respective positions, he had few opportunities of meeting his rival except when he sought him, excuses were often framed, under cover of which he wandered towards the farm when the day's business was over, though not always with a certainty of seeing Denis, who now spent many of his evenings at the Widow Carroll's, quite unconscious that he was an object of so much interest to the adherents of the opposite faith.

As the summer advanced and the days lengthened, the boys spent less and less of their time in the kitchen, generally leaving immediately after supper —some to take part in a dance, and others in card-playing, or some similar amusement, which they deemed innocent, but which Mr. Cunningham never suffered to be practiced on his premises. Often was Denis laughingly importuned to accompany them to a merry-making, though it was well known that he preferred a quiet hour with his beloved books to all their boisterous pleasures. Yet did he seldom find himself quite alone, for a few there were who still sought instruction from his lips; and, when he took his favorite seat on the sloping bank of a marl-pit, in a field at the rear of his master's house, he was rarely without one or two slight forms reclining on the flowery turf beside him, until the falling dew warned them to seek the shelter of the house.

"Good evening, boys," said Hugh, upon one of these occasions, as he approached where Denis was seated, book in hand, reading aloud to Pat Murphy and Tim Flanagan, who were lounging, one on either side of him, evidently highly entertained.

"Good evening, kindly," responded Denis, looking up with a smile; "glad to see you, Hugh."

"Dhraw over a chair an' be sated, Misther Gallagher," said Tim.

"If you had any politeness, you'd jump up and hand me one," was the smart reply, as the lad threw himself down on the soft grass; "but don't let me interrupt the reading," he said, glancing at the book, now partly closed, in Denis's hand. "These fellows will soon know as much as yourself, Denis," he continued, "if you keep reading so much for them. No wonder for the neighbors to say that Mr. Cunningham's hands are all scholars."

"It must be because we have such larned visitors," slyly observed Pat.

"Not at all, Pat," said Hugh, laughing, "I think the compliment's deserved by yourselves. Were you at the card-party on Sunday night, Pat?" he inquired after a pause.

"No, indeed," replied Pat, "nor any of our boys aither."

"What card-party?" asked Denis.

"Why, a number of fellows that assembled at Mike Walsh's, with a pack of cards and a bottle of whisky, intending to have a jolly night; but, somehow, the priest got a hint of it, and, riding over there, suddenly came upon them in the middle of their sport. There was a fine fuss among them all in a minute, trying to scramble up the cards; but his reverence saw it all, and laid about him with his horse-whip, until they were pretty glad to make their escape. But Father Murphy's not done with it—he's determined to put it down. He says he'll have no Sunday gambling while he's in the parish. He's going to speak of it from the altar next Sunday."

"Won't do," murmured Denis, gravely shaking his head.

"And what would do, then?" inquired Hugh, with a quick glance at the Foundling.

"Why, give the people the Bible," answered Denis, looking up, and speaking with energy.

"I thought so," responded Hugh, with a smile. "But, Denis, do you suppose your Bible-reading folks never do those things?"

"No, Hugh, *never*," replied Denis, firmly; "the man that reads his Bible, and loves it, is not a Sabbath-breaker. A man may be a Protestant, and go to church and all that, and yet disregard the

Lord's day; but such a man is certainly not a Bible-reader.

"The same rule applies to nations. Look at those countries whose rulers uphold the Bible, and see what strict laws they frame respecting the observance of the Sabbath. Now, England I neither love nor admire, because of her unsisterly treatment of my native land; but I must be just, even to my enemy. Britain honors the Word of God, and, in every part of the earth over which her sceptre has sway, she commands that all outward reverence be paid to His holy day.

"In America, too, we see a country whose government maintains the Bible; and in what part of the world is the seventh day more scrupulously set apart? I know a good deal about America, because, you know, the master has a sister who has lived there for years, and her sons often send home newspapers, which I have the privilege of reading.

"And now, Hugh, let us take a glance at those nations where the inspired volume is forbidden or unknown. Come with me to the continent, and let us take a stroll through the sunny regions of southern Europe, and see how the day, which the Lord hallowed and blest, is disposed of there. I need not trouble you with a description; you have read as much, or more, on the subject than I have, and your

own eloquent tongue could expatiate freely upon it, if you would. But I say, in conclusion, as I said at the beginning, GIVE THE PEOPLE THE BIBLE, and the priest may lay aside his horse-whip, and discontinue his altar maledictions."

"But, Denis," said Hugh, "it's a mistake that we're forbidden to read the Bible—we have the free use of the *Douay* version."

Denis smiled, and bent his head.

"Yes," he replied, "you all say so, and Bishop Doyle said so when questioned on the subject in Parliament. But, if the priests want the people to read the Bible, why don't they see that they possess copies of it? Why don't they introduce it in their schools, teach it in their Sabbath-schools, expound it from their pulpits, and inculcate, in the minds of all committed to their charge, veneration for its inspired pages, and firm faith in its holy and important truths?"

The boy had arisen as he spoke, for the advancing twilight gave notice that his mossy couch was no longer safe to recline on; but the reply that Hugh was about to make was prevented by the approach of Stacey, who was hastening toward them with a book in her hand, and an expression of angry excitement on her face.

"Where's Denis?" she exclaimed.

"Here, Stacey," and he quickly stepped forward to meet her.

"What a purty book you gave me to read," and her voice was louder and harsher than the Foundling had ever heard it before, "an' to tell me it was sanctioned by the priests, an' I to be the fool to believe you."

"But, Stacey—"

"Hould yer tongue—I wouldn't listen to a word you'd say. The Douay Bible, indeed. If that be the Bible, no wondher for none but heretics to love it. Look here, Hugh Gallagher, at what it says about the puré an' immaculate Virgin;" and she opened the book where she had been reading, having kept her finger within it.

Hugh took the book and read, as she indicated, the last verse of the first chapter of Matthew's Gospel.

"Now, do you mind that?" indignantly exclaimed the girl; "'her *firstborn son*,' as much as to say that the blessed mother of our Lord had more sons nor the *one*. Sure such a wicked an' blasphemous book there's not in the world!" and, snatching it from the hands of Hugh, she flung it as far as she could into the marl-pit.

"There," she said, scornfully, "let it go to the mischief. I wouldn't sin my sowl by readin' another

of its infamous lies to save my neck from the gallas, if the merciful Saviour and his Virgin Mother will forgive me for what I did read." Here she penitently crossed herself, and turning, retraced her steps to the house.

"Well, what would Bishop Doyle say to that?" inquired Denis, as he returned with the insulted volume in his hand, which he had flown to seek the moment the angry maiden had turned her back.

"Now, Hugh," he urged, as they slowly proceeded homeward, "don't you see the fallacy of asserting that your Church allows her children 'the free use of the Douay Bible,' when they are no better acquainted with its holy and awful character than to speak of it and treat it as you have just witnessed?"

"I don't see," said Hugh, "that the folly or stupidity of an ignorant country girl is any proof that the Church disallows the Bible."

"But," asked Denis, "is it not an argument, that the pastors of the Church do not impress upon the minds of the people a belief in its divine origin, and a solemn respect for its revealed truths? That girl, whom you term ignorant, seems to be very well instructed upon the immaculacy of the Virgin and, I dare say, if questioned upon any of your points of faith, she would not be found deficient;

and yet, she does *not know* that this book is really the Word of God, written by his finger, and inspired by his Spirit. She had scarcely heard of the Bible before she came here, and had certainly never seen one: lately she seemed to have a curiosity to know something about it, and, upon my mentioning the Douay version, and telling her that it was published with the full approbation of the priests, she said she wished she could see it. I told the mistress, and the next time the master went to Dublin he brought this one home, and desired me to give it to her. She was very glad to get it, and seemed much pleased with it, until she stumbled upon that passage about Mary's 'firstborn son.'"

"You don't believe in the immaculacy of the Blessed Virgin," insinuated Hugh, "nor in her intercession."

"I don't know anything about her immaculacy," said Denis coolly, "nor do I see that the subject is of the least importance. As to her intercession, I don't require it—my *Saviour* intercedes for me. It is written, '*He* ever liveth to make intercession for us;' and again, 'There is *one* Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus.'"

"That's true," said Hugh, "but if you were to read the Fathers you would soon see—"

"O, yes," interrupted Denis, "it is just as I said

of poor Stacey; you are all taught to honor the Fathers, and carefully grounded in the dogmas of the Church; while you are encouraged to regard the Word of Truth with indifference, or merely as a book that 'heretics love,' but which good Catholics do not need. At the same time, it is gravely stated that 'the Bible is not prohibited.'"

"Well, we must adjourn the meeting," exclaimed Hugh, as they reached the gate that admitted them into the farm-yard; "but we have not finished the subject yet, Denis—the next time we meet we must have more of it;" and then, with a cheerful "good-night," which was responded to with a hearty "safe home," he hastened down the avenue, and soon was out of sight.

This was not the first conversation of the kind, to which the boys, Pat and Tim, had been perfectly silent listeners; and the effect produced upon their minds was very different from what Hugh intended it should be, when he meditated an easy overthrow of the Protestant boy's religion.

With no very felicitous feelings, the young aspirant after controversial fame reached his home that evening. He felt puzzled. His discussions with the Foundling were not taking the course he had chalked out for them; for, instead of fluently expatiating upon those subjects with which he was

so familiar, until, by the force of his proofs and the strength of his arguments, the Protestant boy and his influence should be defeated and overthrown—he found himself led from his track into one that was strange to him, and left subdued and silent, while the young heretic waxed eloquent upon the only theme of which he was master. Not but that Hugh had made several attempts to provoke disputation, and, to this end, had, at different times, introduced the well-contested points of transubstantiation, penance, purgatory, etc.; and this evening—taking advantage of the opportunity afforded—had adroitly plied a query respecting the immaculacy and intercession of the Virgin Mary. But these ponderous barriers, that had for ages not only separated the two Churches, but kept hatred and evil thinking growing up between them, were lightly stepped over by our hero, who, whatever the subject of consideration—avoiding argument—merely stated his own view of it as taken from the holy Scriptures, which he zealously and uncompromisingly declared to be the only true authority on all points of faith and action—his sole cause of quarrel with the Church of his countrymen being, her denying them the privilege of being guided by their divine light.

"He will talk of nothing but the Bible," said

Hugh testily, as he conversed with his father on the subject next his heart, "and *there* I am *deficient*. I have a great mind to get a copy of the Douay, and read it through, just to find all the passages that confirm our doctrines, and condemn his: it would be a grand triumph to beat him with his own weapons."

"It would so," responded the schoolmaster, with an approving nod at his intelligent son, "and you can easily do it," he continued. "Isn't the Church founded and grounded upon the Bible? Where else did she get her beautiful faith, and from what other source did her ancient fathers derive instruction? Where is the life of our blessed Saviour written, and that of his spotless mother? And where is the institution of the *first* Church recorded, against which 'the gates of hell shall not prevail?'"

Here the pedagogue, who was just going off into a long harangue upon the subject, was interrupted by his son's abruptly inquiring if he had ever read the Bible.

"Yes—no—why to be sure I have—some of it—haven't I read everything?"

"Well, father, what does it say upon the subject of praying to the Virgin?"

"Upon praying to the Virgin?—well, I can't exactly say—but, of course, it commands us to do so,

or the Church wouldn't insist upon it. Obedience is all that is required of us; and, if we are true Catholics, we will unhesitatingly believe whatever our spiritual directors teach, and conscientiously put into practice the precepts that we receive from those who are so much wiser and better than ourselves."

"Well, I know all that, sir," said Hugh, again cutting short his father's eloquence; "but I must find exactly what's said upon it, and upon all the other subjects on which we differ; for Denis is so devoted to the Bible, that nothing but the plain Scripture text can ever convince him—I have tried every other."

With Hugh Gallagher, to resolve was to act, and a few days saw him in possession of the book in which he had certain hopes of finding abundance of inspired authority for all he had advanced in favor of "Mother Church;" and with pleasure he sat down to the study of its hitherto unexplored contents—having first concluded to hold no more conversations with Denis upon religious subjects until his new weapons should be fully prepared.

CHAPTER VII.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.—*Eccles.* 11 : 9.

'Twas evening, and the sun, as he moved toward his western home, was sending his last beams through the closed lattice of a small room; within which, upon a clean but low and uncanopied couch, a pale and apparently suffering youth was extended. The furniture of the chamber was humble and old-fashioned; yet the air of neatness and comfort that pervaded it, with even an attempt at decoration, made it evident that woman's hand had been there. By the side of the bed was stretched a piece of old carpet, that had once covered the floor of a prouder apartment; and the sameness of the whitewashed walls was relieved by gaily colored pictures, amongst which the Virgin and Child, dressed in scarlet and gold, and some of the early saints and

saintesses in equally fine array, appeared conspicuous; while the lack of a mantel-piece had been supplied by a narrow shelf, on which was ranged a gaudy row of birds and flowers. But, nor pictures nor ornaments appeared to occupy the sick boy's attention. His languid gaze was directed towards the window, through which the green hills, topped with the golden sky, were discernable; and, from the thoughtful expression of his handsome countenance, he was evidently engaged in higher communings than the trifles around him could suggest.

The monotony was at length broken by the door gently opening, and what was intended to be a soft and noiseless step approached.

"Well, Pat, my poor fellow!" said the visitor, as the glance of the invalid turned towards him, "how do you feel now?"

"I think I'm a little aisier, sir, thank you," was the low reply.

"But is there anything you'd like? have you everything you want?" and the benevolent eye of the questioner rested on a bowl of clear, cool whey, that stood on a chair within the sick boy's reach.

"O, I've everything in the world, sir, that I could think of," was the grateful response; "sure Stacey and Molly's doin' nothin' but attendin' me, and the

misthress herself, God bless her, is here every little while to see me."

"That's right," said Mr. Cunningham, for it was he who stood over the sick bed of his young servant; "and now, Pat, honey, don't be loth to speak of anything you'd like, no matter what it is; if you'd like to see the priest, you know you've only to mention it."

"Oh! sure, masther, you're full up o' goodness," said the youth, with emotion, "an' it's myself that's sorry to be lyin' here givin' throuble, instead o' bein' out helpin' wud the harvest."

"Do you think we miss you so much?" inquired the farmer, playfully; "are you so proud as to fancy we can't do without you? But don't be uneasy; lie still and take care of yourself, and we'll manage to get up the harvest, though you *are* in bed." And then, resuming his seriousness, he again urged the boy to be sure and mention anything he wanted or wished for; and, with an earnest prayer for his speedy recovery, and that his affliction might be blest to his profit, the good man left the room, followed by the tearful eyes of the youth, whose warm and plastic heart his fatherly kindness had deeply penetrated.

The last time we saw Pat Murphy he was in company with Denis Martin on the flowery banks of the

marl-pit. But that privilege was to be enjoyed no more. Stacey, whose disapprobation of the Bible had been so energetically expressed, protested loudly against the propriety of the young boy's hearing it read; and Larry, who had so long endeavored to keep his brother separate from the Protestant boy, warmly seconded all she said on the subject, and secretly resolved to be more watchful than ever in saving his family from the taint of heresy. Accordingly, when, a few evenings after, Pat was repairing to his favorite tryst, he was called back by Larry, who reminded him that there was to be a dance in the neighborhood that night, which they were both expected to attend.

"But I'm tired," pleaded Pat, with a shrug of his shoulders, "an' dancin' won't rest me."

"G'long wud yer *tired*," cried Larry, mockingly; "sure you can come an' see the girls, then—you know Betty Flannagan'll do no good if yer not there. What on airth makes you so lazy? sure you ought to be ashamed o' yourself, a good-lookin' chap like you that's fit to be seen at any gatherin' in the counthry. Come on, I say." And so, between coaxing and bullying, the strong-minded youth succeeded in making his yielding brother don his Sunday clothes, and accompany him to the village.

The two lads were hailed with lively welcome, as

they entered the cabin where the dance was about to take place. Several bright and merry maidens smiled on the handsome brothers, and Mike Dunn, the fiddler, who was resining his bow, and bandying jokes with the girls, declared it was now time to begin the sport, as the best of the company had arrived. Accordingly, Larry Murphy, who had secured the prettiest lass as his partner, sprung upon the floor, calling for "Garry Owen." Immediately the merry tune struck up, the happy couples took their places, and a scene of glad hilarity ensued, which the mercurial temperament of the Hibernian peasant is well calculated to sustain. Hour after hour passed away without any abatement of the mirth. As soon as one set of dancers was tired, another was ready to stand up, and these in their turn were replaced by fresh couples; while those who were resting chatted, laughed, and flirted, so that fun, humor, and wit flowed and sparkled on every side.

Pat Murphy, who, if left to himself, would have spent the evening in a far different manner, when once under the exciting influence of music and mirth, soon entered into the full spirit of the scene, and with the soft hand of Betty Flanagan in his, and the gay, wild strains of his native melodies ringing through his head, no wonder that, for the time being,

he forgot that such a book as the Bible and such a boy as Denis Martin were in existence.

The small hours of the morning were treading their silent course, when the lively party began to break up, and then it was discovered, with concern, that a brisk and heavy rain was falling. Even to those whose homes were near at hand, the sudden change of weather was not agreeable, dressed as they were in their best attire; but to those who lived at a distance, and had long miles of muddy roads to drag their Sunday pumps through, while the watery element unsparingly lashed their neatly-decked persons, the treacherous storm was a source of vexation that it required all their native cheerfulness to bear them up against.

Amongst the latter, were the two lads Larry and Pat Murphy. Heated and exhilarated with exercise and pleasure—whose effects were not in the least counteracted by libations of whisky-punch, which had been freely circulated during the night—they at first made light of the rain, lavishing all their sympathy upon their fair partners; and it was not until they had gallanted them to their doors, that they turned to wade their own way to Mr. Cunningham's, which was a distance of two full miles from the village.

There was a path across the fields, by which they

might have reached home much sooner; but they knew that the ditches, which they would have to climb, had become so soft and slippery by the rain, that, in the end, it would be easier to go round by the road.

They were drenched through and through. Long before they reached home their spirits had ebbed away; and, though Larry endeavored to keep up, perpetrating an occasional joke for the amusement of his brother, yet feeble was the effort, and no laugh responded to it.

To Larry, whose constitution was as strong as iron, the night's adventure brought no greater inconvenience than a slight cold, which very soon subsided; but upon Pat the effect was otherwise. Naturally less hardy than his brother, and, from his domestic habit of mind, less inured to the casualties that a life of pleasure involves, the sudden transition, from a crowded and overheated cabin to the unsheltered highway and pitiless storm, brought on a violent attack of pleurisy, under which we now find him suffering.

When first his sickness became apparent, his master thought he had merely taken a cold, for which a little care and attention would be sufficient remedy. He was, therefore, advised to remain in bed, and Stacey requested to minister to his wants; but

when, in the course of the day, Mrs. Cunningham herself visited the boy, she found him feverish and restless, complaining of sharp pain, and betraying all the symptoms of serious indisposition. Immediately the good lady's sympathies were all enlisted in his behalf. He must be nursed and tended under her own eyes, and every effort made to diminish his sufferings and retard the progress of his disease. To this end, he must be removed from the lodge—which was the common sleeping apartment of all the workmen who lived on the premises—and carried to the house, where, besides being more quiet and comfortable, he would be near at hand to receive the joint care of all the females in the establishment. Accordingly a small chamber over the kitchen—and adjoining that of Stacey and Molly—was prepared for his reception; and there, with his eyes still fixed on the door through which his kind master had just disappeared, the victim of bigotry and mistaken zeal was lying on the third evening after that fatal dance.

The old clock in the hall struck six, and the lad's face brightened as he counted each stroke; for he knew that the field-work was now at an end, and Denis would soon be home to read for him.

'Twas not that his sick-bed was particularly lonely, that Pat so longed for the presence of the

Foundling; for the frequent visits of the children to his room, and the kind attentions of every member of the family, prevented the time from seeming dreary; but there were germ-like wants and wishes struggling within his bosom, that were not ostensible to common view, and whose nature he himself scarcely understood, with which Denis seemed to be acquainted; and the reading and conversation of the latter, with a tact which sympathy and experience had supplied, were always exactly suited to his feelings and comprehension. It was, therefore, with real pleasure that he now saw his young comrade enter. A few kind inquiries as to how he had passed the day, with a warmly expressed wish for his speedy recovery, and then the ever-welcome Bible was produced.

The fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians was the portion of Scripture selected by Denis to read to his friend; and no student, when listening to the development of an abstruse problem, ever gave more anxious heed to the words of the learned lecturer, than Pat Murphy now exhibited, as, with eyes earnestly riveted upon Denis's face, while his parted lips and upraised finger betokened fixed attention, he received the sublime doctrine of the resurrection, as expounded by "Paul the Aged." Denis read slowly, pausing occasionally, that the

mind of the sick boy might have time to grasp each golden sentence; or, sometimes, making a short remark illustrative of the grand theme.

They had thus been occupied for some time, and both were deeply absorbed in the subject, when the door suddenly opened, and Larry entered.

"Did you wondher I wasn't comin' to see you sooner?" he inquired in an apologetic tone, as he approached his brother, and, without waiting for an answer, continued—

"I had to go to the forge of a message for the masther, an' only got back this minit. How do you find yourself this evenin'?" and he seated himself on the side of the bed, and laid his coarse hand kindly on that of his brother which rested on the quilt.

"I feel a little aisier," was the low response; "but I don't know whether I'm betther or not. May God prepare me for the worst."

"Arrah whisht, Pat, honey!" was quickly rejoined; "don't be talkin' that away. The *worst*, indeed! God an' the Virgin between you an' that. What makes you so low spereted?"

"I'm not low spereted at all," said Pat; "sure I'm only wishin' to be prepared an' ready for the will o' God."

"Yis, but I hope it's the will o' God for you to

get well soon, an' you mustn't think of anything else.

"Why don't *you* thry an' rouse him, Dinny? An' since you're so good as to read for him, why don't you borry a purty story-book from Masther James? an' thry to keep somethin' cheerful an' amusin' fornint his mind."

"*That* book has purtier stories nor any book in the house," interposed Pat, "an' all thrue, besides."

"O, to be sure," said his brother; "but I thought something lively might cheer you up, maybe. I'm glad to see you're betther any how," he added, rising. Then, turning to Denis, he reminded him that it was supper-time, drily observing that, if he wasn't "too pious to ate," he had "betther come down."

CHAPTER VIII.

He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever.—*Psalm* 21 : 4.

Twilight was deepening over the surrounding landscape, and cheerful nature was at rest, when Larry Murphy, his hands in his pockets and his eyes bent on the ground, sauntered along a well-beaten path, which led across his master's farm towards a row of cabins on the side of a neighboring hill. Fields had been traversed, styles crossed, and gates passed through, yet the echoes had been unaroused by his usual merry whistle or witty song. For once in his life, Larry Murphy was engaged in deep thought, and that of no pleasant character either, from the cloud that darkened his handsome face, and the muttered exclamation that occasionally escaped his lips.

As he passed through the gate, which opened upon the narrow mountain-road, he was met by a troop of rosy children, in all the enjoyment of

barefooted content, who had been laughing, prattling, and dancing on the king's highway for want of a more appropriate play-ground.

"Out o' my way!" was his ungracious repulse, as they came shouting round him. "What's the raison yer not all goin' to bed?" he frowningly asked as he strode from amongst them, leaving the astonished children staring at each other, and whispering that Larry wasn't funny at all, at all—he was in a dreadful bad humor—and what could be the matther wud him.

"Tell you what," exclaimed a bright-eyed boy—who had been poising himself on one foot, while he sketched figures in the dust with the naked toe of the other—"maybe Pat's worse."

"Maybe he's dead," suggested another, his face lengthening under the supposition. Awed and sobered, the children thought no more of play; but quietly retreated towards their humble homes.

In the meantime the young man had reached the little row of cabins, one of which he entered. A pleasing-looking woman of middle age, with a fair skin and a quantity of wavy, brown hair, that would not be kept under the neat muslin cap that covered her head, was seated near the open door knitting.

"Where's my father?" inquired Larry, as he crossed the threshold.

"He's not come home yit," replied the woman. "How did you lave Pat?"

"Much the same: I don't think he's minded any since you saw him to-day. But, mother, why don't you fetch him home?"

"Fetch him home!" exclaimed the good woman, looking up with surprise into her son's face, who had seated himself on the end of a table that stood by the window, and leaned his shoulder against the wall. "What would I do that for?" she inquired; "isn't he a great'l betther off where he is?"

"No, mother, he isn't betther off where he is," was the emphatic answer, "nor it won't do to lave him there naither. That Foundlin' boy's doin' all he can to turn him. He's at his bedside every evenin', readin' *heretic books* an' talkin' to him; an' Pat's nothin' loth: he tould me this evenin' that he'd rather have the Bible nor any other book in the house, an' *I know* if he's left there he'll never die in the thrue Church."

"The holy Virgin purtect my boy!" exclaimed the mother in pious horror; "an' I to be lavin' him there for his own good—though I longed to have him at home wud myself—because I thought he was more comfortable there nor I could make him here in this poor cabin. Sure I little thought his sowl was in danger. I wondher what's keepin' yer

father." And she rose and looked out of the door. "He said he'd be home airly this evenin'. Come in, Kitty, out o' the jew."

This command was issued to a bright-eyed little girl of eight summers, who, under the hedge at the opposite side of the road, was teaching two or three younger ones to make a baby-house with some shells and broken pieces of china.

"Yis, ma'am," was the obedient reply; and, telling the little ones that they could finish the play to-morrow, she sprang lightly towards the cabin door. Something, however, caught her eye down the road, and she hastily exclaimed,

"O, mother, let me go meet my father!"

"Why, is he comin'?"

"Yis, ma'am; I jist seen him turn the corner at the foot o' the hill."

"Well, run along, and let him make haste home to his supper."

Mrs. Murphy now laid down her knitting, and busied herself in making ready her husband's evening meal. A small table stood in the middle of the floor, on which was a tea-tray of painted tin, holding a couple of cups and saucers, a sugar-bowl, and cream-ewer of the most unassuming delf; while a small tea-pot of black earthenware, in which the fragrant herb was drawing, sat in the hot ashes,

and a cake, ready baked, stood on end on the griddle, leaning against the hob, keeping warm. This last was now lifted upon a plate, and laid on the table. It was then cut into small divisions, each of which was quickly split, buttered in the middle, and closed again; and a plate, which had been warming on the hob, turned down over all to prevent their cooling. The little black tea-pot was next lifted and filled from the kettle, which kept up a merry music, while suspended at a little distance above the fire; the ashes was then wiped from around it, and it was set on the tray.

During the performance of these little operations, Mrs. Murphy, who seemed touched by Larry's taciturnity, reminded him that he "needn't be so throubled about it, that *he* wasn't to blame, and maybe there wasn't much harm done afther all; an' don't mintion it to your father," she added, "until afther he dhrinks a cup o' tay."

Kitty's lively prattle was now heard outside, and the next moment she appeared at the door, with one of her father's large, brown hands clasped in both of hers, while her interesting little face, surrounded by disordered curls, glowed and beamed with exercise and happiness.

"Here he is, mother—I brought him home!" were the joyful exclamations as she entered.

"You did, allanna? God spare you to him while he lives," responded her mother.

"Amin," rejoined the father; "an' God spare thim all to us."

"Well, Larry, what's the news?" he inquired, addressing his son, as he turned up his cuffs to wash his hands.

Larry, in reply, gave him some account of his master's crops, which were remarkably fine this year, at which the honest man was much pleased, declaring that "no farmer in the counthry desarved it betther."

In the meantime, Kitty had shut the door, while her mother lit a small candle, and placed it in a tin candlestick on the table, calling to Larry to "dhraw over an' take a cup o' tay."

"No, mother," he replied, as he approached the fire and seated himself on a bench in the corner; "it's little enough for yourself an' my father, an' I don't want it."

"O, you may's well take a cup," urged his mother, "there's plinty of it."

"Bedad there's no fear o' the tay comin' short," said his father, as he helped himself to a piece of the hot buttered cake; "for whin the pot's empty your mother fills it up out o' the kittle."

Mrs. Murphy smiled as she reminded her hus-

band that she "never axed him to dhrink kittle tay."

"No, my mother makes that for me," said Kitty, who had crept to her brother's side, and drawn his arm around her.

"For *you?*" said Larry, stroking her tangled curls with his coarse hand; "an' does my mother give *you* tay?"

"Yis, indeed," said the child, with a gay smile, "she always gives me some when herself and my father's done."

"She does? Why, she'll spile you, you little fairy."

There was now a short pause, which was broken by Mrs. Murphy inquiring of her husband if he had seen Pat.

"Yis," he replied, "that was what kept me; I came round there on my way home. He seems doin' purty well," he added, "an' has everything that he wants. He says if he was her own flesh an' blood, the misthress couldn't be kindher—God bless her."

"Was there any one wud him?" inquired his wife.

"Yis, Dinny Martin was there readin' for him; he gives him the praise o' the world for good nature."

No more was said until the little black tea-pot was drained, and a mug of "kittle tay" with a small piece of cake set on the end of the table for Kitty, who had had a hearty supper early in the evening of coarse bread and goat's milk; and, while his mother cleared away the tea-table, Larry opened the subject of his visit to his father, by inquiring if his brother had expressed any wish to see the priest. Murphy replied in the negative, adding that he hoped the boy was not in danger.

"Well, danger or no danger," rejoined Larry, "I think it's a quare thing for him to lie there, day afther day, an' naither you nor my mother to think o' fetchin' the priest to him."

"Throth thin," said his father, "it's naither your mother nor myself that'd be back'ard in gettin' the priest for any one that wanted him, let alone our own child; but I'll see his reverence in the mornin', an' spake to him about it, though I know the boy isn't in any danger."

"Well, father, I'll tell you what danger he's in—" and Larry paused to give his announcement greater emphasis—"he's in danger o' fallin' into the deadly sin of heresy."

"Lord Almighty forbid!" exclaimed Murphy, with pious energy. "The great God an' his blessed mother purtect the precious sowl o' my boy."

"Amin!" ejaculated Mrs. Murphy, who, through the open door of a small room adjoining, had been listening to the conversation, while she undressed little Kitty, and heard her say her prayers; and the voice of the child now filled the pause, as, while her mother tucked the bed-clothes around her, she repeated the old rhyme:

"There are four corners to my bed,
There are four saints around my head,
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
God bless the bed that I lie on."

She then bade her mother "good-night;" then her father and Larry, to each of which affectionate replies were given; when the mother, having made the sign of the cross over her child, and kissed her soft lips, returned to the common apartment, where, knitting in hand, she seated herself in front of the fire, between her husband and son.

The conversation was now resumed, and, during the next hour, the subject of Pat's apostasy, and the means to be resorted to in order to prevent it, were anxiously discussed by his alarmed parents; nor did Larry leave the cabin, on his return to Mr. Cunningham's, until it had been decided that, on the following morning, Pat should be brought to his humble home, and the attendance of the priest requested.

Accordingly, the farmer's breakfast was scarcely over next morning, when Stacey appeared at the parlor door, and said that "Mrs. Murphy wanted to spake to the masther, if he plazed."

"Certainly," said Mr. Cunningham; and, immediately rising from his seat, he repaired to the kitchen.

"Good-morning, Kitty," he said, in his usual kindly tone, as he entered.

"Good-morra an' good luck, sir," said the woman, with a timid air, as if ashamed of the errand she had come upon.

"Well, Kitty, what can I do for you?" and this time there was encouragement blended with the kindness.

"Why, sir, you see, about that little boy o' mine. I was jist a thinkin' that he was likely to have a long spell of it, an' it was hardly fair to have yourself an' the misthress cumbered an' throubled wud him; an' I wud nothin' in the airthly world to do but attind to him, an' Murphy thinks so, too, sir; for, siz he to me last night, 'Kitty,' siz he, 'don't you think it'd be betther to fetch the gorsoon home, an' let him take his chance among ourselves—not but that I know he's welkim where he is,' siz he, 'but that's no raison why we should impose on good nature.'"

"Tut! tut! tut!" exclaimed the farmer. "What nonsense. You know you can't make him as comfortable as he is here, and I'm sure he's no trouble to any one in the house; besides, it's not as if he was twenty miles from you—here, you can come to see him as often as you like, and see that he's taken care of."

"Lord bless your ginerous heart! masther, honey! Sure, I know he's taken every care of, an' that I haven't the manes o' makin' him half as comfortable; but sure, it's natural I should wish to have him on the spot wud me, not knowin' how long it may last, nor how it may ind."

"Indeed, Kitty, I can't consent to let him go," said Mr. Cunningham, as he walked to the window with his hands behind his back, a place they always took when his mind was exercised. "Of course," he continued, "its quite natural you should wish to have him with yourself; but I know it's better for both you and him that he should stay where he is.

"Molly," and he suddenly turned from the window, "go and ask the mistress if she'll please to come here." The girl immediately went on her errand, and in a few minutes the good lady made her appearance, wishing her humble visitor a cheerful good-morning, and playfully inquiring what she and the master were quarreling about.

"Why, my dear," said the latter, "she wants to take Pat away."

"What's that for?" inquired Mrs. Cunningham, in a more serious tone, as she looked from her husband to Mrs. Murphy.

"Well, ma'am," said the poor woman with trembling earnestness, "sure I know there's enough to do here this busy saison, 'ithout havin' the sick to wait on; an' I've nothin' particklar to do at home, so I think it's my juty to 'tind him."

Mrs. Cunningham did not seem to reply to this, but rather soliloquized, with her eyes fixed on the plump dimpled hands that were folded over her apron.

"I don't think he's fit to be moved," she said; "he's rather worse to-day, and I fear the change won't serve him: I don't think the doctor's horse will like mounting that hill either, Kitty;" and she lifted a soft, persuasive glance to the boy's mother. "You *know* he's not in our way, and you *know* we're doing everything for him that can be done—more than you could do. As to the little trouble he gives, you *know I* don't regard it, and I'm sure the girls don't—you can ask them, there's Stacey, if she says he's too troublesome, I'll be willing to let him go."

This promise was made confidently, as if she

fully reckoned upon the hearty support of the good-natured girl. What, then, was her surprise to hear her appeal answered—slowly and hesitatingly, but decidedly—against her.

"To be sure, ma'am," said Stacey, without raising her eyes from the losset in which she was kneading a quantity of dough, "I'd be sorry to find myself begrudgin' the throuble o' waitin' on the sick if it was an inemy let alone a neighbor's child; but, as Mrs. Murphy says, it's a busy saison, an' wud all the harvest-hands to cook for besides our regular work—"

"But, haven't you additional help?" interposed Mr. Cunningham.

"O yis, sir, Mrs. Byrne's here every day; but still, as Mrs. Murphy says, it's a busy saison."

An angry rejoinder was on the lips of her astonished master, but he was prevented by his wife, who, touching his arm, and saying she wanted to speak to him, left the kitchen.

"Philip," said she, closing the door of the parlor, into which they had entered, "there's more in all this than appears on the surface. You may depend there's some religious scruple at the bottom of it; for I'm sure that no amount of labor a busy season could involve, would make Stacey willing to forego her duty to the sick. You know, to visit and re-

lieve the sick is, according to their belief, one of the 'corporal works of mercy' by which they earn great reward to their own souls; and there's not a devotee among them more self-sacrificing in its observance than our Stacey, independent of her inherent good-nature. How often have I known her, after a hard day's work, instead of going to her bed, to go and sit up all night with a sick neighbor, and in the morning to return to her post as cheerfully as if she had had her natural rest. So, I feel sure, it's something more than the 'busy saison' that's making her consent to the boy's removal."

"Indeed, my dear, I believe you're right," said Mr. Cunningham—the good man always believed so. "I couldn't imagine what had come over Stacey; but, I suppose, as you say, there's something about religion at the bottom of it; so, we had better let Pat go."

"Yes, I am very sorry, but it can't be helped, we have done our duty, and are willing to do all in our power for him; but if his parents prefer taking him home, they have a right to do so—he belongs to them, not to us."

"Certainly, my dear," said Mr. Cunningham, "of course the control is theirs. Well, I suppose I had better go out and see about sending him away

comfortably;" and presently he might be seen bustling about the farm-yard, ordering and inspecting the arrangement of the vehicle that was to carry the sick boy.

In the mean time, Mrs. Cunningham had repaired to Pat's room, where his mother was now seated. She mentioned to the latter that the master was about having a car prepared for the lad's removal, and expressed a kindly hope that he might not be jolted in going up "that rough hill-road; and who knows," she said, with an encouraging smile, as she met the sad, troubled look of his pale young face—"who knows, Pat, what your native breezes up there may do for you? I am one of those who believe that, in the hands of a wise Providence, everything happens for the best. I'm sorry to see you go away—very sorry; but it's natural that your mother should like to have you with herself, and it's not for me to oppose it; but you'll not be far from us, you know, and the children shall go see you, and everything shall be done for you just the same as if you were here. And may God bless you, Pat, and take care of you, and draw your heart more closely to Himself, and raise you up out of this sickness renewed in mind and spirit, and determined to devote the remainder of your life to his service."

"Amin!" was the hearty response of both mother and son, the former adding with tearful fervor, "an' may God bless yourself, misthress, darlint, an' keep sickness an' sorra forever from your door."

Pat was carefully wrapped in the bed-clothes, and carried down stairs by his father, who had just returned from the priest's house, where he had been telling his son's case, and had received orders to lose no time in having him removed from the influence of heresy. It was evident that the lad was not leaving his master's house without reluctance; for, the long lingering look with which he clung to it as he was borne out, and the sigh of forced submission with which he closed his eyes when finally laid in the car, plainly told that he understood the real cause of his removal, and deeply mourned the privileges from the enjoyment of which he was being torn. Nor were Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham alone in the opinion that the change would not be beneficial to the invalid; for grave looks were exchanged between those who surrounded him at his departure, and the farewells and good-wishes that followed him were uttered with constrained cheerfulness.

Murphy and his wife did all that in them lay towards the comfort of their afflicted child. They laid him in their own bed, saying that they

wouldn't "want it at all at all, while he was at home, for one or other of them should sit up wud him, and whichever of them wanted to sleep could lie down by little Kitty;" while every assistance that their humble neighbors could afford was gladly proffered. Yet Pat did not improve. His native breezes played round him in vain, and in vain did the kind-hearted doctor urge his unwilling old gray up the "rough hill-road." His strength gradually diminished, and his flesh shrunk away, until the once full-toned voice was reduced to a whisper, and the plump and ruddy cheeks became hollow and wan.

The priest visited him immediately upon his arrival at home, and examined him upon the articles of his faith; but the boy was too feeble and low-spirited to give detailed replies; he merely expressed his assent to the leading doctrines of the Church, and modestly solicited the prayers of the faithful in his behalf.

His reverence, who had apprehended some signs of apostasy, was much pleased with the result of his visit; he nevertheless enjoined upon the parents the necessity of caution with regard to the associations that they permitted to surround the invalid.

Murphy and his wife were now perfectly satisfied. Their darling child was safe within the pale

of the true Church, and they sincerely congratulated themselves and him upon his fortunate escape from the heretical snare that had been laid for him. Yet could not Pat believe that his soul had been in peril, nor that Denis, whom they regarded as the enemy of his salvation, had ever given him any instruction that a good Catholic should not receive; and though he fondly loved his mother and little sister, and was delighted to have them about him, still he could not but miss his intelligent young workmate, and that book, so plainly to be understood, yet so exalting in its influence, for which his father's cabin contained no substitute. Often did he try to recall those passages that he had heard his friend read—sometimes lying for hours together, with closed eyes, endeavoring to exercise his enfeebled memory upon the lessons he had received in those happy evening hours, when no thoughts of sickness or death, gave a deeper color to their importance.

One day as he lay thus, while his mother sat alone at his bedside, plying her indefatigable knitting-needles, she felt a strong curiosity to know upon what his mind was occupied. So, leaning over him, she softly whispered:

"Pat, avourneen"—he opened his eyes—"what do you be thinkin' so much about, darlint?"

The boy sighed, and fixed his languid gaze upon his mother, as he replied:

"I do be thinkin', mother, if the Almighty was to call me, is my poor sowl in a fit state to lave the world? an' I do be thryin' to remimber some o' the good book that Dinny Martin used to read to me. Sure, there's not the likes of it anywhere. If you knew how it used to comfort me, an' tache me, an' dhrag my heart out to God. O, mother, it's a blessed book, no matther who says agin it!"

"Well, but Pat, jewel, isn't it a Protestant book? and doesn't it spake agin the Catholics?"

"No, mother, there's not a word in it about Protestants nor Catholics aither; but it's full o' the love an' mercy o' God to the wicked world.

"It tells all about our blessed Redeemer whin he was on airth—his poverty, an' sorras, an' persecutions—an' it gives an account of all the good he used to do, an' the sarmons he used to prache, an' the meracles he used to work; his whole life is in it, from the time his virgin mother nursed him in the manger, till she stood weepin' by the cross that he was dyin' on—an' what harm can there be in readin' that?"

"Why, none, alanna—that's beautiful."

"An' thin, mother, it tells how the apostles got on afther our Lord died an' wint up to heaven—how

the' wint about prachin', an' how the people were convertid, an' the little Church grew up into thousands. An' thin it tells o' the cruel persecutions that the holy saints met wud from the unbelievin' Jews, an' the haithen; an' yit how the' increased in numbers, for God was wud thim—an' sure it can't be wrong to read that."

"No, darlint, *that* can't be wrong; but what more is there in it?"

"Well, mother, there's letthers in it—beautiful letthers, that the saints used to write to the people that was scatthered about—layin' down rules, and givin' directions for good livin'. Some o' thim was wrote by *St. Pether* himself, the great head o' the Church, you know, an' sure there can't be anything bad in thim?"

"No, avourneen, no; St. Pether never wrote anything bad."

"Well, mother, that was Denis Martin's book, that yiz all found so much fault wud; an' that yiz fetched me home from the masther's on account of."

"Indeed, alanna," said his mother, soothingly, "it was for the best we fetched you home, that you might have the consolations o' your Church. You know you couldn't have the priest at the masther's."

"Why, mother!"—and the boy's countenance assumed a reproachful expression—"do you think

the masther'd deny any one the binifit o' their clargy? Far from it; he towld me himself, whin I wanted the priest, I had only to mintion it. God bless both him and the misthress. I wondher yourself an' my father don't know thim betther."

"We do, Pat, honey—we do; but the thruth is, we didn't know what that Protestant boy might be puttin' into yer head."

"He put nothin' in my head but what was good, mother; there's nothin' else in his own head; an' there's nothin' in his books nor his life aither, that the best Catholic could find fault wud. It'd be well for me," added the boy, in a dejected tone, "that I had as much grace an' piety in my heart to go before God wud."

"You have—you have, avourneen;" and the good woman laid her knitting in her lap, and, leaning fondly over her boy, pressed his cold hands in hers, as she tenderly pleaded—"but yer sick and wake, my jewel, and not fit to be thinkin' too much. Maybe it'd be betther if you'd thrust intirely to the priest, and do jist what he bids you; and St. Pether, that has power to bind an' loose on airth, 'ill relase you from all yer sins, an' open the gate o' heaven to your sowl."

Pat said no more, nor did he ever again mention the subject. Those whom he loved best in the

world could not sympathize with him. They gave him all the spiritual assistance in their power, when, night after night, they surrounded his bed, and piously repeated the "Litany to the Virgin Mary."

Several days had now passed since the doctor's horse had stood at Murphy's door. The worthy physician did not like to tell the afflicted parents that he could do no more for their child, but quietly withdrew from the scene where his skill was no longer of any avail. Still every art that affection could devise to soothe and comfort the sick was resorted to. Messengers were constantly arriving from the farm, to make inquiries, and to convey little delicacies from Mrs. Cunningham's hands; while the farmer himself might be sometimes seen, with his hands behind his back, ascending the rocky road, and entering the lowly abode of his dying servant; and, however weary and faint the invalid might be, or unable to notice other visitors, his grateful eyes would open and his lips essay to move at the appearance of his worthy master or the children.

Even at the last, when the gleams of life were flickering in the human socket, and memory was relaxing her hold of earthly associations, upon his mother whispering that "the misthress" was come, the heavy lids unclosed, and a faint smile brightened

his wan features. Mrs. Cunningham took the seat that was vacated for her at the bed's head, and, as she grasped the clammy hand of him whom her kindness could no longer serve, while his dim and filmy eyes sought hers, the picture of the handsome boy, as she had often seen him amongst her flower-beds, rose up before her, and the tears, which she had struggled to repress, would be no longer controlled.

But Mrs. Cunningham's errand was to afford consolation, not to promote grief by herself yielding to it. She, therefore, exerted herself to subdue her feelings; and, with as much calmness as she could command, addressed the dying youth. Her voice was low, and soft, and gentle; and her words, though few, were tender and full of Christian comfort:

"You're only going a little before us, Pat," she murmured; "we'll all come by-and-by, and may we be as well prepared as you are when our time comes."

"God grant it," responded Murphy, who sat in the chimney-corner, his elbows resting on his knees, and his face buried in his hands.

"Amin," sobbed the bleeding-hearted mother, who had sunk on her knees at the bedside, and, with hands clasped, and eyes intently fixed on her depart-

ing child, exhibited alone by the anguished expression of her features, the bitter sorrow she was enduring.

The boy's glance was feebly turned upon his parents, and then towards Mrs. Cunningham. The kind lady understood the mute appeal, and immediately her soft hand was laid upon the arm of the stricken woman at her side, as, in her sweetest tones, she said:

"Kitty, God is about taking Pat home to himself; can't we give him up? It may seem hard that he should be called away thus early; but who can tell how many cares and sorrows he is escaping, perhaps sins. I know he is a good boy, naturally; but who can say what temptations might beset him, or how his pliant heart might yield to them? Many have fallen into vice, and even crime, who in their youth were as innocent as he is."

"Thrue for you, ma'am," said the father, raising his head; "thrue for you. That's the very word Father Murphy said yistherda'—that he'd never be in a fitther state to die nor he is at the present time. But still," he added, looking tenderly at his wife, "it's a hard thrial to see him go, an' his mother's heart was wrapped up in him."

"He had a hold on all our hearts," replied the lady; "but there is *One* who loves him better than

any earthly friend can do—One who died that he might live. Into His hands, then, let us commit him, humbly trusting in His blood for the salvation and eternal happiness of his soul."

The priest now entered, and Mrs. Cunningham rose to go, not, however, without having exchanged a polite greeting with his reverence. One moment she bent over the lad to take her last leave of him; but she uttered no word, for the pent-up tears gushed forth, and her voice became choked. But she breathed a silent prayer for his safe passage through the cold waters he was entering; and, releasing the wasted hand which she had held, passed her handkerchief to her eyes, and turned hastily away. The last rites of his Church were duly administered to the almost unconscious youth, and, in a few hours after, the brief story of his earthly course was ended.

CHAPTER IX.

It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting: for that is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to his heart.—*Eccl.* 7 : 2.

This is my comfort in my affliction: for thy word hath quickened me.—*Psalm* 119 : 50.

The death of an humble peasant is seldom an event of much importance anywhere; but the family of the Murphys was somewhat respected in Friarsford. They were "daicent people," and "come of an owld stock;" so, when the news of their "throuble" was circulated through the neighborhood, sympathy in all its forms was cordially tentered to the distressed survivors; while the beautiful dead received all the attention which willing hands and warm hearts could bestow.

A basket of pure linen sheets, accompanied by a bunch of choice flowers, arrived from Mrs. Cunningham. With the former, the bed of death was tastily draped; and the latter were strewed over the cover-

let, beneath which the lovely clay, attired in earth's last habiliments, reposed. A cross was laid on the unconscious breast, and, above the head, as if stepping forth from the folds of the snowy linen, and looking down on the fixed features in their marble beauty, stood a small ebony crucifix.

In life that young face had been eminently handsome; but now, who shall attempt to portray the classic perfection of its rigid outlines? For, though the play of animation was no longer there, nor the light that had beamed through the windows of the soul, yet the tranquil dignity of death had settled over the fitful waves of time, and it presented not merely a fair specimen of human beauty, but the noble tenement whence had just departed a son of God, a prince of glory, and in inheritor of "life everlasting."

Night having approached, a table was placed by the bed, covered with a snowy cloth, on which five candles were lighted; and then the raving mother, who had been detained by kind force in the outer room while these arrangements were going forward, was permitted to reënter the chamber of death. The violence of the poor woman's grief, when she caught the first glance of her lost treasure, was alarming to look upon. Shriek after shriek echoed through the cabin, while her frantic gestures and incoherent

ejaculations of despair filled every eye with tears, and every heart with pity. Two or three of the women attempted to restrain her in the wildness of her sorrow; but Mrs. Byrne, who had been in attendance almost all day, and a great part of the previous night, forbade the movement.

"Let the crather alone!" she exclaimed, drawing aside those who surrounded the mourner; "let her cry as much as she likes. Look at all the time she kep in the big throuble, while her heart was burstin', for fear o' disturbin' his last hours. Now he's beyant the raich of her voice, or the sight of her disthress; let her cry, let her cry and aise her misery."

This touching appeal was warmly coincided with, and the bereaved mother was suffered to indulge her grief without further interruption. A short time, and the wild torrent of pent-up sorrow became exhausted; the loud and hysterical wail gradually subsided; and the poor woman's eyes turning towards the bed, she became instantly mute as she, for the first time, fully realized the grand and solemn presence she was in.

"What a beautiful sight," observed Mrs. Byrne, who hovered by her side, watching for an opportunity of engaging her attention; "an' sure the pains o' purgatory never passed over the sowl that left such a face as that behind it. If we could see the

place our darlint's gone to," she continued, "we wouldn't wish him back agin for a hundherd worlds like this. Kitty, agra," and she softly addressed Mrs. Murphy, "did you ever hear a description o' the place that the sowls o' the young an' innocent goes to?" Without requiring a reply, yet satisfied that she was listened to, she went on: "Sure, if we only knew the half of it—the brightness, an' the splendher, an' the glory o' the world the' enther upon—it's thankin' God we'd be for every one that died airly 'ithout havin' committed mortal sin. It's a blessed change that passes over thim, from this mane, grovelin' life, an' the pollutin' company o' Satan's frinds, to a home in God's own paradise, an' the society o' the holy saints an' angels."

Mrs. Murphy's attention was now quite attracted; for, with her eyes resting on the floor and her hands clasped on her knees, she gently rocked herself to and fro, while her ears greedily swallowed every word her friend uttered. Mrs. Byrne saw her advantage, and went on:

"What a dazzlin' sight it must be, to be sure, to thim that's gone sthrait from this dark an' unclane world! There the sthreets is paved wud pure goold, an' the walls is built wud precious stones. The gates is made o' solid pearls—twelve o' thim, an' an angel at every gate. An' thin the brightness

that shines all over it; the' want no sun or moon there, for the 'fulgence o' God's own glory lights it, an' everything glistens and glames there like polished glass. The throne the Almighty sits on is there, wrapped round wud a sparklin' rainbow, an' the happy sperets that's escaped out o' this poor world, stan' round it, clothed in white robes—whiter nor any snow—an' palms in their hands. Then God wipes away all tears from their eyes; an' death, an' sorra', an' cryin', an' pain are forever passed away; an' the' have harps in their hands, an' the' sing day an' night: 'Blessin', an' honor, an' glory, an' power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, an' unto the Lamb.' An' O, the best of it is, 'They shall see his face,' an' 'shall reign forever an' ever.'"

"Where did you larn all that?" inquired Mrs. Murphy, in a tone of intense interest.

"Th' owld man has a book at home," said Mrs. Byrne, "that tells all about it—more nor I can remimber, though I know enough of it to comfort the afflicted. I never heerd it myself until sorra' threw her pison over my heart's pace, an' a mountain-load o' throuble crushed me to the ground. You know whin I mane!" And the speaker's voice trembled as she continued: "Our eldest son Tom, that was an industhris, well-behaved boy, marrid an' wint to America. We were loth to part wud him,

but we knew he could do betther there nor here; so, we gave him our blessin', an' let him go. Then Phil, that was a wild crather, an' often gave me unaisiness, 'listed in a frolic, an' was sint off to foreign parts. Still, I had my darlin' Jimmy, the best an' jutifullest child that ever a mother delighted in. He'd 'never lave us,' he said, 'it was the laist we might have one son to work for us in our owld days.'" Here the poor woman's apron found its way to her face, and the listeners, several of whom had gathered round, exchanged glances of commiseration.

"Ay, indeed!" she resumed, "he was a boy to be proud of, not that I'd say it myself, but yiz all remimber Jimmy Byrne; he had the good will of every one in the counthry, an' no one ever blamed me that my very life was centhered in him." Again the apron came in contact with the narrator's face, and this time the bent figure shook, as though a convulsion were riving it. In a few minutes, however, the agitation was subdued, and she again proceeded:

"I needn't partic'larize my misfortune—yiz all remimber it. Indeed, I don't b'lieve I ever heerd the full partic'lars myself—the' used to tell me, but I couldn't listen. I only know that he left me in the mornin', bright an' hearty, an' was carried home

to me in a few hours, a stained an' disfigured corpse. I don't know what I said or done in my disthraction and madness. I charged every one wud his death, though it was a pure accident, an' three men an' a 'prentice boy was nearly kilt along wud him. The' didn't know what to do wud me. I was in such a state until the priest came—God be wud Father Crotty."

"Amin!" was responded around.

"He begun to explain to me how the scaffoldin fell; but I wouldn't hear him. Thin he took howld o' my hand, an' raisoned wud me about the sin o' flyin' in the face o' Providence. He said how that sudden death was sudden glory to such as is prepared for it—an' if ever any one loved God, an' sthrove to plaze him, it was my precious gorsoon. Then, Kitty, I saw *that book* for the first time. The priest had it in his pocket, an' he took it out an' read me—an' held my hand while he read it—a description o' the place my blessed child was gone to. The Lord presarve every one's sinses in sudden an' heavy throuble! but, if it wasn't for Father Crotty an' *that book*, I think I must ha' lost mine. The owld man wouldn't be 'ithout it afther, an' we found it a good frind iver since; for it has comfort, an' advice, an' insthruction, for all times and cirkim stances.

"Whin we came back to our lonesome cabin, afther layin' our lost darlint in the grave, it seemed as if the light of the world was extinguished from before our eyes. A dhreadful feelin' o' despair like, came over me as we crossed the threshold, an' I knew the owld man felt it, too, though he thried to consale it.

"'Come, Peggy, jewel,' siz he, puttin' me down upon a chair, 'we're as well off now as we were the day I brought you here, a young an' bloomin' bride; we had only *aich other* thin, acushla,' siz he, 'an', thanks be to God, we have *aich other* yit.' That's tin years ago come holentide, an' naither of us ever repined since; but we sthrive to keep our thoughts on that counthry that the good book tells us about, where thim we lost in this world is enjoyin' the light o' God's glory, an' where, wud the Saviour's help, we'll be agin united, to part no more forever."

Mrs. Murphy, who, during her friend's recital, had felt the poignancy of her grief gradually diminish, was now sufficiently composed to recognize Mr. Cunningham's voice, who had just entered the outer room, and to rise to meet him as he stepped into the chamber where the early dead reposed.

"This is well, Kitty," said the good man, pleased to see the bereaved mother so calm—"this is well. We can follow him, you know."

"Yis, sir, that's just what Peggy Byrne was tellin' me, God bless her; she knows how to pour balm upon a sore heart."

"She does, she does," said the farmer, looking kindly at the wife of the old gardener; and, feeling that he could offer no consolation that had not already been tenderly administered, he seated himself by the bed, and silently regarded the lovely image displayed there.

The little cabin was now fast filling with the humble neighbors who were coming to share the vigils of the mourners, and by their presence to comfort and enliven the house of sorrow; and the conversation, which had been carried on in whispers, and confined to the subject which brought them together, was lifted to a higher key, and other topics were discussed, though still of a grave and quiet nature. Mr. Gallagher, the schoolmaster, enlightened the company upon the manner in which nations differed respecting their treatment of the dead; dilating with some warmth upon the superiority of his own country's usages in the observance of that solemn duty.

"I don't know, sir," he said, politely addressing Mr. Cunningham, "whether I am not expressing sentiments at variance with yours. I know there are those who, as well as following the religion of

England, follow also her manners and customs, even adopting her opinions and prejudices."

"Indeed, Mr. Gallagher," replied the farmer, "I am not one of those, for there is no nation on earth whose customs I prefer to those of my own; but, with regard to the present subject under consideration, there is nothing you have said that I don't fully coincide with."

"I am glad to hear it, sir," said the schoolmaster, "and I am only surprised that any sensible man should think differently."

"It is more a matter of feeling than of sense," observed Mr. Cunningham; "it surely must be feeling, and the best and holiest of feeling, that keeps warm and loving hearts watching beside the cold bodies of their lost friends, lest a spark of vitality might be remaining in them; and I think the fashion prevalent in England, of shutting up the scarcely-cool form, immediately that the semblance of life has disappeared, and leaving them either quite alone, or to the drowsy care of uninterested hirelings, betrays a want of feeling that humanity should be ashamed of."

"Indeed, sir, that's true!" exclaimed Mr. Gallagher; "for, if the cases of trance were so few that there did not occur more than *one* in ten thousand deaths, yet surely it would be worth while to re-

cover that *one*. And what is more likely to act as a restorative to the frail and languid spirit tottering back again from the region of darkness, than to find itself in an atmosphere of light and love, surrounded by the familiar faces of friends and kin? How different must be the effect upon the feeble soul awakening to partial consciousness in a dim and lonely chamber, with neither word nor glance of love to welcome it back to life?"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Cunningham, "different indeed!" and, after a moment's pause, he added, "You would not have far to go for a case in point, Mr. Gallagher. I believe the Shannon family could furnish one."

Several of the listeners mentioned that they had "heerd something about that," and, upon a general desire being expressed to learn the particulars, Mr. Cunningham related the following event:

"It happened long ago, when the old marquis and marchioness were alive, and the present marquis and Lord William were young men.

"The family consisted of six gentlemen and one lady, and that one, the sweetest and loveliest girl that ever the sun looked down upon. She was so dear, so inexpressibly precious, to both her parents and brothers, that the whole world contained nothing else that was valuable when compared with her.

But above all, she was idolized by Lord William, probably because they were next each other in age, and peculiarly alike in dispositions. The first words his lordship ever uttered were 'pitty sissy,' and, from that hour until he fell fainting in the church-yard, upon seeing the heavy vault-gate swing to, inclosing her precious relics within it, his strong and beautiful affection for her neither varied nor diminished.

"It was winter, and the family were all in Dublin, when Lady Mary was seized with her last illness. Her disease was not of a serious nature, so that no fatal result was apprehended; nevertheless, to the unspeakable agony and amazement of all, the wheels of her young life stood still.

"The present marquis, who was then Earl Shannon, had lately married an English lady of distinguished rank, by whose influence several new fashions had been adopted in the family; and now, in accordance with a suggestion from the same quarter, it was decided, that nothing so vulgar as a 'wake' should be held around the honored body of Lady Mary. The object of so much affection was, therefore, laid in lonely state in a gloomy chamber, with no company but one attendant, who was to be relieved at stated intervals, while the distracted relatives were forced away to break their hearts in private."

Here arose several exclamations of "cruel," "inhuman," "unnatural," etc., in which the schoolmaster fully acquiesced, warmly declaring that such a custom ought to be put down by law. Quiet being restored, the narration was again resumed.

"One half of the night had worn slowly away, and the old woman who, wrapped in a thick shawl, had been nodding and dozing in the large and silent apartment, having just trimmed the candles, and settled herself again in her chair, was suddenly startled by a long-drawn sigh, accompanied by a faintly-uttered 'Oh, dear!' She cast a frightened glance toward the bed, when, lo! the lady, whom she had supposed to be fast bound in the sleep of death, was raised on her elbow, and her eyes open and glistening. Seized with superstitious terror, the ignorant attendant, with a piercing cry, rushed from the room. The noise she made in her flight alarmed the quiet household. Several hastened to inquire the cause of the disturbance, and ere many minutes had elapsed, the family and domestics were all crowded in speechless horror and anguish around the beautiful dead—dead now in reality—her fair hand thrown out as if with an impulse to stay her retreating attendant, and her face pressed against the pillow where it had fallen.

"A neighboring physician, who, in the first

alarm, had been hastily summoned, was soon in attendance, and then rapid orders were issued for calling in another, and another, and another, until the heads of the faculty were all assembled. But their united efforts were of no avail: the gentle spirit had been ruthlessly driven back on its timid return, and it was now gone forever.

"The shock, which this terrible event occasioned to every member of the family, was long and severe in its effects. A stroke of paralysis prostrated the marquis, which was succeeded by others, and in less than three months the best head that ever ruled a house was laid low. Meanwhile, the Countess Shannon, who reproached herself for her unhappy interference, was seized with a nervous fever from which she with difficulty recovered. How much Lord William suffered no one ever knew; for, in pity to his afflicted mother, he concealed the poignancy of his grief: but he has been a strong advocate for *native customs* ever since, and while he lives no English fashion will ever gain access to Shannon Park."

At the conclusion of this deeply affecting relation, the feelings of the audience upon the subject were openly and heartily expressed, and a friendly discussion ensued respecting the origin of the ceremonies observed in many parts of the country in

the performance of the last sad duty for departed friends.

The "keen," or "cry," Mr. Gallagher supposed to be one of the remains of heathen barbarism, in which the country had been enveloped before the appearance of St. Patrick, but with this opinion Mr. Cunningham did not agree.

"I find," said he, "that the same custom is prevalent in the East, and has been from time immemorial, according to the unchanging character of oriental usages. It was also practiced by the Jews; for we find allusion made to it in several parts of the Old Testament; and there is reason to believe that their wakes were conducted upon much the same principle as ours are, for we hear of the neighbors assembling in the house of mourning to wail the dead and sympathize with the survivors. They had also music and feasting; and even the drinking, which is such a reproach to our people for being practiced at such a solemn time, most probably had its origin in the cup of consolation that was usual on these occasions."

It was now found that the night was far advanced, and several neighbors having entered, who had come to keep the morning watch, Mr. Cunningham proposed that those who had remained thus far should leave, which would prevent the cabin

from being crowded, and give them an opportunity of getting a little rest before the morning should call them to labor.

"The few hours that we have been together," he said, "have not been unpleasantly nor unprofitably spent. We have neither disputed nor contended on any subject; and, as we agree in so much, is there any reason that we should not unite in asking God's blessing before we separate? Fellowship in prayer was recommended by our loving Redeemer when on earth, with a promise of his personal presence whenever it was practiced; and if we now join to offer up a few petitions in his name, he will surely be amongst us."

The proposal was received with perfect silence—some fixing their eyes upon the ground, while others glanced at Mr. Gallagher, as if expecting the reply to come from him; but the pedagogue leaned back in his chair, with his hands clasped before him, and his chin resting on his chest, as if patiently awaiting the sequel.

After a short pause, Mr. Cunningham, seeing there was no opposition, asked Murphy for his prayer-book, when a worn and thumb-soiled manual was produced, which, taking in his hands, he turned the leaves, as if familiar with its contents, and, having found what he sought, handed it to the school-

master, requesting that he would read while they all knelt.

Mr. Gallagher received the book, compiled by his own Church, from the hands of his Protestant neighbor, with graceful gravity; and every knee was bowed, and every heart humbly raised, while one of the oldest prayers in the Roman ritual was slowly and solemnly addressed to the Triune God. It was not likely that the serious influences, under which the good farmer left his simple-hearted neighbors, would soon pass away; for, when the constraint of his presence was no longer felt, the conversation was still of a sober and innocent character—his own praise bearing no small part in it.

"To think of him kneelin' an' takin' part in a Catholic prayer," said one, who mentioned the fact as the highest style of commendation.

"Many a time he knelt by my bed when I was sick, an' read the same prayer," said Protestant Byrne, and his wife raised her voice to express a wish that she had often before been heard to utter, viz.: that every Protestant in the country was like him.

Mr. Cunningham sent every one in his employment to the funeral of Pat Murphy, himself joining the procession on horseback, accompanied by his son.

The burying-ground of the Murphy family was contiguous to an ancient abbey, some five miles from Friarsford; and, in the silent shade of the ivy-decked ruin, where the sacred yew drooped her pensive boughs, and innumerable crowds of nature's choristers each day chanted the matin and vesper hymn, the remains of the handsome peasant boy were sadly and solemnly laid amongst the bones of his ancestors. It was a place for melancholy retrospect, as, pointing back to the obscure past, that dismantled ruin, and the hoary grave-stones by which it was surrounded, told of those who had been, and who had ceased to be, and a few of whom, only, had left even their names behind them.

And one there was who, as he moved amidst the time-worn and dilapidated monuments, and endeavored to trace their scarcely-legible records, wondered where *his* forefathers reposed, and what spot of earth contained their mouldering ashes, and yearned—oh! for the thousandth time—for the sweet and elevating consciousness of honest lineage, and legitimate birth. Nor, as he walked home by the side of Protestant Byrne, could the nameless orphan refrain from remarking, that it was well for those who knew the line from which they had descended, and could join an honorable kindred in the grave.

"It's betther," said the kind old man, who knew what the allusion meant, "a dale betther for them that belong to the family o' God, an' can join Abraham, an' Isaac, an' Jacob, before his throne in glory."

"Yes, O, yes! Mr. Byrne," replied the lad, "I know that's a higher privilege, and one that is attainable by the lowest and most insignificant—Lazarus, for example."

"Ay, indeed, asthore, poor Lazarus was low an' miserable enough when he was on airth; an' yit God's own frind wasn't ashamed to take him into his bosom; sure no one ought ever pine afther worldly friends or relations, that reads that account. O, thank God for his blessed book! Sure, as my ould woman says, 'it has comfort for every occasion.'"

"Does the priest approve of your reading the Bible, Mr. Byrne?" Denis ventured to inquire.

"Indeed, acushla, I never asked him," was the reply; "but, whatever he may think, he can't spake agin it, for it's the rail Douay I read."

"I know it is," said Denis, "but even that is not much encouraged—is it?"

"No, darlint, not as much as it desarves to be; but it was put into my hand in a time o' throuble an' sorra by as thrue a Christian as ever broke the

world's bread, an' I never seen the day since, that I'd give it up."

The worthy man had perceived that his young companion was depressed in spirits, and had endeavored, by a few words fitly spoken, to cheer and enliven him; but he had now got upon his favorite topic, and talked on from the love of his subject. Denis, therefore, heard how that Father Crotty, who had been for a few years parish priest of Friarsford, was a conscientious and devoted scripturist, making the Word of God the rule of his life and the basis of his faith. He preached it in public, taught it in private, and put it into the hands of all who were able and willing to read it.

Alas! that one so good, so amiable, and so pious, should incur the displeasure of his Church by presenting to his flock the volume that had been translated and published under her own implied authority. Yet such was the fact. In the midst of his usefulness, he was suddenly cited before his bishop, to answer to the awful charge of heresy; and, notwithstanding his defense was most simple and satisfactory, "the Protestant priest," as he had been nicknamed, was expelled from the parish, and Father Murphy appointed in his stead.

A complete revolution was now effected in the

parish, and Popery, in its most popish form, was uncompromisingly established.

Some, who had received the word of life from Father Crotty, left the new priest, rather than give it up, and read their recantations in the Episcopal Church; others forsook their homes, and emigrated to America, where they could keep their Bibles "an' welkim." The narrator did neither. He clung to his own Church, and to his own country, still keeping fast hold of the book that had made him a better, a wiser, and a happier man; and receiving no greater evil than the appellation of "Protestant Byrne."

CHAPTER X.

To do good, and to communicate, forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.—*Heb.* 13 : 16.

Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me.—*Jer.* 49 : 11.

As autumn advanced and the days shortened, the marl-pit, now doubly dear from its kindly associations, was obliged to be abandoned.

In the mean time, Tim Flanagan had possessed himself of a Douay Testament, and was making slow but steady progress in his acquaintance with its contents. Nor were there any to prohibit his so doing; for he had no relations in the country, but an aged grandmother and orphan sister, neither of whom arrogated any control over him. His mind, like his person, was deficient of the brighter qualities, so that Denis had not found it, as in the case of Pat Murphy, a selfish gratification to instruct him; but there was so much desire in his dull, plodding perseverance, so much patient good-temper in

his zigzag clambering, that his lack of shining capacities was soon obviated, and quietly and unostentatiously he acquired knowledge, that many, with talents of a superior order, had never gained.

From his old companions he never estranged himself. Their raillery he had long been accustomed to; and now, that it was leveled against his "scholarship" or his "piety," he bore it as good-humoredly as ever; while they could not avoid perceiving, with astonishment, the increasing intelligence of one who, for eight years, had dwelt on the farm with no other character than that of "simple and harmless."

And the youth himself had an intuitive consciousness of the fact; and his uncouth figure became more erect, and his rough, red hair more smooth, as his mental culture advanced, and his faculties gradually developed.

Nor did the improvement in the hitherto ignorant and coarse lad fail to attract the observation of his kindly interested master, who reminded his wife, when drawing her attention to the subject, that there was nothing like a Scripture education after all, for uplifting the spirit, and renewing in fallen man the lost image of his Creator.

To Denis, nothing of the kind could have been more welcome, after the privation he had sustained

in the loss of his late dear and promising pupil, than the unfolding intellect that unexpectedly rendered his less attractive workmate more companionable. Not that the Foundling knew any lack of social intercourse, being, as it has before been seen, a frequent and welcome visitor at the pretty cottage of Widow Carroll, and a general favorite everywhere —besides enjoying the constant privilege of sharing the devotions of his master's family, and taking part in their Sabbath-evening conversations. Yet it was pleasant in the kitchen and the field, to have one genial spirit with whom to exchange occasional thoughts, and one inquiring mind to whom he could impart some of that light which his own superior advantages had plentifully supplied to him.

While the long days lasted, Denis's evening visits to Mrs. Carroll had been expended on her garden, in the improvement of which he seemed to take as much interest as Norah did; and felt personally flattered, as he sometimes drove his mistress past the cottage, to hear her remark, admiringly, "How luxuriant Norah's flowers look," or, "What a pretty garden that little girl is making;" though the good lady was well aware that the tastily-arranged plot, in front of the widow's dwelling, was not altogether the work of the widow's daughter.

As the evenings became short and chilly, how-

ever, and out-of-door employments were necessarily curtailed, the lad's appearance was not less heartily greeted by his humble friends; for he still made himself useful, as, seated beside the blazing turf, he assisted Norah in conning her daily lessons, or made his Sunday-school lore available in giving her suitable suggestions on the subject of her Sabbath studies; while Mrs. Carroll showed a lively interest in the young people's occupation, by cheerfully participating in it, often congratulating them on their superior privileges, and contrasting their religious advantages with what her own had been.

These frequent allusions to her early days awoke in Denis a curiosity to know the particulars of her past life. He had heard that she was Mr. Gallagher's sister, and he perceived that between her and the schoolmaster no intercourse subsisted; and, though it was well known that the cause of the disunity was to be attributed to the widow's having left the faith of her own family for that of her husband's, yet the details of his friend's eventful history were unknown to him; and when, sometimes in conversation, she slightly adverted to the past, our hero felt a rising wish to hear the whole chequered story.

In this he was to be gratified; for one evening as they sat together—Mrs. Carroll and her daughter engaged with needle-work, while Denis entertained

them with some of the leading circumstances of his own short experience—Norah suddenly observed—

"You are worse off than I am, Denis; for you have neither of your parents, while I have lost only my father."

"*Only* your father, Norah!" exclaimed her mother. "Was *he* so slight a loss to *you*, that was all the world to *me*?" and tears rushed to her eyes, and her voice choked with emotion.

Denis turned a look of gentle reproach on Norah, and expressed regret that so painful a subject should have been broached.

"No! no!" said the widow, wiping away her tears; "I am to blame. Norah doesn't know enough about her father. This foolish weakness, which often prevented my talking to her of him, has left her almost ignorant of her best friend and mine."

"Well, mother, dear, never mind it now," said Norah, affectionately pressing her lips to the soft, matronly cheek yet damp with tears.

"No, honey, I'll put it off no longer," said the mother, fondly returning her daughter's caress. "I feel equal to it now, and I don't mind Denis being by, if he cares to hear my unhappy story."

The boy hastened to assure her that if the recital would not be painful to her, it would be extremely

interesting to him. She, therefore, having again wiped her eyes, and schooled down her feelings, related the following touching narrative:

"I was reared in the snug farm on the hill, where my brother John lives now, and till I was above twenty years of age there was no lighter-hearted girl in the parish than Mary Gallagher.

"There wasn't a gathering in the country round but I was at; for I was very fond of riding, and my father had a beautiful gray mare that he let me have whenever I liked, and I managed her so well, and sat my saddle so prettily, that my brothers were quite proud of me, and delighted to take me about with them.

"Those were pleasant times, and little did we think that anything would ever come between us; for sure, more loving or indulgent brothers a giddy girl was never blessed with. Not that I was their only sister either, for there were two girls older than I; but one of them got married and left home quite young, and the other gave herself up entirely to religion, so that the boys had no one but myself to make a pet and companion of. They gave me everything I wished for, and took me everywhere I wanted to go to—especially John; for Terence was always so taken up with learning that he didn't often go out, except when there was some-

thing particular, and John was too busy on the farm.

"O! they were good, kind brothers until I turned them against me, and then they were not to blame, for they acted conscientiously; and if we never speak in this world, I hope we'll make it all up in heaven yet.

"Well, I was just twenty-three years of age, and had never known an hour's trouble in my life, when my brother John and I went as usual to the pattern of the holy well. It was delightful weather, and as my frisky little mare cantered along the crowded road, the whole country seemed to smile in blessings upon my manly brother and myself.

"The day was spent, as such days always are, in every manner of enjoyment. All our friends and acquaintances were there, and we went from one lively party to another, seeing, and hearing, and sharing in everything that was innocent and gay.

"At a proper hour in the evening, we were preparing to come home along with Mr. Rogan's family of the mill, and the O'Dowds of Kilrush, when it was found that James Rogan, that never was ready to leave a place of diversion as long as any fun remained, had gone over among the tents with two or three other young men; and, dreading he might get into trouble—for he had already drank as much as

was good for him—my brother and Larry Rogan set off to look for him.

"They had all drank enough through the day, but John was always so sensible and strong in himself, that it never entered into my head to distrust him, and Larry Rogan was another very steady young man. So, without a thought of anything going wrong, we stopped a fiddler that was passing, and made up a hornpipe on the sod, determined to enjoy ourselves until they came back.

"I don't know how long they were away, for we were so merry that we didn't feel the time fly; but I know it was after sunset, when we were startled from our amusement by a loud noise of singing and talking, and saw a group of men coming up, and two or three of them dressed in soldiers' clothes, with the colored ribbons in their hats, that showed them to be a recruiting party. I was astonished to hear John talking and laughing in a boisterous manner, and the two Rogans singing and shouting as they reeled along. But I nearly sank as the dreadful thought flashed upon my mind, that my dear brother had enlisted in his tipsy folly. It was the first time that anything like a shock had ever come upon me, and I didn't know how to bear it. So I wrung my hands and burst into a loud fit of crying. John ran to me, and put his hands round my neck, and

tried to comfort me; but he talked nothing but wild nonsense, and it only made me worse to hear him.

"There was a buzz of confusion all round, too; for both the young Rogans had enlisted, and their father, who was a very hot-tempered man, was storming at a tremendous rate, while the girls were crying, and the O'Dowds doing all they could to make peace.

"All at once the noise stopped, and I heard a calm, masterly-sounding voice, that every one seemed to pay attention to. Just then Ellen O'Dowd touched my arm:

"'Get up, Mary,' says she, 'here's the sergeant, and he says the boys may come home for to-night.'

"At the same time I heard John saying: 'This is my sister, sir, and she's crying because I'm going to serve the king.'

"I wiped my face and looked up; and, though it was quite dark, I plainly saw the tall, straight figure that stood before me. The sergeant bowed, and came a step or two nearer, as he said:

"'I hope, miss, you don't think I'm going to take your brother from you now, and leave you by yourself among all these people; the king wouldn't thank me for treating the daughter of one of his loyal subjects so.'

He then turned to John: 'You can see your

sister home, Mr. Gallagher,' says he, 'and I'll come over to your father's to-morrow morning, and talk about your enlistment.'

"John told him he was a gentleman, and the king was a gentleman, and he was ready with all his heart to fight for them both. 'And come to breakfast, sergeant,' says he, 'and, though we don't have many dainties, we can give you a new-laid egg, and a rasher, and bread and butter of my mother's own making, and as good a cup of tea as ever came from China.'

"He then invited the other soldiers, and went on inviting every one that stood round to breakfast at my father's the next morning, and shook hands with them all.

"By this time our horses were waiting, for some good-natured boys had brought them out for us, and the Rogans and O'Dowds were all ready; so the sergeant politely helped me to mount, and raised his hat as he wished me a pleasant ride home. He then shook hands with John, and with Mr. Rogan, and said he hoped to have the pleasure of seeing us all in the morning. I tried two or three times to thank him for his kindness, but somehow, between the trouble, and the surprise, and the fright, I couldn't open my lips, though Anne Rogan thanked him heartily for his indulgence to her brothers; so,

I tormented myself all the way home about what a stupid, ungrateful creature he must take me to be.

"The boys sung and laughed all along the road; and John—though I begged him not to tell my father and mother until morning, and he promised he wouldn't—the minute he got inside the house, shouted out that he was going to serve the king, and had only just come home to bid them good-by,

"I can hardly describe the night we spent.

"The poor fellow himself was nearly sobered when he saw the distress he had brought upon his parents, and cried heartily over his folly.

"My father was the only one who didn't cry; he seemed stunned and overpowered—for John was his uphold on the land. He sat for near an hour without stirring, with his face in his hands that were folded on the table; while my poor mother made all sorts of lamentations over her enticed boy.

"At last Terence persuaded us all to take a little rest, or we wouldn't be able to stir in the morning; so we went through the form of going to bed, though I believe there was more crying than sleeping on every pillow in our house that night.

"The sergeant kept his word next day; and, though he wasn't with us to breakfast, it was yet quite early when he and the corporal were seen coming. John and Terence went out to meet

them; and in a few minutes they were seated in the parlor, quietly talking to my father and the boys.

"My mother and Judith and myself sat crying in the kitchen until my father called us, and Terence came running out, and told us that the sergeant wasn't going to take John after all. We soon wiped our eyes, and went into the parlor. My poor mother didn't wait for an introduction, but shook hands with the two strangers, and bid them a kindly welcome; she then sat down beside my father, and asked to hear it all. It was soon explained; the sergeant, who was the very soul of justice, and honor, and everything right, never took a recruit when intoxicated; he always gave him twelve hours to come to himself, and at the end of that time, if he still wished to enter the army, he then enlisted him. So he was now come to see if John was still of the same mind he was of the night before. He said it was with the full consent of his commanding officer he acted so, and he found that though he did not, perhaps, gain so many recruits, yet they made the best soldiers who were not taken at disadvantage.

"He didn't stay long, for he had to go upon the same business to Mr. Rogan's; but my dear mother, who didn't know what to do to show her delight at

John's escape, insisted on his and the corporal's coming back to dinner; and my father warmly backing her invitation, they willingly consented.

"From that day the sergeant was a constant visitor at my father's, all the time his party remained in the neighborhood. He was quite a favorite with my mother, who said that he was the most mannerly and sensible young man she ever saw—and so she might, for he was everything that was good, and wise, and noble, and manly. O! sure the like of him never lived!"

The widow paused, for a crowd of recollections rose before her mental eye that obscured the present, and, covering her face with her hands, she gave herself up to the associations of the buried past, while Norah and Denis sat looking at the fire, their minds evidently busy with the same subject.

At length Mrs. Carroll looked up, and glancing at the little clock that ticked against the wall, perceived that Denis's usual hour for retiring had fully come. She, therefore, reminded him that it was time they should separate, promising to continue her story on his next visit. Accordingly, he lost no time on the following evening, but the moment supper was over in his master's kitchen, hastened to the widow's cottage, where he found Norah

watching for his arrival, as she, too, eagerly desired to hear her mother's tale.

Mrs. Carroll welcomed the Foundling with her customary greeting, and having, as usual, inquired after the health of "the family," took her seat near the fire, and, drawing her spinning-wheel towards her, resumed her narrative.

"Well," said she, "I told you how we got acquainted with Sergeant Carroll, and how he came to be a constant visitor at my father's, and a great favorite of my dear mother's, and, indeed, of every one's—except, perhaps, poor Judith's, and I'm sure she would have liked him, too, if it wasn't on my account; but she always seemed to see how the acquaintance would end, and, as he was a Protestant, she was greatly troubled about it. She had every opportunity for lecturing me, as we slept together; and many a tear she made me shed during the short season that my mind was harassed on the subject. I don't know how it was—for I'm sure there was nothing underhand in the sergeant's manner, and I didn't know how to hide anything—yet my father and mother never noticed our partiality: but Judith soon found that Terence suspected as she did, and then they both alarmed the rest of the family.

"It's not necessary to go through the particulars

of that unhappy time; it's enough to tell you that the troubles of my life had now begun: I had met the man that was worthy of my heart's best affections, and yet he did not belong to that Church in which only I had been taught to believe salvation was to be found.

"Of course none of the family would hear of our being married.

"It was my mother the sergeant first spoke to about it; but she, much as she liked him, shook her head, and said it could never be, and advised him to think no more of it. He then broke it to my father; but he stopped him short, and told him angrily, that he'd rather lay me in the grave, and place the damp sods over me with his own hands. The boys said the same, and Judith piously prayed that I might die rather than that my soul should be polluted with the dreadful curse of heresy.

"Well, the recruiting party left the neighborhood, and they all thought at home that I would forget Sergeant Carroll; and Larry Rogan—that was an old admirer of mine—got every encouragement to come to the house.

"However, I got a letter from the sergeant, saying that his regiment was under orders for England, and that he would get leave of absence and come to see me before he'd go. His letter was like him-

self, full of true affection and honorable feeling, and I felt that I could give up the whole world for him; for sure, the world had no one in it like him!

"Well, he came, and my heart nearly broke at the thought of never seeing him again; for he said that in all probability the regiment would be ordered off on foreign service.

"My father and all the family were very glad to hear that he was going away—thinking, I suppose, that it would be the last of him; but my attachment to him was not of so light a nature as they imagined: it was not merely a girlish fancy for a handsome man—though his goodly appearance often made my vain heart exult—but it was his great sense, his knowledge, and his manliness of character, that gave him a power over me that I knew no one else could ever possess, and that my acquaintance with his just and honorable spirit convinced me would always be exercised for my good. All this made it seem very hard to have to give him up; but when he told me, in a low, sad voice, how very dear I was to him—that the going away from me brought back to his mind the anguish he had suffered at the loss of his mother—my whole heart melted, and the tears poured from my eyes. He would not, he said, tempt me to anything that was

not right; but he did think that I was of an age to judge for myself, and, as my friends were satisfied with his character and respectability, and could find no fault with him except on the score of religion, he did not see that that was such a serious objection that my happiness and his need be sacrificed on account of it.

"There's no use in telling all that passed between us—though I remember it as well as if it was yesterday; but he convinced me that my duty to my parents didn't require me to give up my own preference altogether, in obedience to an unreasonable prejudice, that, after all, was more Judith's than theirs, and my own feelings readily seconded his arguments.

"There was a great fuss at home when it was found that I had made up my mind to choose for myself, and marry Sergeant Carroll. My father told me if I disposed of myself without his consent I should never cross his threshold again; and Judith and Terence both vowed that, the moment I was the wife of a Protestant, I was nothing more to them, and that they would never speak to me, either in love or anger, or take the least notice of me while they lived. John said that he would never forgive me, or speak to me either; but, as it was through his fault that I had got acquainted

with the sergeant, he could not entirely turn his back on me: so, if ever I wanted help or kindness, I needn't be afraid to apply to him. But my mother's sorrow was harder to bear than all their threatening. She thought of nothing but the pain of losing me, and my father's angry sentence that I should never enter the house again, drew floods of tears from her loving eyes.

"Well, we were married. The day seemed dark when I left my happy, comfortable home; but my precious and idolized companion was able to make a desert look cheerful, and the grief and anger I had left behind me were partly lost sight of in the delightful hopes that warmed my heart.

"It happened that Mr. McFarlane, the schoolmaster, was going to Dublin on some business, and as the sergeant was well acquainted with him, he asked him to let me go under his care. This the schoolmaster didn't like to do; for he thought, if he had any part in carrying me away, my family would never forgive him; but he said he would meet us in the city, and see us married, and bring a certificate home to my father; and I was very thankful that, though I did run away with a Protestant, I had a creditable witness to bring word home that I was respectably married.

"I found I was expected at the barrack, and a

nice room was ready for me; for the sergeant had not married without the knowledge and approbation of his superiors; and as he was generally esteemed in the regiment by both high and low, I was received on all sides with the utmost kindness and attention. Even some of the officers' wives came to see me, and showed the kindest interest in my welfare.

"I was only a few weeks married, when the regiment removed to England, and was stationed in the busy and wicked town of Manchester, where everything was so strange to me, and the dark, smoky place was so unlike what I was used to, that I now felt indeed that I was away from home; and my heart sunk at the thought that the salt water lay broad and deep between me and the sweet, fresh air that I had grown up in. But I was not suffered to get low-spirited; for I was tenderly watched and cheered, and even in gloomy Manchester my lot was a bright and happy one. Happy! Oh! how happy! for my beloved companion was better to me than I ever expected. Father, mother, brothers, sisters were all made up to me in him, and in his dear society I could have been happy anywhere.

"He never interfered with my religion. He had promised he would not, and he faithfully kept his

word; so, every Sunday I went to my own church, and he went to his. But I had not gone to confession for some time before I left home, and I began to wish to return to my duty as usual; so, after inquiring about the priest that belonged to the chapel I attended, and what hours he sat, I went one evening, and, with an humble hope in God's mercy and the clemency of the Church, told the story of my love and disobedience—for I had no other sins on my conscience—and begged the holy father to grant me absolution. But no such blessing was ready for me: I had committed a crime so heinous that his reverence could scarcely find words strong enough to describe it. It wasn't the displeasure I had given my parents that shocked him so much, nor my going from their house into the wide world with a stranger; but, worse still, I had been married in a Protestant church, and by a heretic minister. This was the offense that roused his pious horror, and brought a volley of angry abuse upon me. I knew I had transgressed, but I did not know that my fault was so enormous as he made it out to be; and, humbled and frightened, I covered my face with my hands, while I waited to hear the penance he would order me. But no penance was heavy enough to atone for my crime, unless I first 'gave up my wicked course'—those were his words. He

told me that I had never been married at all—that I was living in sin and shame—and that every night I was sleeping in the arms of the devil—those were his very words. I was frightened at his violent anger before; but now I was shocked and disgusted. I never heard anything so coarse and indecent before, and I couldn't stand it; so, before he had time to say any more, I sprung out of the confessional and hurried home.

"I never knelt at a priest's knee again. The next Sunday I took my noble husband's arm, and went where he went; and, from that day to this, his Church has been my Church, and his God my God.

"Before we left Manchester, I got to like the smoky place; for God sent me a beautiful boy there, and I felt so rich and happy that everything began to look bright.

"We changed from Manchester to Portsmouth, and there Norah was born."

"Was Norah born in England?" inquired Denis, in surprise.

"Yes," said the little girl, with a smile; "do you like me less for that?"

"No," he murmured; and, casting down his eyes with that peculiar air that always overshadowed him upon any reference to the subject, he mourn-

fully added, "I don't know where I was born myself."

"O, well," said Mrs. Carroll, "you know the old saying, 'a man is not a horse for being born in a stable,' and I know you are both good friends to old Ireland no matter where you drew your first breath. As for Norah, she remembers nothing about England, for she was only three months old when she left it; but I'm now come to the bitterest part of my story."

Her hearers resumed their attitude of attention, and she proceeded:

"Well, we lay for ten months in Portsmouth, and liked it very much. It was a nice place, and we all got excellent health there; but the long-talked-of rout came at last, and the regiment was ordered to the Cape of Good Hope. The change was not agreeable to every one, and there were plenty of tears and complaints among the soldiers' wives that were left at home; while many that were going fretted at parting with their friends and relations. But there was nothing to grieve or afflict me; and the bustle of embarking, and the little inconveniences of a ship-life, only seemed to me like amusing varieties.

"We had a very pleasant voyage; for we were blest with fine weather and favorable winds, and we

had no sickness on board of any consequence. The sea air agreed well with my little family; for we were all strong and hearty, and Johnny, my precious little son, was just beginning to talk and run about, and a lovelier or more engaging little creature never lived. He was the pet and play-thing of the whole ship's company, from the fine ladies in the cabin, to the rough sailors in the forecastle; and my poor heart was often puffed up with pride and vanity when I looked from him to his father, and saw no other man and child in the whole regiment like them—and they were both mine.

"It was just two months from the day we left England, when our good ship rode safely into Table Bay, and anchored outside of Cape Town.

"O, how happy I was that day! As I stood on the deck and looked around me, I thought I never saw so beautiful a picture. The sparkling, silvery water sporting on one side, and the clean, pretty town, with the sunny hills beyond it, on the other, and the bright, blue sky over all. Every one was in high spirits; and, full of hope and good humor, we went ashore, and settled ourselves contentedly in our new quarters.

"Well, we were perfectly comfortable and happy —we had everything we could wish or desire, and the children throve apace. My darling Johnny was

the admiration of every one that saw him, and the officers' ladies were always sending for him to their apartments, and loading him with pretty presents. He was just two years old, and had safely got through all the trouble of teething, and was getting so fat and strong that you would have taken the longest lease of his life, when suddenly the measles broke out in the barracks, and my idolized boy was among the first to catch it. Norah soon took it from him, and I had the affliction of seeing both my lambkins suffering at once. However, it pleased the Lord that Norah had only a slight attack, and she soon recovered; but my son, my pride, my hope, the image of his noble father, and the sunbeam of our humble home—he was too good for this world, and he was taken from it.

"I did my best to keep down my dreadful sorrow, because it pained my affectionate husband to see it; but it was no use—I couldn't. Everything reminded me of my loss, and I cried day and night until my eyes sunk in my head, and the flesh melted from my bones.

"I don't know what would have become of poor Norah, only for the good nature of the women of the regiment, for I wasn't able to attend to her or anything else; but they all felt for me, and helped to nurse her; and the ladies that had loved my little

angel used to come and talk to me, and try to rouse me—indeed, every one pitied me, and had patience with me. As for the sergeant, it was then I proved more than ever the depth of his manly affection in his tender and indulgent sympathy; and I was often ashamed to grieve his loving heart, and tried to keep up in his presence.

"One evening I determined to be very good, and busied myself to get his tea ready, and then went and took Norah from the corporal's wife, that used often to mind her, and came and sat down to wait for him. But he didn't come home as soon as I expected, and the baby fell asleep in my lap, and my head sunk over her, and my thoughts got busy, and in a few minutes the tears were falling as fast as ever. Just then my husband came in, and, with a heavy sigh, he sat down beside me.

"'And so you haven't forgiven the Lord yet,' he said, quietly, 'for retaking his own? O, my poor Mary! he might lay his hand more heavily upon you.'

"A strange dread came over me; but I wiped my eyes, and laid the baby in her cradle, and tried to be cheerful while I made the tea—for I saw by his manner that some fresh trial was in store for me, and I knew his affectionate heart was suffering on my account. Whatever it was, I determined to

bear it like a woman, and not add any more to his trouble; but when I heard it—though he told me in the most cautious manner, and glossed over the worst parts of it—all my good resolutions failed, and I fell into his arms terrified and distracted. And there was every reason for my distress; for my honored and adored husband was obliged to leave me on severe and dangerous duty, and there was no knowing how it might end.

The savage Hottentots had lately come down upon the settled country, and done a great deal of mischief. The Dutch Boors attempted to beat them back, but only provoked them to greater violence; and now the governor had ordered out a troop to put them down, and the company we belonged to was picked out.

"I struggled hard with my feelings, and did my best to keep up while the preparations were going on for the dreary, toilsome march. Even when my brave and noble husband took me in his arms for the last time, and kissed and blessed my baby and myself, and begged of me for her sake, for my own sake, and, more than all, for his sake, to try and keep hopeful and cheerful, I gulped down the choking pain, and wildly promised that I would.

"But, my gallant protector, my loving companion came back to me no more.

"A poisoned arrow struck his lordly temple, and—"

The speaker broke down. A great part of her narrative had been told with difficulty—with tearful eyes and trembling voice; but now she could get no further. The melancholy scenes in which her young affections had suffered, vividly appeared before her, and, sinking her face in her hands, the dreadful agony of her early bereavement again passed over her, rending and lacerating afresh her scarred and mutilated heart. Norah, also, was in tears, and Denis was almost as deeply affected.

For some time the little party remained thus, until the angel of peace again brushed his light wing over the bruised spirit of the widow, and once more closed the gaping wounds of the past.

"This is the reason," she faltered, lifting her head with a deep sigh, "this is the reason, children, that I always put off talking on this subject, because I can't control my feelings. But let me now finish.

"This last terrible misfortune broke my heart entirely; and I only wanted to come home, and ask my mother to take care of my little girl, and then lay my poor head down in the church-yard. But when I came, I found that my mother and father were both dead, and the boys married—John living in the old place, and Terence keeping school in the

village; and poor, mistaken Judith had taken her share and gone into a convent.

"I stopped at a lodging-house in the village until I'd hear how they'd act towards me at home; and I got a message from John to say that he would do anything at all to help me, and give me whatever I might want, but, that he could neither see me nor ask me to the house, unless I would return to the safety and protection of the Church, which he heard I had quitted.

"So, there was an end to my dying under the same roof I had been born under, for, of course, I wouldn't change my religion again; besides, I was recovering my mind enough to consider that Sergeant Carroll's child ought not to be reared a Catholic; and, instead of pining, and despairing, and dying, it was my duty to be praying to God to spare my life to bring her up in her father's Church. But, oh! how lonely I felt, without friends or relations to turn to, and how dark and cold the whole world appeared.

"However, our merciful God, who has promised to be 'the husband of the widow, and the father of the fatherless,' did not forget me in my double affliction. Lady William heard my story, and came to see me, and brought me to the Park, and settled me nicely in the house, and said I must stay there until

I quite recovered my health and spirits. And, indeed, it was astonishing how they all brought me round; for every one in the house, from the highest to the lowest, seemed to be trying who could be most good-natured both to me and to Norah. They never left me by myself; for I was either in the nursery or in the housekeeper's-room; or, sometimes her ladyship would have me in her dressing-room, where she would talk to me, and read for me, about the goodness and love of God; and how afflictions come from his hand; and if we humbled ourselves, and prayed for grace to bear them patiently, they would be turned to blessings.

"But I could go on talking about that angel lady and her happy house all night; and I'm keeping you too late, Denis. So, I'll just tell you that I stayed at Shannon Park until I was quite recovered from my gloomy despondency, and reconciled to my sad and lonely lot. Then I spoke to Lady William about doing something to support myself and my child; when, to my great surprise, she told me that his lordship intended to give me this cottage and field as soon as I'd be able to take care of them. And here I have been ever since, and God always gave me plenty." And she looked fondly at Norah as she added: "And, sure, I never can be thankful enough to Him for sparing my good child to me;

for, though I cannot forget her honored father, or speak of him with any kind of calmness, yet she and her sweet affection have refreshed my withered life, and, for her sake, the world looks fair again."

"I wish I was as good as I ought to be, my own dear mother!" said the young girl, laying her head lovingly on the widow's bosom, who, encircling her with her arms, pressed kiss upon kiss on her glowing lips.

Denis felt it was a scene he had no part in; and softly rising, with a whispered blessing upon its gentle inmates, he quietly left the cottage.

CHAPTER XI.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.—*Psalm* 42 : 11.

The winter passed tranquilly and happily over sweet, secluded Friarsford. The young people of the several Protestant families were receiving the instructions of their pastor, preparatory to the solemn ordinance of confirmation—the bishop of the diocese being expected to administer that rite the following Easter in the principal church of the county town. Mr. Cunningham's three eldest children and Denis Martin were among the first candidates; and Norah Carroll, after some trembling hesitation on her part, was also pronounced eligible.

It was a brilliant morning when the different vehicles of the Protestant community of Friarsford started forward with their young and blooming freights, who were about to be presented for admis-

sion into Christ's visible Church. Denis drove his master's car, and knelt beside his master's son, to receive the episcopal benediction; and little Norah went on a car of Lord William Shannon's—two of them having been appropriated to convey the children of his lordship's retainers.

All inauguration ceremonies are imposing spectacles; but none more so than that, when the young soul—personally ratifying the sacred vows, undertaken by proxy in infancy—is publicly invested with the solemn office of standard-bearer in the army of Immanuel; and pledged, by an affirmation of allegiance, to wage continued war with the three great enemies of the Cross—the world, the flesh, and the devil.

On the present occasion the solemn rite lacked none of its sublime importance. The venerable prelate, his hoary locks agreeing in their pure white with the snowy folds of his consecrated habit, his meek brow raised aloft, and his withered hand pressed lightly on each young head, while his aged voice in slow and trembling tones, besought the Holy Spirit's influence upon each pliant heart, was himself alone, in his holy dignity, a fit study for an artist; but when is added the many youthful forms, of both sexes, and of every rank, that knelt in timid awe around the altar-rails, and the attendant minis-

ters, also in their sacerdotal robes, each standing in the midst of his own particular flock, with the groups of anxious and affectionate relatives, in every attitude of absorbed attention, scattered around; while the sanctified temple itself, grand even in its unstudied simplicity, with its mixture of ancient and modern architecture—the latter raised to support the tottering decline of the former—all together formed a picture of impressive, holy beauty, which the world, in its pompous ceremonies, never could display.

The following Sabbath the quaint old church of Friarsford, also, presented a fair and interesting scene; for the sacramental table was surrounded by the babes of Christ's household, who had come forward to partake of that bread which is "meat indeed," and of that cup which is "drink indeed." It was a season of more than ordinary triumph to many a tender parent. And one there was of that young train, on whom, though no earthly parent looked with fond delight, who shall say that his sainted mother saw not from her throne in glory, and struck her harp with louder lay, and raised her voice in more joyous tone, as she beheld the object of her earthly solicitude a welcome guest at the Supper of the Prince of Life?

The spring passed lightly on, and summer again

unfolded her sweets, and breathed her balmy perfumes over the glad earth. Mrs. Cunningham, in her usual health and spirits, rejoiced over the painted glories of the season—her lovely and amiable children laughingly declaring that the flowers were greater pets than they were—and the farmer himself exulted in luxuriant crops, rich meadows and pastures, and profitable stock. In the superintendence of the farming operations, his son James was now able to render him much valuable assistance; while, in the inspection of domestic affairs, Martha and Eliza were equally useful to their mother.

The education of the young people had been conducted without any view to display; so that the acquirement of merely ornamental accomplishments occupied no part of their time. During their childhood they had attended the parochial school, which was the only Protestant seat of learning in the neighborhood, as Mr. Gallagher's was the only Catholic one; but as soon as they obtained the amount of knowledge disseminated there, they were withdrawn from it, and the schoolmaster, Mr. Maurice, engaged to visit them certain evenings of the week, to conduct them on into higher branches. Two of the younger children still attended school; while the little ones, who were not yet able to walk

so far, took a primer-lesson every day at mamma's knee.

The ordinary routine of life at the farm continued the same; and, save in the increase of the family, and the growing ages of the children, no change or variety had appeared for years. That sickness and death, and the many "ills that flesh is heir to," kept at distance from their hearth, was a source of constant pious gratitude on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, and no day passed that praise and thanksgiving did not ascend from their hearts for the mercies and blessings by which they were surrounded.

Nor were their grateful acknowledgments testified by words alone; but their ready desire "to do good and to communicate," the cheerful benevolence with which they relieved distress whenever it presented itself to them, and their generous hospitality in throwing open their doors to the stranger and the wayfarer, until their house obtained, through the country, the soubriquet of the "free hotel," showed that it was not with lip-service alone that they repaid the gifts of heaven. So liberal, indeed, were the benefactions of this excellent pair, that they were judged by the sparing and selfish as lavish and profuse; and occasional doubts were expressed by some worldly-wise neighbor as to the results of such improvident philanthropy.

"You'll never be a rich man, Philip," observed an old friend and schoolfellow to Mr. Cunningham, one day, in allusion to his ample generosity.

"Rich!" responded the farmer; "I am rich. Come home and dine with me, and see the family that surrounds my table, and you'll admit that there's not a richer man in the county."

"I know," replied his companion, "that you have a charming wife and lovely children, and it is on their account I speak to you, because I think instead of giving away all you have, you ought to lay by for them."

"I am laying by for them," was the prompt reply; "laying by handsomely for them, and my bank is beyond the stars."

"Phoo, phoo! the old story."

"Yes, it is an old story, and a true one: 'He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again.' Do you doubt the inspired promise? I don't. I would sooner doubt that the earth was solid under my feet. No, John! it is from the Lord's hand I receive all I have; and as long as he gives me plenty, I'll share it, and trust him with my children's fortunes."

"Well," said his friend, "I suppose that's what you call faith; but I call it presumption."

"Yes, I call it faith," replied Mr. Cunningham, "because God's Word calls it so. Go home and open your Bible; I could tell you twenty places where the subject is treated, but I'll only trouble you with one. Read from the fourteenth verse to the end of the second chapter of St. James's Epistle, and you'll see what true Christian faith is, and the kind of fruit it bears; and read the twenty-third verse carefully, and you'll find that believing God is not counted presumption. He who owns 'the gold, and the silver, and the cattle upon a thousand hills,' cannot want; but if he chooses to honor his servants by borrowing from them, be assured, John, it is not presumption to trust him with the loan. And if ever you hear of a man professing to love and serve God, who shrinks from dividing his substance with the poor, you may tell him that, 'as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.'"

Few changes had occurred in the neighborhood since the preceding summer, though Denis found some difference; for, when the long, bright evenings returned, and he again sought his favorite seat on the bank of the marl-pit, no one shared it with him. Of the three youths who had so frequently borne him company in this retreat during the foregoing season, not one remained. Hugh Gallagher,

who, from his quick intelligence and manly disposition, in spite of their dissimilarity of creeds, was quite a favorite with our hero, had left the parish on a visit to his maternal uncle, the titular bishop of a distant diocese; and Tim Flanagan, no longer the leaning, self-distrustful creature of former years, had taken the bold resolution of improving his fortune by crossing the channel, and assisting in making the hay and gathering the harvest of the sister kingdom; and when he was gone Denis felt really lonely, and his evening visits to Mrs. Carroll's cottage were more frequent than ever.

At midsummer, the usual yearly examination of the Sabbath-school pupils took place in the church. This was the great event of the year to many of the young Protestants of the parish, and immense preparations were undergone for it—handsome rewards being held forth as incentives to the attainment of Scripture knowledge, the winning of which was the acme of many a young heart's ambition. Besides, at the close of the examination, a fête champetre was always given at Shannon Park, which was a scene of enjoyment to the juvenile rustics that they had no other opportunity of participating in.

Upon the last two or three occasions, James Cunningham had stood above competition for the head premium; but within the present year he had been

appointed teacher, and now a struggle for preëminence was expected between several boys of almost equal attainments. Of these latter, Denis Martin was one; but so little display had ever been made by the lowly lad, that his triumph was not anticipated. True, he had twice taken the second-class premium; but, in the first class, to which he had lately been promoted, two or three of the boys were older, and possessed of greater advantages than himself, so that, though he must stand amongst them in the ensuing examination, he did not hope, nor did they much fear, that he would excel. Nevertheless, when the trying hour came, and the most strenuous efforts were put forth to give correct and satisfactory answers to the questions propounded by the examiner, the Foundling was not left behind; and at length, after a severe and tedious ordeal, the head premium was deliberately adjudged to Denis Martin. We do not say that the feeling that rose to the breast of each of the disappointed candidates, when they saw the palm of victory borne off by a comparative stranger, was not akin to envy; but no sentiment was given utterance to but that of congratulation—though every one made the private resolution to study more sedulously than ever during the ensuing year, so as to be more successful at the next examination; while, at the same time, the

chagrin of their failure was ameliorated by the admiration which their superior answering had elicited; and Lord William, who took a personal interest in their success, expressed the highest approbation of the manner in which they had acquitted themselves—telling them that, though they could not all obtain the premium, yet they might enjoy the reward of knowing that they had every one displayed a fund of useful and valuable information, that did honor to the school in which they had been instructed, and to the church to which they belonged

The girls, also, came off with credit. Even those who failed to obtain prizes, approaching so near the mark as to win the most gratifying encomiums upon their merits. But triumphs and disappointments were alike forgotten as winners and losers hastened, with equal delight, to the elegant entertainment prepared for them at the Park. A beautiful and romantic spot had been selected, at the opening of a picturesque little dell, through which a narrow stream wound its graceful way, murmuring complaints of the rugged path it meandered, while the rocks and trees on either side rested their shadows on its shining bosom. Here, on the soft, green turf, and beneath a spacious awning, large tables were arranged and abundantly spread with all the wholesome delicacies that the place and the season could

afford. No foreign luxuries loaded the board, to pall the appetites and vitiate the tastes of the simple rustics; but the produce of their own fertile valley, fresh, and tender, and sweet, and served in the nicest and most delicate style, partaken with a healthy relish, and accompanied by social enjoyment, was a feast, indeed, that an anchorite might be tempted to indulge in.

The long evening was devoted to pleasure of various kinds, according to the tastes and inclinations of the youthful company—their noble host and hostess having placed every means of enjoyment within their reach—and eager and delighted groups spread themselves over the elegant demesne, wandering, with admiration, among the beauties of the gardens and grounds, and inspecting, with lively interest, the different objects that attracted the favorite regard of each; and a game of cricket, in which the elder boys displayed their activity and skill, also added excitement to the evening's pleasure.

At a proper hour they were again summoned to table, where tea and cakes awaited them. Shortly after the conclusion of this meal, the whole school repaired to the lawn, where music and singing, in which Lord William's family and visitors condescendingly took part, closed the entertainments of a happy and cloudless day; and the young party retired to

their homes, each glad and grateful breast feeling a fresh stimulus to persevere in the way which brought peace, and content, and the approbation of God and man.

From this day, Denis was an object of more marked notice to the clergymen and enlightened Protestants of the neighborhood than heretofore. That he was superior to the class of which he was ostensibly a member, his whole demeanor had ever testified; but now, that the fruits of deep contemplation and self-culture appeared conspicuous—even above the sparklings of talent, and the emanations of learning occasionally displayed by his more fortunate compeers of the Sabbath-school—the advantages of mind over outward circumstances were tacitly acknowledged, and Denis Martin, the laborer and the foundling, was invested with respectability in the eyes of those whose social sphere he was so far beneath.

In the estimation of his master's family he had continued to rise higher and higher, until he now stood more in the place of an humble friend than in that to which the rules of society had consigned him. True, he was yet a servant, and an apprentice; but his service was so faithfully performed, and his apprenticeship so submissively fulfilled, that no necessity ever occurred for reminding him of his real position.

Thus, we see, it is possible for those in the lowest station to obtain for themselves a tenure on the good-will of their betters, by which the evils of their lot are abated, and they remain but nominally occupants of life's extreme vale.

The season of boyhood was rapidly passing away, and our hero was nearing the golden age of incipient manhood; but no change was perceptible in his tastes and feelings. He still followed the same pursuits, and sought the same companionships. With Protestant Byrne and his kind-hearted wife he spent many a social hour, in cheerful, but serious, conversation; and often were the Scriptures read and commented upon to the simple old couple—his own soul being edified as much as theirs.

At the pretty cottage of Mrs. Carroll he also continued his intimacy; and, not only was the widow's garden the better for his frequent visits, but the mind of Norah, naturally meek and docile, gave unmistakable evidence that her mother had not been unwise in encouraging her constant intercourse with one so mentally cultivated.

It was Denis who read with her those books which she, from time to time, was lent from the parish library, and encouraged and assisted her in the prosecution of inquiries, which she else would have passed by as beyond her capacity; and, through his

means, difficulties were made smooth before her, and her taste for, and delight in, intellectual improvement increased and advanced as success rewarded her efforts. She was a girl of a timid and retiring nature; and, though neither wanting in understanding, nor slow of apprehension, yet, so very humble was her opinion of her own abilities, that the voice of kindness, and the influence of a stronger mind, were needful to lure her on, and bear her up in the pursuit of knowledge. In good sense and correctness of ideas she was not deficient; and, that she betrayed indications of her mental powers being above mediocrity, Mr. Maurice, with whom she was a great favorite, always averred. But her chief charm was her gentle, humble, truthful piety, her modest self-distrust, and her unbounded reverence for her mother, which made her appear so simple and childlike, that weakness of intellect was sometimes attributed to her by those who had not much discrimination in reading character.

It was about this time that the usually even current of her young life was suddenly disturbed, and a calamity, as cruel as unexpected, stared her in the face. Heretofore, Mrs. Carroll, though never very robust, had generally enjoyed a tolerable degree of health, so that the probability of being deprived of her valued society and protection never for a moment

marred the happiness of her innocent and loving child; and Norah had always contemplated abiding with and leaning on her justly-honored mother, "through all the changing scenes of life," whatever they might be.

It was, therefore, a trial of no ordinary nature, to both mother and daughter, when the former was attacked with a dangerous disease, which seemed to defy the efforts of the physician to check its progress, and threatened to put a speedy termination to her useful and exemplary life.

Norah's sole impulse, in this trying hour, was to perform her duty to the sick, now tenfold more dear than ever, and night and day found the affectionate girl in zealous and active attendance at the bedside of the sufferer—not even relinquishing her post when the neighbors kindly entreated to be permitted to take her place while she obtained a little rest; and had not Mrs. Cunningham interposed her influence to induce her to withdraw from the sick chamber for a short respite, while Peggy Byrne took faithful charge there, the painfully-anxious child would not have remitted her exertions until nature had sunk exhausted, and, probably, her own health become the forfeit of her filial devotion. But even in those intervals, when tender force compelled her to seek repose, the kind intention was defeated by the

excessive grief that found vent the moment she was alone.

The thought of losing her only and fondly beloved parent was a trial too great for her young heart to bear; and to look out on the wide world without those loving arms to shield, and that maternal bosom to support her languid frame, it seemed a wilderness too bleak for the mental glance to endure; and throes of anguish and despair rent her labored breast, until overcharged humanity laid down the bitter burden, and a stupor of her thinking powers succeeded their unnatural tension.

Throughout the neighborhood the Widow Carroll's illness, and her daughter's trouble, were sincerely sympathized with; and the circumstances in which the latter should be placed, in case of her mother's death, was the subject of friendly consideration, though no one knew with what harrowing anguish the supposition of the dreadful change was regarded by the poor girl herself, and the strong moral effort it cost her to restrain her agonized feelings in the sick chamber. It happened, unfortunately, that Lord and Lady William Shannon were absent from the country, having proceeded to the continent a short time previous with their eldest daughter, whose health required change of climate. Had they been at home, Norah would not have

wanted comforting assurances of continued protection and regard, to the alleviating of her grief and despondency; but now, though several ladies had expressed their willingness to take her into their houses if the worst should happen, her diseased imagination conjured up all sorts of trials as awaiting her, and a home and a heart to love her she expected never more to enjoy.

One evening, just as supper was over in Mr. Cunningham's kitchen, Denis Martin received word from the parlor that Miss Eliza was going to see Mrs. Carroll, and wanted him to attend her. He accordingly hastened to the hall, where a basket was put into his hand by his mistress, which he was to carry to the widow's; and the young lady having gone on, he started forward at a quick pace to overtake her.

Denis had not neglected his friends in their time of trouble, and every evening saw him at the cottage making inquiries, though he seldom entered the house, and never stayed more than a few minutes; but he invariably walked in the garden, now entirely forgotten by Norah, watering and tending the once cherished pets, so that, if health and happiness should return to their owners, no appearance of neglectful decay might sadden the cheerful aspect around them. Upon the present occasion he merely fol-

lowed his young mistress in until he heard, in answer to her inquiries, that no favorable symptom had as yet appeared in the patient's malady. Not caring to hear any more, he then asked the young lady's permission to wait outside for her, and, delivering the basket to Mrs. Byrne, who was almost constantly at the cottage, with melancholy thoughtfulness retired. At first he moved mechanically through the flower-beds, picking an odd seedling-weed from amongst them, until, in approaching the end of the house, which was covered with luxuriant myrtles, he suddenly found himself face to face with Norah.

The young girl had been prevailed upon, about an hour before, to enter her little chamber in order to obtain some rest, with a solemn promise that, upon the slightest change in her mother, she should be summoned; but, instead of laying herself down to repose, as Mrs. Byrne fondly believed, she had seated herself in the open window, and had remained there ever since—her mind occupied in drawing dark pictures of her lone and wretched fate were her beloved parent to be removed from her.

Denis was shocked at the pallor of her gentle face, and the air of deep dejection that pervaded it as she raised her head on his approach.

"I am sorry to see you looking so very ill,

Norah," said the young man, in tones of the softest sympathy. "You are sorely tried, poor thing; but surely you know you are in the hands of Providence."

"Indeed, Denis," she replied, raising her eyes with touching penitence to his face, "I have been very rebellious—murmuring at the will of God—angry because he smote the gourd that sheltered my head. Oh, that I had stronger faith!" and she clasped her hands, while tears rolled down her sunken cheeks.

"Faith enables us to trust our Heavenly Father under all his dispensations," observed Denis, gently; "but, perhaps, you judge yourself too severely. We are not forbidden to feel the thorns that strew the narrow path; nor are the tears of affliction always interpreted as signs of rebellion. You have read of one sufferer, who, in the hour of sorrow, wept tears of blood, and earnestly prayed that the cup of anguish might pass from him; yet 'his spirit was willing, though the flesh was weak.' Poor humanity will shrink from the fire of affliction, and it is not sin to do so; but we must exercise such faith as we have—it may not be strong, yet even a feeble trust in God's wisdom and love will bring comfort, and show us that his 'grace is sufficient' for us."

"I know, I know," said Norah. "I believe my

Lord's promises;" and she rested her hand reverently on her Bible that lay open on the window-sill, as she falteringly continued: "if he takes my dear mother from me, he 'will not leave me comfortless.' He has a place prepared for me—if not in this bleak world, I shall find it in his own bright realm of glory."

Just then, in drawing the Bible towards her, a slip of paper that was beneath it became exposed; and Denis, whose elbow was resting beside it, observing that it contained some verses written with pencil, took it up, and read as follows:

"I go to prepare a place for you."—*John* 14 : 2.

Though here, unvalued and unloved, I pine,
Not e'en a wreath of hope my brow to twine,
Without a name or heritage I roam,
Thou dost prepare for me my future home.

Yes, in thy Father's house, "not made with hands,"
Eternal, in the land above all lands—
Where suns ne'er set, and clouds ne'er intervene,
And trees ne'er lose their robes of living sheen.

Oh, yes! though grief and pain assault me here,
And though mine eyes be dimmed with many a tear,
Although my brow receive the stamp of care,
My Saviour doth for me a *place prepare*.

Then give me faith to lean upon thy Word,
That doth such gracious promises afford.
Lord, I believe, and cry with suppliant grief,
Help thou thy weakest handmaid's unbelief.

Denis knew that Norah sometimes produced poetic trifles, a few of which he had seen; but none of them had ever affected him as this did—the utter abandonment of earthly hope which it breathed, struck coldly upon the young man's heart.

"O, Norah!" he exclaimed, with emotion, "you must not give way to such excessive melancholy. The world is not so cruel as you suppose, and even if it were, you need never be exposed to it;" and his voice became softer, and he sunk down lower until his lips nearly touched her ear, as he added: "I know *one* who would be rejoiced to bear the roughest storms of life in your behalf—*one* who has had neither mother nor sister to love, and has bestowed the whole sum of his affections upon you—whose sole happiness would be to make you happy, and whose solitary heart covets no other treasure than your regard. Can you guess who he is, Norah?"

The young girl neither moved nor spoke; for a strange, new feeling agitated her bosom, and a wild throbbing started every pulse. The sensation she felt was not an unpleasant one—it was as if soft sunlight had entered her heart, and caused a tumult as it dispersed the gloomy clouds that had reigned there; but her utterance was choked—she could not give expression to a single word, though Denis waited with intense anxiety for a reply to his modest

avowal. But he soon perceived the emotion that shook her inward life, and clasped her hand tenderly in his, as he fondly whispered:

"Only look up, dearest, and give me one of your own sweet smiles, and I shall be content."

With a sudden effort she threw back her head, a smile such as had not visited it for weeks overspread her wan features, and the next moment her face was bowed on her hands in a deluge of grateful tears.

Eliza Cunningham was now heard calling Denis; so, bending over the weeping girl, he whispered a tender good-night, pressed a light kiss upon her tear-damped fingers, and then hastened to the cottage-door, where the young lady awaited him.

But the Lord, who sometimes lets his children down to the confines of the grave, that he may show his great power and mercy in bringing them up again, was graciously pleased to restore Mrs. Carroll to life and health.

On the following day the doctor announced that the crisis of her malady was passed, and that he now had hope of her ultimate recovery, though it might be difficult and protracted.

From that day Norah's unnatural melancholy disappeared, and her health proportionably increased; so that, before her mother was able to sit up, the

roses had returned to her cheeks, and the lustre to her eyes.

As soon as the widow could be trusted without night attendance, her daughter, who declared herself as strong and hearty as ever, resumed the care of her—Mrs. Byrne still looking in every day to see that all was right. And the mother's heart was gladdened by the affectionate alacrity which anticipated her every want, and endeavored to excite wishes merely for the pleasure of gratifying them.

"Would you like me to read to you, mother, darling?" inquired Norah one evening, as she took her usual seat by the bedside, after having administered some little nourishment.

"No, sweet, not now," was the fond reply. "You're always reading to me, and I'm afraid you'll get tired of it; but lay down your head here and talk to me awhile. Tell me how you got on while I was so very sick. I'm afraid you had a sad, dreary time, my poor child!"

"The saddest part of it was the dread of losing you," replied the girl, as she affectionately kissed the invalid; "and I'm afraid it won't please you to hear how rebellious I was on the subject. But when I looked out on the great, cold world, and thought of having to walk it without *you*, my heart nearly broke." And then, pressing her soft young

cheek against the end of the pillow, and placing her trembling hand within that of her mother, she began and recounted all she had felt and suffered, from the first suffocating shock with which she had heard of her beloved parent's danger, to the ecstatic delight under which she almost fainted when the kind physician announced that that danger was past. It was with many pauses and in broken sentences that the whole was told; and when she came to that part which related to Denis Martin, her timid voice almost died away. "But now, I have you back again, dear mother," she said in conclusion, "and as long as you are spared to me I don't want any one else."

Mrs. Carroll was not surprised to hear her daughter's tale. She knew her gentle, clinging nature, and could understand the shrinking prostration of her spirit when the world's fierce breath threatened to blow against her unsupported head. Neither did she wonder that the youth, whose unspoken regard she so long had proved, should come forward in the hour of trial, and offer the little trembler his manly heart to lean against. Yet the emotions of a true and loving mother were not unfelt, as her dewy eyes rested on her fair but vine-like child, and the consciousness pressed upon her that it would be well to resign to a firmer arm than her own the

duty of bearing her up in the rough blasts of life. The widow had too much sense to succumb to the conventionalities of society in a matter of such vital importance as the selection of the person who was to succeed herself in the guardianship of her beloved daughter. And though, in the neighborhood, where her family were known to be respectable, and her own merits had gained for her the highest consideration, she might, if she had encouraged them, have obtained more shining offers; yet she knew none to whom she would so willingly confide the precious trust, as to him who, in spite of the mystery and obloquy that clouded his birth, possessed the qualities of mind and heart which rendered him most worthy of it.

It was not without being conjectured by the neighbors how Denis's intimacy at Mrs. Carroll's would end. There was, therefore, no surprise manifested when it became known that he was the accepted lover of the widow's daughter, with her mother's hearty approbation. And the announcement seemed to give general satisfaction; though amongst the young men a few there were who thought "the girl might have done better;" but there were no remarks very derogatory to our hero, whose conduct made him too respectable to be assailed even by jealousy—and some of the old

women, who gave their wise opinions, asserted that, "if the thruth could out, Dinny Martin wasn't what he seemed."

Mrs. Carroll's health being once more reëstablished, matters fell again into their usual even course.

Denis's evening visits to the cottage were no longer restricted to a low tap at the door, and a whispered inquiry; but he again formed one of the domestic group, with the additional happiness of *a fiancé*.

To Norah's mental eye the sun shone with brighter lustre than ever; and a charm was spread over her life's disk that love alone could bestow. She knew not, herself, in her childlike innocence, that the fullness of her happiness was to be attributed to anything more than her mother's restoration; and it was long before the artless girl discovered that any other than filial love held a paramount place in her little unsophisticated heart. That she should like Denis better than any of the young men around, seemed quite natural; for he had always been so kind to her, and he was so affectionate and so respectful to her mother. And then, he liked her so much, and had such winning little ways of showing it. How thoughtfully he drew her shawl around her when they lingered in the

garden until after sunset, and how softly he set her right when she took an incorrect view of any subject. He was like an elder brother to the fatherless girl—a tender and wise one—and she looked up to him as such, without being able to realize that any nearer or dearer connection could possibly subsist between them.

And so sped on the gay and peaceful hours, laden with holy and intellectual sweets. And time, that had so lately dragged heavily through his sad routine, now lightly tripped his merry rounds, and shook hands with laughing nature as he flew along.

CHAPTER XII.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.—*Psalm* 19: 7, 8.

Denis was now an important auxiliary to Mr. Cunningham; for, besides his indefatigable industry on the farm, his steady habits, and conscientious care of the horses rendered him a most efficient market assistant: so he was frequently intrusted to drive the loads of produce to Dublin.

One day, as he was bustling hurriedly through the city on some errands, while his horses rested in the stable of an inn, he heard his name called, and, suddenly stopping, found himself face to face with a young man about his own age, and dressed in clerical garb. It was but a moment until he had recognized and heartily returned the salutation of his quondam controversial antagonist, Hugh Gal-

lagher. Their mutual pleasure was great at this unexpected meeting, as it was more than two years since they had seen or heard from each other, and there was much to ask and to tell on both sides.

"I heard you had gone to your uncle's," said Denis, "and I thought you were still there."

"Yes, I have been at my uncle's until very lately," replied Hugh, "and hereby hangs a tale; but you are on business, let me accompany you, and we can talk as we go along." And, putting his arm within that of Denis, they proceeded through the streets together, when the following singular narrative was unfolded:

At the time when Hugh, in his desire to overturn Denis's creed, imposed upon himself the task of perusing the Bible in order to furnish himself with Scripture texts opposed to the doctrines and principles of Protestantism, he had not a shadow of doubt that his own beloved Church was the genuine structure built by Christ on the rock of everlasting Truth.

But as, day by day, he pored over its sacred pages and failed to find what he so earnestly sought, he began to have misgivings whether he was really on the right side after all; though still he read on, with an intense hope that the Church he had grown up in, and around whose traditions every fibre of his

heart was woven, would prove to be the veritable ark of safety he had supposed. But alas! after the most elaborate and painstaking search, no such conviction ensued.

At once, his strong sense of honor led him to feel indignant at the deception he had suffered, and practiced upon others, in believing and zealously maintaining the validity of that faith which he could not discover to be supported by the Divine Oracles. And dauntlessly he avowed his sentiments to his father, to the horror and despair of that worthy Catholic—the height of whose ambition had ever been to see his son in the blessed robes of a priest.

Nor could he give up the proud wish of his heart, though Hugh boldly and vehemently declared that the gates of Maynooth he would never enter. Mr Gallagher, in his distress, hastily wrote to his brother-in-law, Bishop Magrath, for counsel in the trying affair. In reply to which, the right-reverend gentleman sent a most gracious and hospitable invitation to his nephew to visit him for a season.

Hugh was much pleased to accept his uncle's invitation, as it offered an escape from his father's bitter anger, and presented, to his inexperienced mind, the sanguine hope of being able to convince his reverend relative of the justness and consistency of his late change of belief. He, therefore, pro-

ceeded immediately to the bishop's residence, where he was most cordially received, and, for the first evening, entertained with the utmost attention and kindness. But, on the following day, he was summoned to his uncle's study to be examined as to the nature of the heresy which he had imbibed. A long and earnest conversation ensued, during which the titular prelate several times let loose his temper and curbed it again; and in the end it only appeared that, the young man, having appealed to the Scriptures for indubitable proofs of his Church's boasted authenticity, instead of the confirmation he desired, had discovered that the most leading articles of her faith were not in agreement with that standard. He therefore resolved, manfully and perseveringly, to retrace his steps from the labyrinth into which he had been misled; and, without any other guide or teacher than the Word of Truth, to pick his cautious way into the path of life.

At length, having penetrated his nephew's mind, and found him as immovable in his new opinions as if he had retained them for years, the bishop gradually recovered his calmness, and broke up the conference, having first, in tones of deep humility, expressed his pious intention of performing prayers and penances for the reconversion of his fallen and retrograde relative.

The next morning Hugh found himself a prisoner in his chamber; and there he remained, while every art, every means were resorted to, to bring him back to his former sentiments. But vain were the endeavors. Hugh possessed a mind as pertinacious and inflexible in his hold of conviction, as he had been tardy and cautious in receiving it. Bribes and threats were equally useless—he was neither to be cajoled nor intimidated.

Reluctantly, when he became satisfied of its errors, he had taken from his heart the creed of his fathers, and substituted in its room the pure Gospel of Christ, as promulgated by himself, and published by his Apostles; and his reason once fully persuaded, no power on earth could influence him.

But the religious principles of the young neophite received no injury from the harsh treatment under which he suffered. Close confinement and hard fare, which at first aroused in him angry and rebellious feelings, gradually brought down his proud spirit to a consideration of earthly good in comparison with the infinite and stupendous amount of bliss laid up for those who "endure to the end;" and the long days and nights of dreary solitude, which at first were intolerable, afforded him opportunities for meditation and prayer, by which his prison chamber became lighted from above, and

streams of grace flowed into his waiting soul, under whose genial influence strength, patience, and courage grew into vigorous maturity; and the frail and slender youth became a man in understanding and in faith. His cruel lot ceased to be a punishment; for the power of Divine love rested upon him, and his lonely apartment became a court where he held audience with the King of Glory.

His incensed and bigoted uncle had no further power to persecute; for the fire refused to hurt, and "*One* like unto the Son of God" walked with him through the flame.

Years have since passed away, and the loud buzz of human applause has filled the air around him; and eulogy, and admiration, and honor, and fame have conspired to render his name immortal; but the happiest hours of Hugh Gallagher's life were spent in that martyr prison!

Thus a year was passed, and the bishop, instead of relenting, or becoming weary of his inquisitorial office, appeared more zealously determined to continue his rigorous discipline, until his goaded and worried victim should be forced to surrender to the Romish yoke. But the stricken youth had a Power to sustain him that his tormentor knew nothing of; and strength was given him as his need required, until Providence was pleased to turn his captivity.

One day the vigilance of his jailer inadvertently relaxed. The crushed spirit of the captive bounded with hope, and, moved by a sudden impulse, he rushed from his prison, and, through opposing difficulties that he afterwards looked back upon with astonishment, reached the king's highway, a free agent once more. There he knelt down, and, in the open road, rendered thanks to the Father of Mercies for all his benefits, especially this last, and humbly besought his further guidance and help to bear him the remainder of life's journey through.

He was many miles from Dublin—the goal to which he desired to flee—and his empty pockets, worn and imperfect garb, and weak and wasted frame, were in no condition for traveling; but the warm-hearted country-folk, to whose best feelings his emaciated appearance and genteel air strongly recommended him, rendered him all needful assistance, and, on the third day from that on which he effected his escape, he entered Dublin, and, hastening to the office of the "Priest's Protection Society," related his sad tale, entreating refuge and succor.

Not being an ordained priest, he did not come under the provision of the society; but his case was too interesting not to excite sympathy, and he soon found himself surrounded by friends and patrons, all anxious to assist in forwarding his views, and pre-

senting the most flattering offers of profit and advancement to his consideration.

But Hugh Gallagher had only one desire—and that was, that he might be worthy to labor in his Lord's vineyard. He was grateful for the kindness of which he was the recipient, and under the substantial tokens of which his fresh and manly vigor soon returned; but he could accept of no favor or benefit that would prevent or interfere with his devoting himself to his Master's work. He had had no teacher to instruct him in the reformed faith, therefore, to no particular branch of it was he attached. From the Bible alone had he learned the creed which he now professed, and by its divine directions had he entered the glorious liberty of the children of God. His views, therefore, of the ministerial office were of the simplest and most primitive kind; and his desire was, if he should be permitted to preach the Gospel to his fellow-creatures, that it might be as the founder of Christianity himself had done, and his early followers—as an humble, devoted, and indefatigable itinerant.

The churchmen, in whose hands he chiefly was, to their credit be it recorded, made no attempts to influence his mind in this particular. It was enough for them that he was in the ranks of those who "protested against the errors of Popery," no

matter to which division of the protesting body he attached himself; and though they could have wished that one so gifted and so holy, as he evidently was, should serve in their own corps, yet they respected his motives and principles too highly to wish to gainsay them, and, with true brotherly kindness, they bid him god-speed on his projected course.

The Wesleyan Methodists being the only community whose clergy regularly practice itineracy, to that people he was introduced; and, at the next District Meeting of the Dublin Circuit, his case was brought under consideration. The genuineness of his conversion was carefully examined into, and his call to the ministry made the subject of prayerful deliberation, and it was finally decided to send him to the ensuing London Conference, with recommendations for admittance, on trial, as a traveling preacher.

The young man had now but one regret, namely, that he could not have the pleasure of preaching the Gospel to his beloved countrymen: but his personal safety would not have been secure in any part of the country where his bigoted uncle possessed influence. It was, therefore, deemed expedient to send him across the Channel, where, by being appointed to some distant circuit, he might

effectually evade the wrath of Romanism, and his usefulness be unimpeded by the fear of danger.

All this Denis heard, as, with his friend's arm within his, he walked the crowded streets; and obliged occasionally to interrupt the narrative as he performed his several commissions. He rejoiced at the conversion of one whose superior talents would render him a valuable auxiliary to a worthy cause; while he sincerely sympathized with the sufferings through which the noble-minded youth had maintained his allegiance to the new-found truth. He expressed his surprise that so near a relative as his uncle could undertake the cruel office of persecuting him, even though holding the mistaken opinion that it was right to do so. Hugh replied that it would seem so to any one unacquainted with the despotic character of Popery.

"But," he added, "those who wed the Church of Rome must, to the utmost extent of the requirement, 'forsake all others, and cleave only to her.' Earthly ties are dissolved; they 'know no man after the flesh,' and their vows to this effect are most solemn and binding.

"My uncle was only in the line of duty when he forgot his sister's son in the stubborn apostate; and, whatever his love for me might have been, he was bound to suppress it from the moment of my

dereliction, and pursue, with zealous wrath, my willful heresy. His oath as a bishop containing this clause, 'I will persecute and attack all heretics.' Even the people at large are impressed with a sense of this duty; and my poor father, who loves me as his life, and whose heart is almost broken by my departure from the 'true faith,' would gladly, if I were now in his power, hand me over to the tender mercies of the Church, to be dealt with according to her severe judgment, and, as he would piously believe, for my soul's benefit."

Denis warmly congratulated his friend upon his escape from a thraldom so oppressive as the Catholic priesthood should be to one of his ingenuous nature; and, having now accomplished all his business, he retraced his way back to the inn, still accompanied by Hugh, who wished to enjoy his conversation as long as possible.

That Denis had been the instrument in the hand of God of leading him to a discovery of the truth, and a relinquishment of false doctrine, Hugh never for a moment doubted; and the circumstance seemed to form a bond of union between the young men, which, in addition to their mutual admiration of each other's excellent qualities, placed them upon terms of friendly intimacy, with which no disparity of social position could interfere. It was, therefore,

with sincere pleasure that Hugh heard of the projected alliance of his humble but esteemed friend with his little cousin Norah; while, at the same time, he expressed the liveliest regret that the unhappy spirit of intolerance should have prevented his acquaintance with his worthy and respected aunt.

Many promises of continued regard were exchanged by the young friends before they parted; and an agreement entered into that a correspondence should be opened and carried on between them, so that separation or distance should not impair their intimacy.

There was great joy in Mr. Cunningham's family, as well as in the cottage of Mrs. Carroll, when Denis, on his return from the city, related the particulars of his interview with Hugh Gallagher; though it was not unmingled with regret that the young man must henceforth be separated from friends and country, which, from the warmth of his disposition, were known to be inexpressibly dear to him. But the promise was not forgotten that applied to all such as he: "There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting."

In a few weeks Denis received a letter from Hugh, written in London, informing him of his gracious reception by the British Conference, and their acceptance of him as a preacher in their connection, for the usual term of trial, namely, four years. His first appointment, which he had just received, was to a circuit in the Highlands of Scotland, whither he was to repair without loss of time in company with his senior colleague; and he besought the prayers of his friend that he might be enabled to labor faithfully in the vineyard of his Lord.

The contents of this letter also gave much satisfaction to those interested in the young convert, all of whom were sanguine of the success with which his piety, zeal, and talent should be followed; for though, in consequence of his extreme youth, being scarcely nineteen years of age, his judgment and knowledge could not be nearly matured; yet such was his energy, faith, and devotion to his Master's cause, that great results were anticipated from his labors among the simple and enthusiastic Celts.

Martha Cunningham alone, when the subject was discussed in her father's parlor, seemed to entertain a dissentient opinion respecting the field of usefulness in which the young preacher was placed.

"I am sorry he did not remain in England," she

observed, in her usual quiet and practical manner, "they want preachers so badly there."

Every eye was turned inquiringly toward her; but she was not interrupted, and it soon appeared that the amiable girl's sympathies had been aroused by an account which she had lately read of the spiritual destitution of a large portion of the English people.

"It's mournful to think of the ignorance and immorality that prevail in the collieries," she said, her mild eyes moistening, and her thoughtful countenance becoming sad in its expression; "and in the mining districts the people are in a state of lamentable depravity; while the factory towns overflow with vice and irreligion. Oh! I wish we had many more young men like Hugh Gallagher, whom we could send over to try and reclaim some of the poor degraded creatures!"

"O, Martha, Martha!" exclaimed James, "'careful and troubled about many things!' Do you really mean to say that missionaries are needed in England, among that proud and enlightened people? And is it, indeed, to members of John Bull's family that you attribute ignorance, depravity, degradation, etc. I'm astonished, sister, mine. Why those are the very people who plume themselves above all mankind upon their superior intelligence and knowl-

edge; and whose philanthropic exertions, in behalf of all the nations of the earth, are so much lauded. Take care that you are not mistaken respecting those collieries, mines, and factories. Are you sure that they are within the compass of most excellent England?"

"Now, James," interposed Mrs. Cunningham, "you must not laugh at your sister."

"O no, mamma," said the young man; "I am only warning her against placing those nurseries of wickedness in England—respectable and immaculate England! who is so pure and perfect that she is able to advise, correct, and dictate to every other country in the world. Vice and irreligion within *her* borders! Why, Martha, how can you believe it? She, that entertains such a pious contempt for all error and evil, lifting up her holy hands while she bemoans the poor 'benighted Irish.' Indeed, you ought to be made fall on your knees and beg mighty Britain's pardon for suspecting her of containing one dark corner in her brilliantly illuminated land."

A laugh, in which Martha herself joined, followed this lively sarcasm, after which the conversation returned to Hugh Gallagher and his disappointed father, and the probable chances of their ever being reunited.

At the cottage of Mrs. Carroll the same subject was discussed at the same moment—Denis having carried his friend's letter there to show it to the widow and her daughter, both of whom were, of course, deeply interested in their young relative, with whom, though they had never had any personal acquaintance, they now felt themselves upon terms of the most affectionate consanguinity; and Mrs. Carroll's regard for her intended son-in-law was not diminished by the circumstance of his being the indirect means of drawing another of her family from under the despotic sway of Romanism.

The four years of his probation the young preacher spent traveling in the Highlands of Scotland, and, at the end of that time, he was received by the British Conference into full connection, and ordained to the ministry of the Gospel of Christ "by the laying on of the hands of the presbytery."

We need not stay to trace his after career. But, reader, have you not heard of a comet that blazed over the Caledonian hills, bringing light and gladness to many a Gaelic heart?—that shone and sparkled with celestial fire, warming and irradiating those wild and frozen regions; while thousands, in the far-off distance, wondered and admired?—

that moved with glowing, steady course, scattering refulgent rays and sparks of living glory abroad, around, throughout the land, until the mighty influence was felt from shore to shore, and million voices shouted joyful praise? Reader, that blazing star, that burning comet, was the whilom Catholic—the Bible convert, that has been introduced to you under the name of Hugh Gallagher.

CHAPTER XIII.

Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.—*Psalm* 37 : 4.

I will bring you again into the place whence I caused you to be carried away captive.—*Jer.* 29 : 14.

In due time, Denis Martin completed the term of his apprenticeship; when, with the small premium usually bestowed by the Foundling Institution upon her worthy children, he found himself his own master, and arrived at the full period of man's estate. There was nothing now to prevent the fulfillment of the contract between him and Norah Carroll. It was, therefore, arranged that they should be married early in the ensuing summer; when he should become a resident of the pretty cottage, which his own hands had, in many ways, embellished—his continued services being retained by Mr. Cunningham at the highest rate of wages.

The spring work was favorably progressing. All was cheerful activity at the farm, and Mrs. Cun-

ningham was busily engaged in the garden with Protestant Byrne, and a young lad who had taken Denis's place since more important functions had been committed to him, when, one day, the busy household was startled by a post-chaise driving rapidly to the door, and two strange gentlemen, one of them in the garb of a priest, alighting, inquired for Mr. Cunningham. Eliza, who happened to be at leisure, immediately appeared, and, showing them into the parlor, said that she would send a boy to seek her father, who was at home, though not in the house. The messenger was soon dispatched; when, reëntering the room, the young lady seated herself at a small work-table, where a needle lightly occupied her fingers, while she modestly replied to the polite remarks of the gentlemen until the arrival of her father, when she quietly withdrew.

Upon the entrance of the farmer, the strangers arose; when he of the secular cloth, after apologizing for their unceremonious visit, introduced his companion as the Rev. Mr. Nolan, and himself as Charles Matthews, solicitor and law-agent, Kildare street, Dublin. Mr. Cunningham, with his usual hospitality, bid them welcome; and, having resumed their seats, Mr. Matthews politely stated that the object of their visit was to make inqui-

ries respecting a young man called Denis Martin, who, they had been informed, was in Mr. Cunningham's employment. This being assented to by the farmer, questions followed as to how long the youth had resided with him, whence he had received him, and what his exact age might be. Having received satisfactory replies, Mr. Matthews then proceeded to inform Mr. Cunningham that facts had just come to light which clearly proved that the Foundling was no other than the son and heir of a gentleman of rank and fortune, who in his infancy had been clandestinely removed from the parental care, and effectually concealed in the asylum for destitute children, in order, as it now appeared, that he might obtain a Protestant education—his father being a staunch member of the opposite faith.

The fate of the lost child, Mr. Matthews continued, was now disclosed by his maternal aunt, who had herself accomplished his abduction, in obedience, as she alleged, to her sister's dying request. He being now of age, and his principles, of course, established, the necessity no longer existed of withholding him from his family. She therefore wrote to his father, confessing the part she had acted, explaining her reasons, and revealing the means of discovering his son. In pursuance of the directions contained in this letter, the family

chaplain had hastened to Dublin, and, procuring the coöperation of his patron's law-agent, the necessary investigation had been made at the Foundling Hospital, and the long-lost heir traced to his present abode.

Mr. Cunningham's surprise and delight, at the strange good-fortune of his faithful servant, knew no bounds; and he had scarcely patience to hear the gentleman to the end before he hastened to summon his wife, that she, too, might be made acquainted with the good news, and to dispatch a messenger for Denis, who was plowing in a distant field, that he might learn the long-concealed story of his birth.

"Run as fast as you can," he exclaimed to the boy who was starting on the errand, "and tell him to come at once—to leave the plow standing in the furrow, and to make all haste home, as I want him on most particular business;" and, ejaculating "Well! well! to be sure!" he hurried back to the parlor.

Mrs. Cunningham soon made her appearance, fresh from the garden, the roses of health and happiness on her dimpled cheeks, and her blue eyes sparkling with gentle benevolence. She expressed the liveliest satisfaction at the happy prospects that had opened to the humble orphan; and, in

the midst of the remarks which the surprising story elicited, the hero himself arrived.

"Little Tom told me you wanted me, sir, in all haste," he said, as he appeared at the parlor door.

"Yes, Denis, come in!" exclaimed the farmer. "Never mind your shoes, boy," as he stopped to wipe them on a mat in the hall; "come along in; here are two gentlemen waiting this half hour to see you."

Upon the entrance of the heir of Ballyshan, in the rough and soiled garb of a plowman, Father Nolan started to his feet. The lawyer, also, arose, and, with the coolness of one accustomed to the chequered scenes of life, accosted him respectfully, saying he had the pleasure of being the bearer of news concerning his family, from whom he had been long exiled. Denis bowed, and at Mr. Cunningham's desire took a chair. The gentlemen also resumed their seats; and Mr. Matthews continued detailing, with slow caution, lest the sudden announcement of his good fortune might affect the youthful heir, the particulars of his birth and abduction, and his discovery now after the lapse of twenty-one years.

Our hero listened in silence, with his eyes fixed on the floor. That he was the son of respectable parents, legitimately born, and that his father lived

and longed to see him, was all he heard. That his family was one of rank and importance, and that he was the heir of wealth and grandeur, had no effect on him. For irreproachable birth and honest parentage he had always sighed; and now his heart sprung up with liveliest gratitude to the Giver of all good, that this one earthly boon was granted; but riches he had not coveted. He had dwelt so long amongst those who, with mediocre means, enjoyed all the happiness of life, that he regarded the acquisition of mere wealth as a matter of minor concern, and one which could add nothing to his already brimming cup. And well it was for him that he so felt; for he had yet to learn, what the wily lawyer did not disclose, that only by giving up his beloved religion could he ever hope to attain to the proud estates of his ancestors.

His immediate departure for the home of his expectant father was now urged; and, after hastily arraying himself in his Sunday suit, he announced himself as ready to accompany the gentlemen. Blessings and congratulations were poured on him by the kind-hearted farmer, to which his heart was too full to reply; but Mrs. Cunningham, who entered more fully into the young man's feelings than her loquacious husband could do, whispered, as she bid him farewell:

"I'll send word to Norah."

A look of grateful delight, and his tongue was loosed to utter thanks to the gentle woman, by whose tender care his mother's place had been so well supplied. He also acknowledged his worthy master's kindness, but was cut short with,

"Tut, boy, nonsense—why, savages couldn't have treated you badly if you had been thrown amongst them. But run on now, you see the gentlemen are impatient to be gone. We did all we could to make them stay for dinner, but they would not. O, dear! how glad James will be, and all the children; but good-by, good-by, my dear fellow, and write to me as soon as you can—we'll be longing to hear from you."

A few hours' quick driving brought the travelers to Dublin, where Denis was immediately taken to a tailoring establishment, and provided with a full supply of everything necessary to a gentleman's wardrobe. Mr. Matthews then left them; and the priest and his young charge retired to a hotel, intending, with the first light of the following morning, to start post for Ballyshan.

The bright beams of a genial spring morning shone with mellow light through the draperied windows of the old study where Mr. O'Dougherty

awaited the arrival of his long-lost but never-forgotten first-born.

Twenty-one years had considerably altered the young man whom we knew in the early part of our story. His slender form had expanded to a portly size, and his fresh, fair face had taken the hue of the rich wine which he imbibed; while lines of pride and disappointment traversed his lofty brow, and his glossy hair was becoming slightly mingled with silver thread.

"They will leave with the first dawn, and travel post with all speed," he repeated, referring to a letter that lay beside him. "They must be here soon," he added, glancing at his watch. "Who is he like?" he inquired of himself, after a pause, "and how has he been educated? O, Ellen, dearest!"—and he raised his eyes to a female face which hung over the mantel-piece, and smiled upon him from its golden frame—"Ellen, dearest! you wronged me in this. Was I not worthy of the trust? No, it wasn't that; but I should have brought him up in my own principles, and those her conscience condemned. O, Religion! how often human nature suffers in your name!"

A few more restless minutes, and the revolving wheels of a post-chaise dashed swiftly up the principal avenue, and stopped before the marble portico.

"Announce my return to your master," said Mr. Nolan, as the porter threw open the door for his admission, and the next moment the priest entered the study, followed by a stranger.

Mr. O'Dougherty arose and welcomed Father Nolan home; then, turning to the young man, who stood back shy and embarrassed, he invited him to advance.

"You have been long absent from your father's sight," he said, taking his hand, which was as unsteady as his own from emotion. For a few moments he regarded the face where his own youthful lineaments with those of his lost angel were blended, and then, with a sudden gush of feeling, casting his arms around the young man, the springs of nature gave way, and he sobbed forth, "My son, my son!"

At the same hour Mrs. O'Dougherty reclined in her luxurious boudoir, her breast laboring under an accumulated load of jealous excitement, occasioned by the sudden discovery of an heir who should supersede her son. She had always been aware of the existence of a child by her husband's former marriage, but never anticipated his reappearing to mar the prospects of her darling. The latter, also, had shared her sanguine temperament; so that the arrival of Denis at the Castle was to both as unexpected as it was unwelcome.

The lad, who appropriated such a large portion of his mother's solicitude, now entered with an indolent and discontented air.

"*Bonjour, mon fils*," said the lady, recognizing his mincing step, without, however, moving her delicate head from its easy posture. His muttered reply did not reach her ear; but, after a few minutes, during which he had thrown himself into an easy-chair, and crossed his feet on an ottoman, his angry feelings found vent in words.

"Well, maman," he said, in a sneering tone, "I suppose, according to your wise policy, we ought all play submissive to this clown who is to be proclaimed heir of Ballyshan."

"Indeed, Louis," replied the lady, turning her eyes upon her son with an expression of languid earnestness, "I believe the best course for us to pursue is to treat the young man with politeness, so that when he comes to be master here, we may receive the same from him."

"The house of O'Dougherty will rise high when he comes to represent it," responded the stripling. "Well, maman," he added, impetuously, "I shan't treat the vulgar clod with politeness; for I shall take no notice of him at all. It will be enough to see the honors of eldest son, which I have so long enjoyed, monopolized by a stranger; but to pay

him court beside, that is too much, and I shan't do it."

The dialogue was interrupted by a bright-eyed girl of twelve years, who exclaimed with animation, as she entered the room,

"O, maman, I have seen him!"

"Seen whom, *ma chere?*"

"My eldest brother, maman."

"There," said Louis, "Charlotte has given him his title already. Who but herself would think of calling that low rustic, brother?"

"I call him as papa introduced him to me," retorted the child; "and he is neither 'low' nor 'rustic,' but is as creditable an elder brother as the one I have been used to, and may easily be as kind a one."

"Charlotte," interrupted her mother, "is it not time you were in the school-room; Ma'am'selle will be waiting for you?"

"Yes, maman, I was just going when I heard Father Nolan had returned, and ran to get his blessing; and he took me to papa's study to see who was there. O, maman, he is such a nice fellow! We shall all like him dearly, except Louis; but his love is no loss." And, skipping past the enraged boy, who looked wrathfully after her, she left the room.

Mrs. O'Dougherty regretted that Louis' envious

disposition should prevent his making friends with the new heir; but she determined to order her own conduct towards him, so as to win his regard, shrewdly looking forward to the time—for "most men think all men mortal but themselves"—when she should be a dowager where she had so long reigned as mistress.

It was this diplomacy of his mother's, more than any partiality for himself, to which Louis was indebted for being a privileged child; and now, that the fortune, from which alone he derived consequence, had received another claimant, the policy that had set him up as a thing to worship was ready to fall down before his rival. He was a boy of unprepossessing appearance; and his disposition, not naturally amiable, had been materially injured by the course of maternal indulgence of which he had been made the object. To his sister and younger brothers he was unkind and disagreeable; to the servants, haughty and tyrannical. To his tutors he had even been disrespectful and troublesome, and to every one an object of indifference, if not dislike. But before his father his petty spirit had ever quailed.

Mr. O'Dougherty, whose early disappointment his union with a woman of the world had not tended to heal, had gradually yielded to a severity of temper,

the effects of which all around him were made to feel. He lived with his fashionable wife on terms of cool courtesy; but that tender affection, for which his warm heart pined, had long been a stranger to the Castle. His children he fondly loved; but with regard to Louis, he saw so much to condemn that his gentler feelings were rarely suffered to display themselves. It grieved him that, in default of his lost heir, he, to whom the honors of his ancient name should be transmitted, was incompetent to maintain them worthily, and this gave to his manner a tone of harshness that rendered him an object of fear to his ignoble-minded son; yet the younger children, and especially Charlotte, found not Mr. O'Dougherty a stern parent. He was not playful nor gay, sometimes not even cheerful; but he was always kind, considerate, and desirous of their happiness. With the little boys he was strict and exacting, anxious to save them from the faults which displeased him in Louis; but to his daughter he was ever gentle. Worried by the caprices of her overbearing brother, to which the spirited girl would never yield, her childhood would have been a hard lot were it not that her father interfered in her behalf, and gave her that countenance and support which she failed to receive from her indolent mother.

Such was the family that occupied the Castle when Denis, after an absence of twenty-one years, reappeared within its walls. The welcome he received from his father was genuine and sincere. For, though he did not think that the wife of his youth had dealt fairly by him in withdrawing her son from his care, yet the state of uncertainty regarding his fate, in which he had lived for years, added to the inquietude which Louis' defects of character had long caused him, prepared him to receive the humble and long-estranged youth with hopeful anticipation. But, when he surveyed his manly form, and saw the gleams of intelligence and honor that illumined his mild countenance, while the familiar expression of his features recalled days of happiness at the time too slightly appreciated, we have seen how the strong man bowed, and dignity and pride alike yielded under the overflowing emotions of humanity.

CHAPTER XIV.

Thou, O man of God, flee these things; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness.—1 *Timothy*, 6 : 11.

Long the father and son continued alone together. Denis related all of his history which came within his recollection; and of the remainder Mr. O'Dougherty gave him the indelibly remembered particulars. The religious sentiments of the young man were also eagerly inquired into by his father; and sad were the feelings which rose in his mind when he found that Protestantism, in its firmest and most uncompromising form, was seated in the bosom of his newly-found son. But he indulged himself with the hope, that Father Nolan might be able to effect a change in the feelings of the youth, by calmly conversing with him upon their different creeds, and judiciously pointing out to him the temporal as well as eternal advantages he should

derive by a reunion with the Church of his ancestors.

In the details of his son's story, Mr. O'Dougherty was particularly interested. At first he had felt deeply mortified that a child of his proud race should have been brought up by charity; but while he conversed with the young man, and found his mind finely developed, and his general information extensive, he felt grateful to the noble Institution that had acted so generously by him in giving him the first branches of that education which his own good taste had improved.

"I'll send that house a thousand pounds," he exclaimed, after a pause; "what it has done for you must be repaid;" and the proud man kept his word, bestowing upon the Foundling Hospital a larger private donation than it had ever before received.

When Denis was presented by his father to Mrs. O'Dougherty, the elegant cordiality of her reception, and the familiar grace of her manner, produced the effect she desired, placing the unsophisticated youth immediately at ease in her presence, while in his heart he pronounced her the most charming woman he had ever seen. With the exception of Lady William Shannon he had never met a lady of so high rank before; but her ladyship's mild and

gentle manner, which won her the love and confidence of the humblest, was graciousness and condescension, while Mrs. O'Dougherty placed him upon a perfect equality with herself; even more, she showed him the most flattering attentions, and her conversation was both respectful and complimentary.

Mr. O'Dougherty knew both her nation and herself—Denis knew neither. And while the former looked on with contempt at the perfection to which art and dissimulation can be brought, the latter conversed freely with his fascinating hostess, delighted with the charm which he found in her society. Our hero, in the midst of his bewilderment at the sudden change which had come upon him, had looked with awe towards his meeting with this high-born dame; but now, as he entered the dining parlor with her jeweled fingers upon his sinewy arm, and took the seat of honor by her side, he looked upon the stately home of his fathers with altered feelings, and thought it would not be so difficult to move through high life after all.

There was no company at the Castle on the day of Denis's arrival—Mr. O'Dougherty choosing that the meeting of the long-absent heir with the members of his family should be unwitnessed by strangers. But when he saw that, in spite of the

disadvantages of his life, the young man was neither coarse nor ignorant, and his appearance and manners were equally respectable, he felt desirous to present the future chief of his house to the neighboring gentry, and invitations were, accordingly, issued on their usually liberal scale.

There was nothing about the restored heir of Ballyshan to denote either low breeding or plebeian association. His bearing was manly and respectable, and his conversation sensible and intelligent; and, though he exhibited no courtly polish, nor was he versed in those ornate elegancies that distinguish the members of the beau-monde circles, yet his whole tone and manner spoke a consciousness that the dignity he derived from the uprightness of his heart, and the blood that flowed in his veins, needed not the addition of external embellishments, while they protected him from the reproach that might attach to his rusticity of life.

Denis soon learned to love his little sister. She was a plain child, with straight black hair, and pale complexion; but the brightness of her eye and vivacity of her manner, betrayed spirit and energy, and her warm affections, hitherto repelled by all but her father, nestled themselves confidingly in her new and amiable brother. She received the elements of a fashionable education from an accom-

plished French governess; but the moral culture of her fair and ductile mind was sadly neglected. A high temper, strong feelings, and sensitive nerves, alternately thwarted and soothed. No training hand, with gentle care, had pruned away the evil or fostered the good; both had grown and strengthened together, until Denis found, what we often meet and lament over, a glorious disposition carelessly spoiled. His first meeting with the little girl was, as we have seen, in his father's study on the morning of his arrival; and then the look of trusting love with which she placed both her little hands in his, naïvely inquiring, "Is he, indeed, my real brother, and will he stay with us now?" struck the young man as the prettiest welcome a returned exile ever received, and their subsequent acquaintance, which endeared them more and more to each other, became a source of happiness to each.

With Father Nolan, also, our hero cultivated a friendly regard. He talked to him of his mother, and showed him the life-like delineations of her lovely face and form amongst the family paintings in the picture-gallery. The good priest had known and esteemed the gentle lady, and this alone formed a bond of union between him and her son, and often might they be seen walking together through the ornamental grounds and luxuriant gardens, the

young man's ears drinking in with avidity the many anecdotes of his sainted mother with which his reverend companion's tenacious memory was stored. Their growing intimacy pleased Mr. O'Dougherty, who thought he saw in it a hope of the conversion of his son, which was now the object of his most intense anxiety, and, with earnest importunity, he besought Mr. Nolan to exert all his energies in the deeply interesting cause.

Had Father Maguire yet lived, there is no knowing what efforts might have been made towards the uprooting of heresy in the mind of Denis; but that zealous apostle of Popery had met with his death by a fall from his horse at a fox-hunt, a few years previous, and the parish had since been superintended by a man of less fiery bigotry, and more Christian principle than his predecessor had possessed.

The family at the Castle were not so intimate with this gentleman as they had been with the former incumbent; for so much of his time was devoted to the duties of his office amongst the poor and scattered of his flock, that he had few opportunities of enjoying social intercourse with his wealthy parishioners, and feeling that his pastoral obligations were well fulfilled by Mr. Nolan at the Castle, he seldom interfered with the religious juris-

diction of its inmates. Now, too, when all the country round were moved with the strange event that had transpired in the family of Ballyshan, and his kind feelings urged him to make a congratulatory visit on the occasion, he felt that the young heir's heterodoxy was in good hands while in those of Father Nolan, and he saw no assistance that he could render in the case.

With his maternal relations, also, our hero soon became acquainted. He had expressed an early desire to visit them; and, accordingly, on the second day of his residence at the Castle, he mounted the horse which had been appropriated to his use by his father, and, piloted by Father Nolan, proceeded to Springfarm. Mr. Martin was aware of the return of his nephew to his hereditary home; and, being in expectation of a visit, immediately recognized him, and received him with cordial affection. His aunt, also, and cousins welcomed their strange kinsman with unaffected pleasure, and even the presence of the priest did not restrain the ardent warmth of their greetings.

A short visit could not suffice for all they had to talk about, and fain would they have kept him amongst them; but his duty to his father was paramount. He, however, promised to come soon and spend a whole day with them; and, after an hour

of the most delightful intercourse, he took his departure.

Before he left they gave him a letter which had been directed to him, inclosed to his uncle, by his Aunt Kate; and, immediately upon his return to the Castle, he hastened to his own apartment to peruse the communication of her who had been the instrument of effecting such a revolution in his destiny. It bore the same date, and contained the same intelligence as the letter she had addressed to his father; but, to the orphan son of her only and idolized sister, she wrote in a different strain from that in which her few formal lines to Mr. O'Dougherty were couched. To her nephew she related, as no other could have done, the touching story of his mother's life; detailed the painful particulars of her married lot; and dwelt, with fond pathos, on the tender scenes of her death-bed. The struggle she had herself endured in the accomplishment of her sister's will was also portrayed; and, lastly, that that dying saint's loving, trembling, agonizing desire respecting her son's education had been realized, was fondly and earnestly hoped.

Over and over again, did Denis peruse this epistle, every line, every word of which struck the deepest chords of his heart; and tears—ay, tears, reader, for men sometimes shed them, too—almost blinded his eyes.

"O, mysterious Providence!" he exclaimed at last, "how little does finite comprehension fathom thee. Here have I been the child of many prayers. While I believed myself only a desolate and destitute orphan—an outcast and a foundling—I was an object of intense interest to both the living and the dead. Sainted spirit of my mother! thy prayers have been partly answered—partly;" and, casting himself upon his knees, with clasped hands and upturned face, he exclaimed: "My Father and my God, perfect thy own work—let me not be *partly* but *wholly* thine.

"'Take me, body, spirit, soul,
Only thou possess the whole.'"

The state of excitement through which he passed had scarcely subsided when the dressing-bell rung; and traces of emotion were still discernable on his countenance when he entered the drawing-room. A large and brilliant company were assembled, to which his father introduced him in due form, and, listening to the congratulations of whom, the cloud passed from his brow, so that by the time, in obedience to Mrs. O'Dougherty's arrangement, he presented his arm to the daughter of a neighboring baronet to conduct her to dinner, his features had regained their usual expression of quiet cheerfulness.

If anything could have heightened the envious dislike with which Louis persisted in regarding his unoffending brother, it would have been the courteous attentions which he now saw paid him by his father's guests, each of whom discovered, in the plain and unassuming youth, that mixture of manliness, kindness, and simplicity, which is above the reach of ridicule, and, supplying the place of grace and polish, forms the basis of true gentility. Respected he should be by all who looked upon his truthful and intelligent face, and admired he was by those who could appreciate merit unaccompanied by flippancy and fashion. But Louis saw nothing worthy and commendable in him by whom he was eclipsed and superseded; and the gnawings of jealousy and discontent, added to the usual unamiable expression of his countenance, made him look more repulsive than ever.

The evening was spent, according to the maxim of the hostess, in enjoyment *sans souci*.

Scores, who had not been invited to dinner thronged to the after entertainment; and the superb suite of apartments, thrown open for their reception, soon presented an array of glitter and gaiety dazzling to the eyes of our uninitiated hero.

The ball-room, which was brilliantly lighted and supplied with a suitable band, was soon filled with

the young and lively, while, of the older and more sedate, some found amusement at the card-tables, while others sat in groups conversing, or moved around amongst the social throng, finding pleasure in witnessing the pleasure of others.

But of none of these classes was our hero. Listlessly he wandered through the gorgeous scene, while something within him seemed to murmur: "This is no place for me." But he feared to pay a slight to his father by withdrawing. It was a gala occasion. The son, who had been dead, was alive again—who had been lost, was found; and the happy parent had "killed the fatted calf to make merry with his friends."

Charlotte, who, according to custom, had been brought down by her governess for a couple of hours' enjoyment, sought through the spacious rooms for her eldest brother. He was not where the merry dancers timed their buoyant steps to strains of gladdening music. He was not where skillful fingers cast the conquering card in whist or loo. He was not amongst the laughing groups that lounged or promenaded through the luxurious saloons. But, at last, as the seeking child, whose flying hither and thither had attracted notice, was impelling her eager way through the delicious sweets of the conservatory, she discovered the object of her quest on a retired

seat, in a musing attitude, his thoughts evidently engaged in other scenes than those which were passing around him.

"Denis, why are you here, alone?" was the loving inquiry, as she approached and slipped her soft hand into his. "Are you sick?" He shook his head negatively. "Or in love?"—and a mischievous smile succeeded to the look of sympathy her dark eyes had first worn—"thinking of some pretty girl, perhaps, who is not here?"

"Yes, darling, you are right; I was thinking of a pretty girl who is not here." But the reply was gravely uttered, and accompanied by a sigh.

"A very pretty girl?" inquired the child with increasing interest.

"Yes, the prettiest I ever saw."

"O, tell me about her"—and with fond familiarity she seated herself upon his knee—"do you love her very much—does she love you?"

"*I* don't love *her* half as she deserves," he answered in a sad tone; "but she loved me with the purest, strongest, truest love—with a better love than I know how to depict, for it was that of a mother for an only child."

"O, I know whom you mean," said Charlotte, in accents where levity no longer lingered; "that beautiful lady in the picture-gallery—papa's first wife."

"Yes, love; it was of her I was thinking;" and he clasped his little sister closer, and kissed her warmly in acknowledgment of her delicate intuition. "I was thinking how, after reigning mistress of this princely castle, with every earthly joy within her reach—of youth, beauty, love, and riches—when she was called to give up her fair young life with all the splendor that surrounded it, her dying testimony was: 'The O'Dougherty estates confer not happiness;' and her last wish for the unconscious babe whom she was leaving behind her, was, that he should resign the inheritance of his father's wide domains, for the possession of one book written by the hand of God."

"A book!" repeated the child, in a musing tone; "did God write a book? I never heard of it."

"Father Nolan can tell you all about it."

"Has *he* one?"

"I don't know."

"But *you* have?"

"Yes."

"Then *you* will tell me about it;" and her face lit up with intense interest.

"I will, with pleasure; but we had better choose another time."

"O, no," cried the child impatiently, "let me hear

it now—I am curious to know what God's book contains."

Denis met her eager glance, and felt the nervous pressure of her hand, and lifted up his heart in prayer, that this desire for the knowledge of the Word of God might never pass from his sister's heart until all her life and conduct should be brought into conformity with its divine precepts.

And now the continued gaiety of the revelers was forgotten, and the sounds of their mirth passed unheeded by, as Charlotte's ears drank in, for the first time, the revelation of Jehovah to sinful man.

We have said the little girl was plain; but who, that saw her now—her usually pale face flushed with exciting wonder, her thin lips parted, and her dark, spiritual eyes, now gleaming with enthusiasm, and anon filled with crystal dew—but would feel, as Denis at that moment did, that she possessed a soul of most unspeakable worth?

Unwelcome to both were the sounds of approaching footsteps and voices which threatened to interrupt their interesting occupation; and the next moment Mrs. O'Dougherty herself, in the midst of a gay and distinguished party, came suddenly upon them.

"What, hiding here!" exclaimed the lady, "and so many inquiries making for Mr. Martin O'Dough-

erty. Charlotte, *ma bonne enfant*, you monopolize your brother."

Denis, who had arisen at their approach, begged to exculpate his sister from the blame of his retirement, and, saying that he would again join the company that did him the honor of missing him, took the child's hand in his, and returned to the joyous throng. But neither his own feelings nor those of his companion were in unison with the scenes by which they were surrounded. Their minds had been engaged in contemplating the vast concerns of eternity, and in picturing the joys and pleasures that are at God's right hand for evermore; and the glittering maze through which they moved —occasionally pausing to repay some flattering notice with polite attention—with all its proud seeming of happiness, appeared but like a gilded dream, as shadowy and as evanescent. They were not sorry when Ma'am'selle came to warn Charlotte of the hour; and as soon as the duties of hospitality, which compelled his attendance at the supper-table, had been gone through, Denis also made his escape.

Those apartments in the Castle, which had been occupied by the former lady of Ballyshan, had never been opened since her death. The gilded cradle of her baby had been conveyed thither, by

his father's orders, when every search for the missing child had proved ineffectual. Then the suite of rooms, that love had so richly embellished, were locked up, and from that day had never known the signs of life. Once the present mistress had ventured to propose, when the Castle was crowded with company, that they should be opened for use; but the reply of her husband was firmly decisive. He said he would add another wing to the noble building, if it was not sufficiently large for her ambition, but never, while he lived, should any one, who had not loved their last occupant, set foot within those sacred precincts.

This evidence of enduring veneration for the dead, on the part of him who had torn her tender heart while living, had been revealed to Denis by Father Nolan, and the entrance to the forbidden ground shown him. What, then, were his feelings of grateful surprise, when, one day, on his return from a ride with Mrs. O'Dougherty, being summoned to his father's study, the keys of those long-hidden chambers were put into his hand, with permission to enter and possess himself of any little mementoes of his mother which he might select? Our hero faltered his thanks, and, with a flushed face and nervous step, repaired to the untenanted quarter.

The first apartment he entered was the dressing-

room, where the spider and the moth had arrayed themselves undisturbed for years. Dust lay thick upon every article, and the smell of mould was oppressive. Even the silence that reigned there was saddening. But how was his awe increased when he found himself in the bedroom—the chamber of death itself? Here everything bore evidence of the melancholy scene that had been last enacted within it. The mourning drapery still hung around. Light and gladness had, after a decent space, returned to other parts of the Castle; but the couch, where its lovely mistress had reposed in life and death, had, for twenty-one years, continued to wear the garb of woe.

A deep solemnity impressed the young man's heart as he contemplated the gloomy grandeur with which sorrowing wealth had invested the greatest of human bereavements. By some strange impulse his thoughts suddenly flew to Norah, and, clasping his hands, while a deep groan burst from his overcharged bosom, he fervently murmured: "O, my Lord! save me from ever witnessing the early death of one so loved—so valued," then added, in a calmer spirit, "sanctify my affections, and control them by thy grace, and then, 'not my will but thine!'"

He next passed into a small closet, evidently appropriated to reading and devotion. A choice

collection of books from pious authors filled a glass-case on the wall; and in a neat ebony writing-desk were several manuscripts which indicated what her pure thoughts had been—outlines of sermons that she had heard with pleasure and profit, subjects of intellectual conversations that she had listened to or taken a part in, and extracts from works in which she had found instruction and comfort. Long did the deeply interested youth linger in this deserted sanctum. Softly, with his handkerchief, did he remove the dust from its simple treasures, and tenderly did he press his lips to the delicate lines which had been traced by the gentle hand now bearing palms of triumph in the kingdom of eternity.

On a small reading-stand lay a Bible which had evidently been much used; and, from the fact of only a low-cushioned stool being by the stand, it would appear as though the meek owner had studied the Sacred Word on her knees. Denis bowed before the book that had been his mother's guide to glory; and reverently turned over its sacred leaves. Several texts he found lightly marked with pencil—one of which came with powerful force to his mind, as giving inspired direction to himself in the present important crisis. The passage was 2 Peter 3:11: "Seeing, then, that all these things shall be dis-

solved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" How fleeting and insignificant did earthly grandeur and greatness appear as he pondered over this solemn text; and, with a renewed determination to abide by the Bible, and the religion it inculcates, even at the expense of all the world calls good, he arose from his knees, and, once more looking round upon the precious relics of departed purity, he slowly retired.

A portion of each day was afterwards spent by Denis in these lonely apartments. His mother's books were carefully read, and in that spot, where her bruised young spirit had often brought its burden of griefs and cares and laid them at her Saviour's feet, did her son now hold communion with the God of her life and his, and receive fresh streams of grace and faith into his waiting heart.

For several days our hero was fully occupied in attending his father while receiving and paying visits of ceremony. Much of his time was also required by Mrs. O'Dougherty, who thought proper to appear so highly pleased with his company that she could not stir without him. More than a week had, therefore, elapsed before he felt himself free to fulfill his promise of spending a day at Springfarm; but his kind relations did not attribute his absence

to any unworthy motive, and on his second visit he was as warmly greeted as on his first.

Thomas Martin had now a large family. His eldest son was a fine young man within a few months of Denis's age. His eldest daughter, a lovely girl of sixteen, bore a name fondly familiar to the old homestead, and which sounded sweetly on her cousin's ear—the name of Ellen. Indeed, all the happy group of five boys and three girls were well worthy of notice; but we have not time to introduce them personally. What particularly pleased Denis was the affection that subsisted between them—such as he had always seen at Mr. Cunningham's. "Christianity is the same everywhere," thought he, "and those two families, though many miles apart, and unknown to each other, belong to the one great household whose Head is above the skies."

He found his uncle a pleasant and agreeable man, and his aunt a lively, active woman, and all lending their best endeavors to entertain and make him feel at home amongst them.

At dinner he was introduced to our old friend Mr. Harman, who had come expressly to meet the restored son of his beloved pupil. The worthy curate had for several years past resided at the Glebe, and undergone all the duties of the parish—

Mr. Knox having been long incapacitated by age and weakness from any exertion. He was the same humble, indefatigable, and devoted pastor of our early acquaintance; and Denis, as he looked at his serene and spiritual countenance, and listened to his heavenly and intellectual conversation, no longer wondered that she, who had been brought up under the precepts and prayers of such a man, should have possessed a more than ordinary mind, and that when the work of grace was finished in her heart it should bring forth fruits in more than common perfection.

It was proposed that in the evening Denis should accompany Mr. Harman to the Glebe, that he might see the ancient couple whose infirmities prevented their coming to see him. The minister sat his usual time after dinner, and conversed sufficiently long with the young stranger to become satisfied that his views and principles were thoroughly orthodox, and that the plan of education, his dying mother had arranged for him, had succeeded to the salvation of his soul—for by this time it had spread through the country in what way the lost infant had been disposed of, and for what object—some condemning the foolish girls—the one for planning, and the other for executing, the cruel purpose which deprived the lad, for so many years, of the blessings of his birth-

right—while others applauded the pious women who had despised for their darling a childhood and youth of ease and importance that he might obtain that knowledge which they believed to be so vastly superior. Of the latter number, of course, was the devout Mr. Harman; and he heartily rejoiced that the pious scheme had been fraught with such ample success.

While walking to the Glebe, the good curate adverted to the time when he first trod that road; and proceeded to entertain his companion with the account of his arrival in the parish—a stranger amongst strangers.

"Your grandfather was a noble-hearted man, Mr. O'Dougherty," he added, at the conclusion of his grateful tale; "and the greatest honor you may derive from the rank of your father's family, cannot entirely overbalance the respect that must attach to the virtuous character of your maternal ancestors."

"I am aware of it, sir," replied Denis; "and, but that a Christian has nothing to do with pride, I should feel boastful of the relationship."

"True, my son," responded the holy man, "pride has no place in the heart where Jesus abides; and better would it have been if you had continued through life 'little and unknown, prized and loved by God alone,' than to be restored to the blessings

of rank and ancestry, if they should open a channel in your bosom for the entrance of that unholy passion which God hates, and by which angels fell."

They now approached the gate which opened upon the neat lawn that fronted the Rectory, and a clean gravel-walk brought them in a few minutes to the door.

Mr. Harman showed Denis into the drawing-room, and left him while he went to apprise Mrs. Knox of his arrival; and in a short time he returned, supporting the old lady on his arm. Her appearance was strikingly interesting. Her face possessed strong intellectual beauty, and her keen, black eyes, which she used without the assistance of glasses, bespoke a soul which no effort of time could rob of its vigor. She was attired in a dress of plain gray silk, her neck was covered with the folds of a clear muslin handkerchief, and over the smooth bands of her white hair was a cap of the same simple material. Tears sprung to her eyes at the sight of Denis; and "poor little Ellen" were the only words she uttered, as she took his hand in both of hers. But her strong self-command prevented further emotion, and the next moment she was conversing calmly with him, and leading him out to a display of his feelings and sentiments.

As she never absented herself long from her aged

partner, who was much more helpless than herself, she soon arose, and proposed that they should adjourn to Mr. Knox's apartment, who now seldom came down stairs. They found the venerable saint dozing in a large arm-chair in front of a low fire, and, that they might not disturb his light repose, took their seats around him in silence. A feeling of solemn reverence filled the mind of Denis as he gazed at the superannuated man of God. An expression of childlike sweetness dwelt on his placid features, while his gentle breathing resembled the happy stillness of an infant's slumber. Presently a smile broke round his withered lips, and his eyes softly opened. Immediately his wife was at his side.

"Daniel's in heaven now, dear," he said, looking in her face; "I've just been talking to him about the time he was in the lions' den. He thinks very little of it now. Wasn't it he who spoke of 'light afflictions which are but for a moment?'"

"No, love, it was St. Paul. "The words are: 'For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'"

"Yes, dear, you 're quite right; it was St. Paul—I knew it was some of them."

"*They* are the only authors he remembers now,"

said Mr. Harman aside to Denis, "though one of the best classical scholars in the country in his day."

Mrs. Knox now mentioned the name of their visitor, and directed her husband's attention towards him. The rector looked at our hero, and, inclining his silver head, invited him to sit nearer to the fire. Upon a hint from Mr. Harman, Denis drew his chair closer to the old gentleman, while his wife proceeded to tell him who their guest was.

"Do you remember Mr. Martin, love—good John Martin?"

"John Martin, John Martin," he repeated, seemingly trying to collect his scattered thoughts, "yes, I know John Martin, but this is not he."

"O no, love, he's dead; but do you remember his little daughter Ellen?—she married Mr. O'Dougherty of the Castle. Try and recall her," persisted the lady; "you loved her very much."

"Yes," gently responded the old man, pressing his thin hand upon his temples, "let me think. O'Dougherty—what part of the church is his pew in?"

"O, he doesn't attend our church, love," was the smiling reply; "but this gentleman will come and sit in our pew." Then, turning to Denis, she added, "There is plenty of spare room in our pew, Mr. O'Dougherty, and you'll find your uncle's rather

crowded. There are more young heads there now than there were when I can remember your mother sitting in it."

Denis thanked her politely; but said he thought he should like to sit where his mother had sat.

"Well," said the old lady, kindly, "that is natural. Then I must ask one or two of your cousins into our pew to make room for you;" and she again turned to her venerable husband. But he was now bent forward, his hands folded on his knees, and his eyes fixed on the fire, as if absorbed in thought.

"What are you thinking of, love?" tenderly inquired his wife.

"I am thinking, dear, of a text for my next Sunday's sermon."

"I believe Mr Harman will preach next Sunday," quietly rejoined the lady.

"True, dear, Harman will preach," he repeated, in a pleased tone.

The aged rector had not entered the pulpit for seven years, and yet he every week consulted with his wife upon the subject of his next Sabbath's discourse.

"But, Mr. Knox," said his wife, laying her hand fondly on his, "I have not yet made you understand who this gentleman is, that has come to see you."

"Very kind of the gentleman to come to see me," he replied, turning his benign face towards Denis; then abruptly inquired: "Can you sing, sir?" But, without waiting for a reply, he leaned back his head, and sung, in low and querulous but musical tones, the old familiar Psalm:

"With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise."

The last words of the verse were scarcely finished when his eyes closed, and he dropped again into one of those short dozes in which he frequently visited the land of the blest, and held commune with prophets, saints, and martyrs.

Denis now softly took his leave of the aged matron, and, on descending from the chamber, accompanied by Mr. Harman, he found John and William Martin in the drawing-room, who had come that they might have the pleasure of walking back to the farm with their cousin.

Tea was ready on their return, and, after an evening spent, as the day had been, in interesting conversation, our hero mounted his horse, and, with many promises to renew the happy visit, and a cordial good-night to his amiable relatives, galloped home to the Castle.

CHAPTER XV.

Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them: for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee, he will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.—*Deut.* 31 : 6.

It must not be supposed that during all this time Denis neglected his friends at Friarsford. Upon the very first opportunity after his arrival he wrote a few lines to Mr. Cunningham, informing him of the safe termination of his journey, and the kind welcome he had received. In a few days he wrote more at large, inclosing, also, a letter for Norah, telling her his whole wonderful story, with which Mrs. Cunningham had made her acquainted; but he knew she would rather hear it from himself. And he was right; for the simple maiden, when she heard of her lover's elevation, had some doubts whether this great change in his circumstances might not alter the state of his affections also, and some high-born lady gain possession of that heart which had been devoted to an humbler object. But

his affectionate letter soon put to flight all such misgivings; and her mother, who had noticed her unusual dejection, was gladdened by her merry voice and smile again.

Years afterwards, when life's brightest sunshine illumined Norah's path, she one day found, amongst some old papers, the following scrap in pencil, which she had evidently written during this period of painful doubt:

Lost, lost to me—a lofty name
And proud inheritance are now his own;
While all the pleasures wealth and rank bestow
Along his shining path are thickly strown.

Lost, lost to me—raised to his native sphere,
Hence his mind 'mongst kindred minds shall gleam;
And the glad hopes, once built on humble love
And cottage bliss, no more shall be his theme.

I blame him not; and yet methinks had I,
By sudden fortune, become rich and great,
The veriest happiness my wealth could buy
Would be his sharing of my high estate.

But such is woman's love—a heart's full tide
Of gushing tenderness and endless faith,
Uninfluenced by change of time or scene—
Immovable in life—unchilled in death.

Nor was the cottage girl's humble name unknown at Ballyshan. Denis, when relating to his father the history of his life, did not fail to mention his

engagement, though the account brought disappointment with it—hopes having been entertained that he might be induced to form a Catholic alliance. Charlotte, also, had won from her brother the story of his youth; and often, when walking by his hand, or seated on his knee, she lured him to talk of his absent love, until her own warm heart learnt to know the gentle maiden, and to love her as a sister.

"I long to see Norah," she would exclaim; "will you not bring her here, Denis, when you are married?"

"I think not, darling," was the reply. "I feel out of place myself amongst all this grandeur, and I fear it would be no home for my little rustic love."

"Nonsense!" cried the enthusiastic child. "Where would your place be if not in the halls of your fathers? and what home more fitting for the bride of your choice?" And Denis felt that in one heart, at least, nature had never been crushed out by worldly policy.

The affection that subsisted between the little girl and her new brother had become the chief charm of her life. He was the first that had ever shown a decided interest in her, and appeared never weary of her companionship. Her mother was too

indolent and too fashionable to be troubled with her; and her governess, except what duty required, took no further notice of her. Louis never made himself even tolerable to her, and with her younger brothers she was only welcome as long as she joined in their games. Father Nolan she liked because of his gentle ways; but the good priest was shy of her sex, and his blessing and a few kind words were all she ever received from him. To the numerous visitors who frequented the Castle, her want of beauty rendered her unattractive; and the trifling consideration with which her mother regarded her, laid their politeness under no tax to pay her particular attention. And thus the child's life was a lonely and unloved one; and her proud heart silently writhed under her neglected lot, and paid back with scorn and hatred the discourtesy of an unsympathizing world. How dreary did the time sometimes appear to her isolated spirit, as she cast away toys, books, and work, in succession, and longed for some one to speak to her.

"No one loves me," she would often murmur, "because I am not handsome, except papa, he loves me a little; but O! not half as much as I love him." And then she would wonder if the strong tide of love, that she felt welling up in her bosom, would ever find an object to flow out upon. "They don't

know me," she would say; "they don't imagine what a wealth of love they deprive themselves of by repulsing my affection."

But now, at last, a star had risen on her solitary path. Kind glances met hers, soft words replied to her, and a tender interest was manifested in all her concerns. A tacit conciliation seemed to have been effected between her and the world, the look of contempt and defiance passed from her brow, and a ray of inward happiness gilded her haughty features.

The conversation, which had been commenced on the evening of the ball, was returned to on the first opportunity, and a new source of knowledge was opened to her intelligent mind, which was doomed to supply her after-life with a means of happiness that would compensate well for the world's heartless smile. That book, whose value the price her brother had paid for it well attested, she longed to possess, and Denis, who delighted to comply with so worthy a desire, immediately presented her with one.

"This I received as a premium at a Sabbath-school examination," he said, as he placed it in her hand, "and, if my father has no objection, I shall be happy at your keeping it for my sake. The one I always use is the same that I was given when leaving school, and I have now got possession of that which

had been my mother's, so you are not depriving me by accepting it."

"If papa has no objection!" repeated the child. Upon her mind that sentence had impressed itself, and Denis found himself under the necessity of explaining to her that her father's Church, of which she was a member, did not patronize the holy book, and that he possibly might object to her reading it; so that she had better consult him before she opened it. "But is it not the real, true Scriptures?" she hastily inquired.

"Yes, it certainly is," was the reply.

"And did you not tell me that our Lord commanded us to 'Search the Scriptures?'"

"Yes."

"Then I'll read it." And her thin lips compressed themselves, and the old look of haughty defiance gathered on her face as she clutched the book to her bosom.

Denis sighed, and, gently taking it from her hand, opened at the twentieth chapter of Exodus, and, returning it to her, placed her finger on the Fifth Commandment. She looked up with surprise: *that* she recognized as part of a lesson she had learned in her catechism, though she had never received the account of its authorship, nor been taught how to practice it properly. She now cast her eyes on the

ground with a puzzled look; then, lifting them full of moisture, inquired, meekly,

"Tell me what to do?"

Denis laid his hand upon her dark hair, and kissed her brow.

"Go to my father," he said; "show him the book, and ask him if you may keep it."

She instantly turned, then paused and hesitated, and again bounded forward—while Denis lifted up his heart in prayer that her request might be favorably answered.

Charlotte found her father engaged with Mr. Nolan; but, as she knew she was not unwelcome to either of them, she approached confidently, presented her book, and asked permission to retain it.

"Certainly, child," replied Mr. O'Dougherty, "keep it if you like; but I think there are more books in the library than you'll ever read."

"Yes, sir," she said; "but this book is not in the library."

"Ha! what is it, then?" he inquired, wondering if there was any book of importance that had not found its way into his collection.

"The Bible, sir," replied the child timidly, and holding it tighter as she spoke.

"O, the Bible," said her father; "I don't know anything about it. What does Father Nolan say?"

"I have nothing to say against it," answered the priest; "and I think she might be allowed to keep it for being such a good child as to come and ask leave to do so."

Charlotte could have kissed him. Her eyes were eloquent of thanks. She did press her lips to her father's cheek, by whose side she stood; and left the room with a happy heart. Verily, Father Maguire's influence no longer clouded Ballyshan.

But let us remain and discover the subject that occupies the attention of Mr. O'Dougherty and his reverend friend. It is not the first time they have conversed upon the same theme; and they both feel a strong interest in it.

"I cannot bar the entail," said Mr. O'Dougherty, after a long pause, "and I would not if I could. The Catholic religion has been the religion of the O'Dougherty's since time immemorial; and ought to be until time shall have an end. No, he must return to the Church he was baptized in; there is no other way of securing his birth-right."

"He does not appear to me to have the least intention of doing so," replied the priest, mildly, "though I have several times hinted at the terms by which his inheritance was bound."

"Well, we should try something stronger than hints, I think, now, Mr. Nolan," observed his patron.

"I am anxious to see what your good, sound arguments could do. The boy cannot have much learning, and he's not obstinate."

"True, he has neither learning nor obstinacy," responded his reverence; "but he's well-grounded in the principles of his creed, and enthusiastically attached to it."

"Indeed, I have not very strong hopes myself," rejoined his father, sadly, as he glanced up at the portrait that smiled on him from the wall, and recalled the time when all his efforts for her conversion were ineffectual. "No," he resumed, "my hopes are not strong; and yet, I would make any sacrifice to bring him round. He is a worthy fellow; and it is not his fault that he was reared in error."

"I feel as you do," said Mr. Nolan, "that he ought to be a Catholic; and that I would make any sacrifice to induce him to become one; and if you think my arguments would be of any avail, I shall be most happy to put forward my best efforts in the cause."

"I know that, Mr. Nolan. Well, we'll put it off no longer. I'll send for him to-morrow to my study, and you'll please to come and talk to him in my hearing."

The worthy priest expressed his perfect willing-

ness to do so; and for that time the conference ended.

And now a second controversial dispute was preparing for our hero: but this time more important results were at stake than on the former occasion, and his antagonist was possessed of far more sagacity and tact than his boy-opponent had been. Mr. Nolan had closely and accurately observed Denis; and he saw that he possessed a mind that was not easily to be swayed from what he believed to be right; and that belief, he also saw, was grounded upon reason and conviction, not upon education or habit. Had his creed merely grown out of the latter, he might have been persuaded to change it for a newer or a better; but when it became a fixed principle, deliberately persevered in after a thoughtful and thorough investigation of its nature and merits, it was not to be so easily eradicated. Nevertheless, the priest thought it his duty to comply with the wishes of his patron, in faithfully recommending, to the consideration and acceptance of his son, that form of doctrine which was so intimately connected with his interests.

Denis obeyed his father's summons, on the morning in question, with ready acquiescence, and entered the study with a calm though firm and thoughtful brow. He surmised the object for which

the interview had been appointed, and was glad of the opportunity to declare his sentiments fully, and so put the matter to rest forever. Mr. O'Dougherty opened the conversation by requesting his son's attention to the subject of their family history. The name, he said, was ancient, honorable, and Catholic. The representatives of their house had succeeded each other for centuries in an unbroken line. No blemish had ever appeared on their escutcheon. No taint had ever sullied the purity of their faith. And, in order that the race should continue, through successive ages, unalloyed by the streams of apostasy that might flow around them, the succession had been restricted, by the most stringent entail, to the "male heir professing the faith of the Holy Roman Catholic Church." Such was the family mandate; and it could not be deviated from. It was, therefore, necessary that Denis, being ostensibly heir to the estates, should comply with the stated requirement, or forfeit his inheritance.

"I have sent for you this morning, my son," added the father, "to hear what course you are inclined to pursue; and to offer you the assistance and instruction that Mr. Nolan is willing and competent to bestow towards the right understanding of the doctrines of that Church in which you were

baptized; and I hope you will sufficiently regard your own interests to give the subject your most sober and mature consideration, and open your mind to the reception of light and guidance before you make the important decision."

This straightforward course on the part of his father, operated favorably on the young man's mind, and encouraged him in the candid avowal of his feelings and opinions. He explained, with full and lucid exactness, all the articles of his faith; and pointed out clearly and minutely the particulars in which he differed from the Catholic creed. He displayed a more extensive acquaintance with the tenets and history of Romanism than his father had given him credit for; and Mr. Nolan sat absorbed in admiration of the perfect good feeling with which he maintained his own views, in contradistinction from those he repudiated. The priest sought to advocate his Church on the plea of its priority of age; but even that claim Denis would not admit.

"Where was it, sir," he inquired, "when St. John received his revelation in the island of Patmos? Then mention was made of the seven churches of Asia, but Rome was not one of them."

This argument was combated upon the ground that the seven churches of Asia being alone men-

tioned in St. John's vision was no proof that there was no church then existing at Rome.

"But I think it does prove, sir," said Denis, "that the Roman was not the *only* church of early Christianity, nor yet the first."

"But it was the one established by St. Peter as Christ's vicegerent; and, while all other churches tottered and gave way before the march of time, it stood firm and indestructible, because it was founded on a rock."

Denis shook his head. "That's disputed ground, Mr. Nolan," he said, mildly, "upon which I cannot venture with you. It has been asserted by historians, whom *I believe*, that St. Peter never saw the city of Rome; and the 'rock,' commentators, in whom *I trust*, have explained to mean *the Truth of Christ's divinity* which had been revealed to the heart of Peter by God himself. But, as to the Church of Rome having stood against the shocks of time, I consider that no evidence of its orthodoxy. Mahomedanism has stood, Judaism has stood, even Paganism has stood, and they shall all stand until the end of time; for we are told that the tares and the wheat shall grow together until the harvest, and then the first and final separation shall take place."

"But if, as you allege, the Church of Rome is not

orthodox, how can you account for its being the only form of Christianity for so many centuries?"

"I don't admit, sir, that it was the only form of Christianity during the time you allude to. I believe there were candles burning in many lonely and obscure places, which kept the light of the Gospel softly beaming, until God arose in his power, and fanned it into a flame. The Church was too old at the entrance of error, and there were too many iron hearts in her who had bravely withstood the torments of persecution, to suppose that there were not many who, at the invasion of falsehood, withdrew from the community which she had corrupted, and carried the Gospel and its mild creed along with them. But this is old ground, Father Nolan. I know all that has ever been said on your side, and could repeat all that has ever been advanced on mine, only that I don't like controversy, and would rather not continue it."

"Then let us leave the beaten track of controversy," interrupted his father, "and simply ask you, if the religion you profess is the same with early Christianity, and agrees with that the Church maintained before those errors you speak of made their appearance?"

"I cannot answer for all its forms, sir, but in its essentials it is."

"What are they?"

"The principal one is the free use of the Bible, the suppression of which was the first downfall of Rome."

"The Bible had to be taken from the hands of the ignorant," said the priest, "because they put many false interpretations upon it, and disunity began to arise in the Church in consequence; but the judicious use of it by the wise and the lettered was never forbidden."

"The Scriptures had been subject to various interpretations from the beginning, and even as early as the apostles' days we find new sects had arisen; but it was not thought necessary on that account to deny the book of life to the people; on the contrary, the reading of God's Word was enjoined as a duty by the inspired writers themselves. Neither did taking the Bible from the people prevent disunity in the Church; for it was not until after this that the baneful schism of Arius appeared, which rent her very vitals apart. Besides, sir, I cannot agree with you that it was only the ignorant from whom the Bible was withheld. It was a sealed book to every one—so much so that it disappeared from the hands and the minds of the people. It was forgotten—lost. Even the priests knew nothing of it; and Luther, who was educated

for the Church, and brought up in a monastery never saw or heard of it until he found a copy by chance, clasped, and covered with dust, in some obscure corner of the library at Erfurt. And what darkness must have still prevailed, when, in the middle of the fifteenth century, a German monk preached a sermon in which he told his audience, 'A language has been lately invented called Greek. This Greek is the mother of all schisms; and in it a book hath been written which is called the New Testament, and in which are many perilous passages. Another language also hath arisen, which is Hebrew. Whosoever learns the same becomes a Jew.'"

"Your reading has been well selected, Denis," observed Mr. Nolan. "You have consulted none but Protestant authors."

"I took the broad page of history, without prejudice, sir," was the reply, "and gave credence to that only which could not be controverted."

"In what other essential does your religion agree with primitive Christianity?" inquired Mr. O'Dougherty.

"In having a church without a pope, sir," replied his son.

"But *we believe* there was a pope from the beginning," said the priest, "though not under that title

who was acknowledged supreme head of the Church by the whole Christian world, until the impious Henry the Eighth cast off his allegiance, and England established the first church without a pope; and to that you owe your religion."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Denis, firmly; "I owe my religion to my mother—and she had hers from as long a line of ancestors as my father proudly traces back. They brought their pure faith from the valleys of Piedmont, where a church without a pope had existed for centuries. No, sir, you are mistaken; England has not the honor of establishing the first church without a pope. There were many portions of the Christian world who never bowed to the papal yoke, though sorely they were persecuted for it—my own beloved country for one."

"What! Ireland?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, surely Christianity was first published here by St. Patrick, and he was a missionary sent by the pope."

"St. Patrick was certainly the first Christian missionary who preached here; but he was not sent by the pope, nor was the religion that he propagated Romanism. He preached the pure doctrine of the ever-blessed Trinity, and salvation by the

blood of Christ. His followers were the Culdees, over whom the See of Rome had no control. It was then Ireland became a holy nation, and won for herself from her sister kingdoms the title of 'Island of Saints.' She endowed monasteries, or colleges of learning, and students and devotees from all parts of Europe flocked to her hospitable shores. She also sent missionaries abroad to lands which were yet in darkness, and many a Druidical altar fell before her emmissaries. But despotic Rome could not bear this; and Pope Adrian arrogated to himself the prerogative of bestowing our beautiful and independent island upon his faithful vassal, Henry the Second, of England. The English monarch came here, and brought injustice, rapine, and Popery with him; and so, sir, you see it was my father's religion, not mine, that was imported from England."

Mr. O'Dougherty listened in astonishment to the youth, whom he had supposed to have been brought up in ignorance, fluently discoursing of events upon which even the most learned disagreed, and manfully maintaining his position against the arguments of Father Nolan, who ably contended that St. Patrick had indeed been commissioned by the pope, and had propagated the religion of the Church of Rome. The discussion, however, was

finally given up, as neither could convince or be convinced.

"But whether it be so or not," said Denis, in conclusion, "it is beyond dispute that the pope was guilty of a most unpardonable outrage against the Irish people, in authorizing the aggressions and monopoly of England; and if all my countrymen felt as I do on the subject, the Roman pontiff would not have one adherent throughout the length and breadth of the land."

The conference terminated without anything being gained on the part of Mr. O'Dougherty but the knowledge that his son was, and would continue, a staunch and uncompromising Protestant, by which he must necessarily forfeit his birth-right, and retire to the obscurity and seclusion of humble life

CHAPTER XVI.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.—*James* 1 : 12.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.—*Rev.* 2 : 10.

Mrs. O'Dougherty, whose ideas of religion, in connection with worldly interests, were such that she never imagined the possibility of Denis's resigning his patrimonial estates for conscience' sake, at first received the strange intelligence with incredulity; but when the fact was confirmed to her by Father Nolan, the pleasure it occasioned was visibly expressed. She again saw her own son heir of Ballyshan; and Louis, in consequence, recovered all his old importance in her eyes. The pedestal upon which Denis had stood, since his arrival at the Castle, sunk from under him. Madame did not think it necessary to be at the trouble of continuing

her hypocritical display of regard and admiration; and her fashionable visitors followed her example.

This change in the treatment he received had no other effect on our hero than to make him long for a return to the society of those who loved him for himself alone. He also remembered that the time appointed for his marriage was approaching; and though he knew his gentle Norah would wait for him if he tarried a year, yet he saw nothing in the life he was at present leading which could compensate him for the happiness he expected to enjoy with her. He, therefore, seized an early opportunity of laying the case before his father; and entreating his permission to return to Friarsford, and complete the terms of his engagement.

Mr. O'Dougherty heard his son's request with fresh pain; but he did not attempt to oppose his purpose. The young man, by persisting in the religion in which he had been educated, had himself severed all ties between him and his kindred; and now, if he preferred the friends and connections of his youth and his adversity, to the grandeur and luxury that surrounded him in his father's halls, why not permit him to gratify his taste? Mr O'Dougherty kindly inquired as to his wishes for the future; and, upon hearing that he had no higher ambition than to devote his life to agricultural pur-

suits, said, it would be easy to furnish him with means to gratify his moderate desires, offering to put him into immediate possession of his mother's portion, with the interest that had accumulated upon it since her wedding day. This amounted to what Denis considered a very handsome fortune, and he felt that he and Norah would both count themselves quite rich in the enjoyment of the comforts which it was sufficient to procure for them.

But there was one in the Castle to whom the news of Denis's approaching departure brought no pleasure. To Charlotte, who had never before known the happiness of congenial intercourse, the amiable and intelligent brother had become surpassingly dear, and the days and weeks after he should be gone presented an aspect so dreary to her view, that the sensitive child could not bear to contemplate it. And she expected no sympathy in her regrets for him; for she saw the satisfaction that her mother and brothers took no pains to conceal, and she heard the polite congratulations of her governess to Mrs. O'Dougherty and Louis, upon the security which was now afforded to the aggrandizement of the latter.

One day, as she entered the library to procure a book that she wished to read, she perceived Louis reclining in his usual attitude of indolent ease, with

his drawing materials around him upon which he was half dreamily engaged.

"And so"—he said, with a malicious sneer, as she approached the part of the room where he was seated—"so your plebeian brother is going back to his plow again—he ought never to have left it."

"Plebeian, do you call him?" said the spirited child, turning a look of cold contempt on the puerile youth; "he would be more like a patrician, even following a plow, than you could be as heir of Ballyshan. Here!" she exclaimed, as she looked into a book that she had just taken from the shelf, "list what the poet says:

> "'Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps,
> And pyramids are pyramids in vales.'"

Louis seized a compass which lay at his hand, and flung it at his sister's head; while his eyes glared, and his features quivered with rage. Charlotte uttered a shrill cry, as she sprung aside to avoid the instrument, and at that moment the door opened, and Mr. O'Dougherty appeared.

"What is all this?" he demanded, as his daughter, running towards him, threw herself into his arms in a passion of tears; and Louis sat with a sullen scowl on his sinister countenance. "What is the matter, Charlotte?" again inquired her father.

"He called my brother Denis a plebeian, sir!" she vehemently exclaimed, "and I could not bear it, so I retorted, and told him just what I thought, and then he threw his compass at my head; but it didn't hit me."

Mr. O'Dougherty's eyes turned upon the culprit, who sat cowering beneath his glance; and the next moment his strong voice was heard in those low, firm tones which betokened intense anger:

"Arise, Louis, and come forward;" and the command was tremblingly obeyed. "Could you find no better terms in which to speak of your father's eldest son than those which you have just used? and do you dare to raise your hand to throw a missile at your sister?" He paused, but there was no reply. "Go to your own apartment," he resumed, "and never again set your foot in this room, or any other which belongs to the family in common, until I give you leave. Send your servant to remove those things, and let me see your face no more until I ask for you."

This was peremptory, and the boy slunk away without a word; while Charlotte, who had recovered from her agitation, left the library by another door, and hastened to the school-room.

Mrs. O'Dougherty, to whom her son immediately communicated his disgrace, was indignant that her

husband should have inflicted so severe a punishment for what she deemed so slight an offense. She, therefore, after waiting awhile until his anger should have time to appease a little, sought Mr. O'Dougherty to endeavor to obtain a mitigation of the sentence. But she did not find her husband in the mood which she had hoped. His manner was stern and unbending. Her pleadings for her spoilt boy were scarcely heeded, and her promises for his amendment treated with disdain, until, finding that her submissive tone was of no avail, she threw off the disguise which she had placed over her feelings, and, with her natural imperiousness, exclaimed:

"That farm-girl's son is of more consequence than mine!"

Mr. O'Dougherty sprung to his feet, his breast heaving with boiling wrath.

"Madam," he hissed, "that farm-girl's son is as far superior to your son as she was superior to you."

He turned again to his seat; and his wife subdued, though quivering with envy and rage, left the room.

This occurrence did not tend to make Denis's stay at the Castle more pleasant. He was deeply grieved that discord should have entered the family on his account, and besought Father Nolan to exert

his influence towards the restoring of peace; while he hastened the preparations for his own retreat from a scene which was each day becoming more distasteful to him. And yet his parting from his newly-found relations had sadness in it, as he had formed an intention, if Mrs. Carroll and Norah did not object, of emigrating to the New World immediately after his marriage, where he thought he could procure land on much more advantageous terms than at home, and expend his fortune to much greater profit. In this case he could not hope to visit Ballyshan again; and the farewell he was about to take must be a last one.

The day of Denis's departure at length arrived. He had made his farewell visits at Springfarm and the Rectory, and taken a kindly leave of all whom he esteemed in the neighborhood. The poor, too, in whose minds his presence had served to recall the memory of her who had been a ministering angel amongst them—who had followed his footsteps with blessings and prayers during his brief sojourn in their midst—now wailed forth their disappointment that one so good, and so kind, and so like her whose loss had never been replaced, was not to be master after all.

The breakfast-table, on the last morning which Denis spent in his father's family, presented a dull

and silent group. Different were the causes which operated upon each mind, so as to occasion the constraint; but all seemed relieved when the formal meal was ended.

Denis took a respectful leave of Mrs. O'Dougherty and all the party before they withdrew, as he intended to start immediately. His luggage was all ready, and the traveling carriage, which was to convey him to the post-town, was at the door. He had spent the morning in his mother's apartments, then locked them up and returned the keys to his father, having first taken possession of every portable memento of her which they contained—not the least valuable of which was a beautiful miniature painting, representing herself and his father, which had been executed in Dublin shortly after their marriage, and had hung in her dressing-room ever since.

The final parting of the father and son was painful but short. Both endeavored to control their feelings with manly restraint—though there were dim eyes and unsteady words, to show that nature would not be put down.

And now the last scene was closed—the last adieu was spoken. The servants, who were assembled in the hall, had uttered their respectful wishes, and Father Nolan had fervently bestowed his bene-

diction, when, suddenly, the folding-doors, which communicated with the grand stair-case, were thrown open, and Charlotte, with a wild hysterical cry, rushed forward and cast herself upon her brother's bosom. Denis clasped her to his heart, and kissed her again and again, while every eye rained sympathy around.

"Charlotte, dearest," he faltered, "we shall meet again. Remember, love, there is a country where brothers and sisters never part."

But her only response was a closer embrace, and the impetuous cry, that rose with mournful cadence, "Take me with you! take me with you!"

Mr. O'Dougherty, whose noble heart was torn by this exhibition of suffering on the part of the sensitive child, now approached, and, taking her gently from her brother's arms, conducted her to his study; while Denis, supported by the kind-hearted priest, passed through the open door, descended the marble steps, and, entering the carriage, sunk back in the seat in a whirl of emotion. Meanwhile, Charlotte continued to sob on her father's bosom—the tears streaming over her pallid cheeks, and her slender frame writhing with agitation. Despair, also, seemed mingled with her tones, as, lifting her face to the one which bent sadly over her, she murmured, as if in apology for her excessive grief,

"O, papa! I have no brother like him."

"And I"—was the answer that came in low and broken accents from the depths of a riven heart—"I have no son like him."

With the generous impulse of her nature, the child's tears were instantly checked. Here was greater sorrow than hers; and her deep and respectful sympathy with her father's suffering prevented any further display of her own. But, twining her arms fondly around his neck, and laying her moist face upon his shoulder, she resolved, with all the energy of her character, that he should at least have a daughter who would be all to him that a daughter ought to be.

A long time they sat thus. At length Charlotte's thoughts found expression, and she inquired suddenly,

"Papa, will my brother Denis be indeed a plowman?"

"Your brother Denis will be a gentleman while he lives, my love," was the reply. "His birth entitles him to that rank, and I am sure he will never forfeit it by his conduct. Look at this"—and taking up a book which lay near, he opened it, and having turned over the leaves to a certain place handed it to her, saying—"see what the law says on the subject."

And the child read aloud: "A gentleman, of what estate soever he be, although he go to plow and common labor for his maintenance, yet he is a gentleman, and shall not be named, in legal proceedings, yeoman, husbandman, or laborer."

A conversation ensued between the father and daughter, which revealed the most amiable feelings of each; and their hearts were drawn together more closely than they had ever been before, which afterwards contributed much to the happiness of both.

Denis arrived at Friarsford in due course. But need we dwell at large upon the circumstances that followed? Is it not enough to say that he was happily married to his beloved Norah? And Mrs. Carroll not objecting to cross the ocean once more, he, as soon as was convenient, took passage for Canada, having first written a most affectionate letter to his Aunt Kate, in which he made her acquainted with his plans, and expressed a fond hope of soon enjoying a personal interview with one so deservedly dear.

And now, reader, if ever you should be traveling in that beautiful region, you will find, contiguous to the shores of the noble Lake Superior, a large and richly-cultivated tract of country, in the midst of which is seated a respectable little town, called by

the ancient name of "Erin." In its vicinity is the substantial and elegant residence of the hero of these pages; and, as he calmly walks the smooth path of life, surrounded by a large and lovely family, he presents a living illustration of the fulfillment of the inspired promise: "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."